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"And laughter holding both his sides"

Milton.

HOOD'S OWN:

OR,

Laughter from Year to Year.

BEING A FURTHER COLLECTION OF HIS WIT AND HUMOUR, WITH A
PREFACE BY HIS SON.



SECOND SERIES.

LONDON:
EDWARD MOXON & CO., DOVER STREET.
1861.

who, as usual, presented me at Christmas tide with a copy of verses. Instead of the scriptural doggerel, however, which used to fill up his broadside, and which indeed had become sufficiently stale and irksome, the sheet exhibited a selection of *Elegant Extracts* from our *Standard Authors*; and by no means a bad assortment, if our *Scarabæus Parochialis* had not most whimsically garbled the pieces to suit a purpose of his own. Finding, perhaps, that original composition was beyond his bounds, that *Parnassus*, in fact, was not in his *Parish*, he had contrived, by here and there interpolating a line or two of his own, to adapt the lays of our *British Bards* to his *Carol*. For instance, *Gray's celebrated Elegy in a Country Church-yard*, was thus made to do duty after this fashion.

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way—
And this is Christmas Eve, and here I be!

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
Save Queen Victoria, who the sceptre holds!

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain—
Save all the ministers that be in power,
Save all the Royal Sovereigns that reign!

* * * *

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The Parish Beadle calling at the door!

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,
They kept the apple-women's stalls away!

* * * *

Yet e'en their bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh;
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
He never lets the children play thereby.

* * * *

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 Oft have we seen him at the break of dawn,
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the Reverend Vicar all in lawn !

One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;
 Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor at the Magpie and the Stump was he !

The next *with hat and staff, and new array,*
Along all sorts of streets we saw him borne ;
 Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay
He always brings upon a Christmas morn !

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send ;
 He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
And never failed on Sundays to attend !

No further seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode ;
 Where they alike in trembling hope repose,
John Bugsby, Number Thirteen, Tibbald's Road."

Of course the perusal of this at once pointed out to me, that in stringing together the old "Comic Addresses," I should be as involuntarily comic as John Bugsby, the Parish Beadle.

Not without some regret, therefore, that those most laughable yearly prologues should lapse by lapse of time, I have determined to confine myself in these preliminary observations to the materials and the form of the volume they are to accompany.

The time of *Annals* is gone by. The "Forget-me-not" is forgotten, the "Souvenir" has passed from remembrance, and "Friendship's Offering" no longer, like "Friendship's Volunteered Advice" goes in at one year and comes out at the other.

The First Series of "Hood's Own" may be said to have marked the very time when the change in the issue of

periodicals took place. Public opinion preferred a monthly number to a yearly volume, and the publications bowed to the decree. The "Forget-me-not" and others of its class left no representatives—but the "Comic" found a successor in the monthly shilling number of "Hood's Own"—the humour being checked in one place only to break out in another.

But the "Comics" were not entirely exhausted when unexpected circumstances brought the issue of the "Hood's Own" numbers to a stand-still. Ample materials were still left to assist in the formation of a Second Series.

Although Thomas Hood has been dead fifteen years, his fame, instead of dying out, is on the increase:—indeed, Time has rather added to, than obscured his popularity, and his writings find an ever-increasing circle of readers in England, while in America he is almost better known than in his own country.

Under these circumstances, and in compliance with a very general wish on the part of the public, it has been determined to publish a collected edition of his works as complete and uniform as circumstances will allow.

As regards the present volume, the more immediate subject of this preface, it will be seen that various reasons—the number of wood-cuts chiefly—render it necessary to present it to the public in a form which it would not be convenient to continue through the whole series of works. With the exception, however, of the two volumes of "Hood's Own," the collection will be uniform.

This, then, is the cause of the embodiment of "Whims and Oddities" with "Hood's Own." They could not, with their illustrations, be included in the projected series. The cuts of "Up the Rhine," (the text of which will be shortly reprinted)

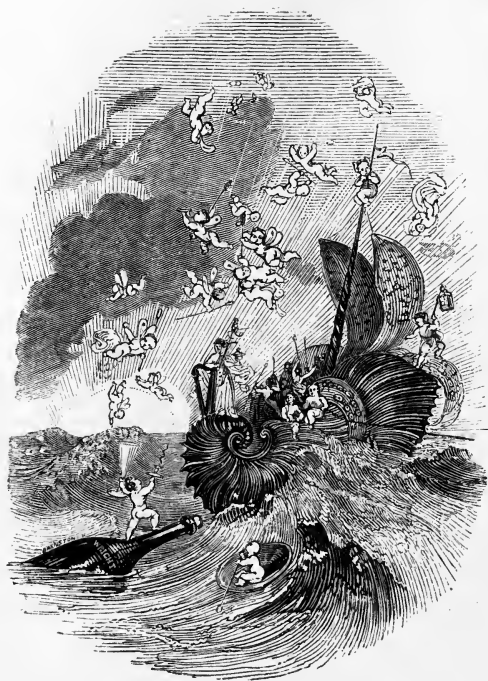
are, for a similar reason, incorporated in the present volume.

Thus far for the illustrations—for the letter-press we have had recourse to the old “London,” “Hood’s Magazine,” the “Whimsicalities,” “Whims and Oddities,” and to four or



FIVE “COMIC ANNUALS.”

T. H.



"MIRTH, ADMIT ME OF YOUR CREW."



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HOOD'S OWN:

OR,

Laughter from Year to Year.

SECOND SERIES.



A LEADING ARTICLE.

THE CARNABY CORRESPONDENCE.

THERE is no estimate more ludicrous than that which is formed by unthinking persons of the powers of Authors. Thus, when a gentleman has once written a Book, say, on Domestic Medicine, it is popularly supposed that he is competent to compose a work on any subject whatever, from Transcendental Philosophy down to Five Minutes' Advice on the Teeth. Something of the kind is observable in the Autobiography of Brasbridge, the Silversmith, of Fleet Street, who tells us that after the publication of his Memoirs, he was hailed by a fellow-citizen with

"So you have written a book!—why, for the future I shall call you Shakspeare!" as if the recorder of a set of "fiddle-headed" anecdotes became, ipso facto, on a par with the creator of Othello. For another instance I can refer to my own humble experience. The anti-antiquarian nature of my literary researches is sufficiently well known; yet it did not prevent a grave retrospective-looking gentleman from one day concluding an account of some inedited architectural remains near Whitehall, with "I wonder now that *you*, as a writer, have never taken up the subject!" The worthy F.A.S. might as well have suggested a plot for a Farce to Sylvanus Urban;—but such is the general opinion of the universality of a genius that prints. Bearing this tendency in mind, it will not seem so extraordinary that the following correspondence should be placed in the hands of the Editor of the Comic Annual by a respectable tradesman, who affirmed with tears in his eyes, that "it was a grave subject, worthy of the serious consideration of the Public."

No. I.—*To Mister BENJAMIN CARNABY, 7, Brigantine Row, Deptford, London. (With Speed.)*

DEER BRUTHER,

I am trully sorry to arrow up yure relativ felings But it do seam to Me as my deer Bob is beeing shamfully Iltretid at his Skull. Inclosd is the pore fellars too letters the last jist cum to hand, And were sich a blo to fathurly felings I have nevrer bean my hone Man ever sins. Id appeer he hav wel ni bin Starvd. Prays God his pore Muther is coald under the Hearth, it wud spile the rest of hir hashes if so be she cood read his tail of pewtered meet. If she ad a delite hear abuv it were childrins legs strate And there Bellis well fild partickly groin up Yuths —and She wood av run creazy to think of the Constitushun bein rewind for evver and ever with turnd tabil Bear. And you too I no you will blead at Art for the mizriz of yure pore Nevy But I hop you will old up under it tho it be as it war a thunderboul on us boath. In respec of Larning it seam his mind hav bin reglectid to be nurrisht up as well as is bodely Fram even to cumpare the too Leters my Bob rite a site better gud English nor his Master witch to my mind He mite hav dun grates at Home in loo of paing sich mints of Munny for Skulling But wat disapints me Most next to his fammishin is the Greek and Lattin as I did sit my Art upon to hav won clasicle Skollard bransh in the famely. Them too hushers desarves a wiping at a carts tale, and so do that mawks with hir luv gammux in juvenal presents Much gud it wur my sendin him abuv a duzzin mile off from Lunnun to uncorrup his morrils. Has for the Dockter I cud find in my hart to strip his diplomer over his years with my hone ands wen i think that in loo of techin the yung idear how to shut he has mayhap stunted the Pore boys groth for his lif to cum. But overpourin felings forebids my drawin moor picters of Bobs suffrin. I have had no stummuck ever sins the Post nockt me down with the Nus. But it wood not be becummin a parrent and a Farther to be revealing in lucksriz wile the Sun of his

hone lines ware revealing in fiblod beaf and vargis. To be shure these is felings that you as an unmarred man cant enter into at full lenth, but as hone Unkil by fleash and blud you will enter into the hard board partickly as yure hone coarse of lif as had its scrimps and cum shorts and tort you what it is to be pincht in yure Fud. Wi i mite as well hav sent him to a short communing York-sheer Skull at twenty pound per anum a yeer and had his close chuckt in to his Bed and bord. In the interium I hav forwardid him a cumfitting letter with a Won Pun Not to treet himself to sumat moor stayin and suportin nor stal pastery, But I do hop and beg Deer Bruther to hav your sentiments on the cas as you be moor caperble to advize me then I am, and not to delay riting if so be yure officious dutis purvent pearsonally quiting the yard. I wud have tuck a place on the Rumfud Stag and sit off at wons but Gowt forebid my cotching and so do Missis Rumsey for as yusial wen my felings is Frustratid all my Nervs is flone to my Fut. Pore Missis Rumsey simperthizes at evvery thing and is quit as upsit in her sperrits for as she say altho but Houskeper her Bowls yarns to Bob all as one with an hone hoffspring. She do say as Bobs a littel piggin brested and shoes simtoms of pullmary afection she trembil for fear pourness of blud sows seeds of sumthink fatle in his lunges. Indeed her mutherly hangesity offen remind a lass of her as lies volting in All allows barking. With witch I conclud with all brutherly luv, hopping to here by return of Poast. I no you seldim or never anser peples favers partickly mine but I do hop as this hear is a matter of vittle importins you will devot a few minuets to

Yure luving but afflicted Bruther

JOHN CARNABY.

P. S. If so be you thort best to poshay off xpressivly to Bob, watever is disburstid out of pockit my Puss shall kiver the hole. Praps you may lick him to be tuck away at wons for it wud be a thowsend pitis to brake his sperrit and he is rayther tender artid as you may gudge by wat he rite of his pore late muther. Well, hevin nose I war never in faver of turning Cots but if so be they wood reform the Skulls I wood jine the Wigs.



THERE'S A DEFICIENCY ON THE QUARTER.

ENCLOSURE, No. I.—*To JOHN CARNABY, Esquire. Number 49,
Polyanthus Place, Mile End Road, London.*

HONOURED PARENT,

As the sight of his native Terra Firma to the hardy Mariner on the pathless waste of the vast expanse of Ocean, so are the filial affections of a Son and School boy to inform we break up on Friday the 21st Instant; when I hope to find Yourself, comprising all my Relations and Friends, enjoying that greatest of Blessings, a state of salubrity.

When we add to this the pleasing Sensation of scholastic Duties fulfilled with Attention, Industry, and Diligence, accompanied by a preponderating Progress in all juvenile Studies, Objects, and Pursuits, a sanguine expectation is indulged that the parental Sentiments of Satisfaction will be spontaneously conferred on the present half Year, participating however with a due regard to health, comfort, and morals. Indeed it would be precocious to anticipate otherwise by the unrelenting Vigilance and Inculcation evinced by our Guide, Philosopher, and Friend, Doctor Darby and Assistants, as likewise the more than maternal Solicitude betrayed by Mrs. Doctor D. who begs Leave to cordially unite with the Same in Respectful Compliments.

I am happy to say the improvement I have made in the Latin and Greek Tongues, including French and Italian, has been very great and such as I trust to deserve and obtain his Parent's, Master's, Friend's and Wellwisher's warmest approbation and Esteem. And this Reflection will be enhanced to reflect, that by being impressed upon by pious, virtuous, and loyal Principles, every juvenile Member of the Establishment is a firm and uncompromising Supporter and Defender of King, Church and State.

I will now conclude by giving my best Love to all Relations and Friends, and accept the Same from

Honoured Parent,
Your Dutiful and Affectionate Son,
ROBERT CARNABY.

ENCLOSURE, No. II.—*From the Same to the Same.*

DEAR FATHER,

I hope you wont be angry at writing of my own Acord and if you like you may stop the postage out of what you mean to give me next time, but the other letter was all a flam and didnt speak my real mind. The Doctor frumpt it all up out of his own head, and we all copied it out for all our fathers. What I want to tell you is as the holidays is so nigh, I do wish you would make up your mind for me to be took away for good and all. I dont like the victauls for one thing and besides I am allmost sure we are not well teached. The table beer always gives me the stomach ake if I dont tie a string tight round it and I only

wish you see some of Mr. Murphy's ruling when he smells so of rum. Another thing is the batter puddings which the fellows call it putty, because it sticks pains in our insides, and sometimes we have stinking beef. Tom Spooner has saved a bit on the sly to show parents, but it's so strong we are afraid it wont keep over the three weeks to the holidays, and we are treated like gally slaves, and hare and hounds is forbid because last time the hare got up behind the Chelmsford Coach and went home to his friends in Leadenhall Market. As for sums we know the ciphering Master has got a Tutors Key because theres a board at the bottom of his desk comes out with a little coaxing, and more than that hes a cruel savage and makes love to Masters daughter, and shes often courted in the school room because its where her father dont come so much as anywheres else. The new Footman is another complaint. The Doctor dont allow him nothing a year for his wages except his profits out of the boys with fruit and pastery, and besides being rotten and stale, hes riz burnt almonds twice since Micklemas. Then we are almost quite sure Monseur Le Smith dont know Italian at least we have always observed he never talks to the image boys, and the old Cook never favours no one now except Carter with sop in pans ever since his Mother come to see him. And thats why I do hope at my next school you will raise my pocket money, its unpossible to tip handsome out of sixpence a week. Jackson saved enough to buy a Donkey and then divided him into shares and I had a shilling share but the Doctor were so unjust as seize on him altho there was no law agin bringing asses to the school. It was the same on Guy Fox day with our squibs and rockets which we was more mortified to hear them going off after we were in bed. I am certain sure we should have had a barring out in our school room long and long ago only the Doctor hardly ever wants to come in. Thats the way the ushers do just as they like in school hours and Mr. Huckings does a leathersellers bookkeeping and Mr. Snitch makes poetry for the newspapers. Its not



DRAWING UP ARTICLES OF SEPARATION.

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my fault then if I am backwards in my Greek and Latin though I have got a Prize for Spelling and Grammer but we all have prizes for something to please our parents when we go home. The only treat we have is reddishes out of the garden when they are got old and burning hot and popgunny and them wont last long as masters going to keep pigs. I suppose then we shall have measely pork to match the stinking beef. The fellows say its because the Doctor swops Stokes's schooling agin butchers meat and as the edication is so very bad old Stokes on his part wont send in any better quality. Thats whats called mutual accommodation in the newspapers. Give my love to Mrs. Rumsey with thanks for the plum cake only next time more sweetmeat, and say I am



THE OLD ORIGINAL RAILWAY.

almost sure I sometimes sleep in a damp bed. I am certain sure Mrs. Rumsey would advise you the same as I do, namely for me to be took away, without running more risks, if it was only for fear of Mac Kenzie, for hes a regular tyrant and hectors over us all. Hes three parts a nigger and you cant punch his head so as to do any good, and only last Monday he was horsed for wanting to googe little Jones's eyes out and for nothing at all but just looking at his towel to see if the black come off. I am ready to take my drop down dead if it is not all faithfully

true, Mac Kenzie and the beef and the Footman and all, and I do hope you will trust to my word and be agreeable to my offer to be took away and I do hope it will be before next Saturday for that's Mr. Paynes visiting day, the Drawing Master as I call him, but some of the fellows have nick named him Sinbad because he hunted the elephants so for their teeth. Philip Frank says theres a capital school at Richmond where the Master permits fishing and boating and cigars and gunpowder and poney chaises for only sixty guineas a year. I often think if my poor dear late Mother was alive it is just the genteel sort of School she would like me to be finished off at. But thats as you prefer, and if you will only promise upon your honour to remove me I wont run away. I forgot to say I have very bad head akes sometimes besides the stomach akes and last week I was up in the nussery for being feverish and

spotty, and I had to take antimonious wine but nothing made me sick except the gruel. Precious stuff it is and tastes like slate pencil dust and salt. I was in great hopes it was scarlet fever or something catching that I might be sent home to you, but the fisician said my rash was only chickings or stinging nettles. Altogether I am so unhappy at not getting on in my learning that I do beg and pray to be took away, and I will be very dutiful and grateful all the rest of my days. Do, pray, do, and consider me down on my bended knees. And I will wish you every comfort in life if you will only provide for mine and I will pray for your gout to go away for ever and ever and then I will nurse your last days and be such a good son to you as never was except me. And in that case I owe three shillings to the footman and shouldn't like to leave the school in debt. I shall expect to see you come in all the coaches that go the road or at least that you will fetch me in a letter, and if I am disapointed I really do believe I shall go off my head or something. With which I remain

Dear Father,
Your dutiful and affectionate Son,
ROBERT CARNABY.

No. II.—*To Mister JOHN CARNABY, Number 49, Polyanthus Place,
Mile End, London.*

DEAR BROTHER,

This is to acknowledge the favour of your family letter with enclosures, which came to hand as pleasant and welcome as a 4-inch shell, that is no great treat of itself, and discharges a worse lot of botheration from its inside. Between both I got as Port Royal a headache as a man need desire from a bottle of new rum, for which, as it's not unbrotherly to swear at a nevy, "dear Bob" and his school be d—d. As to my not answering letters, I *always* do, provided they're either saucy or challenging; in which case, like answering a broadside, it's a point of duty and honour to return as good as you get;—but for swopping sweet civil lollipop letters, lick for lick, it's more than I would do with any female alive, let alone a man. And when yours are not lollipopping, they're snivelling, or else both together, as the case is now. However blood's blood: and so for once I will commit what you want, rather than accept your invite, and go up to help you and that old dry red cow, Mother Rumsey, to chew the cud of the matter all over again by word of mouth. As for harrowing up my feelings, or ploughing them up either, thank my stars it's a stiffer soil than that comes to. Why, my feelings are as tough—and not without need—as a bull-beef steak fresh killed, and take quite as much pitching into before they're as tender as you suppose. Likely it is, that a man who has rammed his head, as I have in Africa, into a stuck camel for a secondhand swig at his cistern, would come within sixty degrees of the notion of pitying a lubberly school-boy for having as much as ever he could swill of sour

swipes ! Then for bad food, the stinkingest beef I ever met with was none to be had, good or bad, except the smell of the empty barrel. That's something like what you call being pincht in my fud ; and so it was I reckon when I gave my watch, and a good seven shilling piece besides, for about a pound of pork cartridges. So I'm not going to pipe my eye at dear Bob's short commons neither. It's all very well for pap-boating mothers to admire fat babbies while they're on the lap ; but the whole human breed would be spoiled, if Mother Nature did not unspoil it again by sending us now and then to the School of Adversity, without a knife and fork and a spoon. I came in for a quarter's learning there myself, in the Desart as aforesaid, and one of the lessons I learnt was from the ostriches ; namely, when you can't get a regular cargo of food, you must go in ballast with old shoes, leather caps, or any other odd matters you can pick up. There's nothing in life like bringing chaps up hardy, if they're to stand the hammering we're all born to, provided we are born alive. I once heard a clever Yankee arguing to the same point. "Rear up your lads," says he, "like nails ; and then they'll not only go through the world, but you may clench 'em on t'other side." And for my part, if I was a father, which thank God I am not, to my knowledge, I would mark down a week of Banyan days to every month in the Almanack, just to accustom the youngsters to take in and let out their bread bags, till it came natural ; like the Laps and Esquimaux, who spend their lives in a feast and a fast, turn and turn about, whereby their insides get as elastic as India rubber, and accommodate themselves to their loading, chock full or clean, as falls out. I've known the time I would have given all my prize-money for a set of linings of the same conveniency, as when it was coming to the toss-up of a cowny whether I was to eat 'Tom Pike, or Tom Pike was to eat me. Just read the North Pole Voyages, and you will see that pampering bellies is not the exact course to make Captain Backs. So for all that's been made on that tact, hitherto, you owe nothing but a higher rating to Doctor Darby provided there's any step above Doctor in his service ; I'll even go so far as stand my share towards a bit of plate to him, for not making my nevy a loblolly milk-sop. That's my notion about hard fare. To be sure there was Mother Brownrigg was hung for going a little too near the wind in her 'prentices' insides ; but if the balauce was squared, a few of the other old women would be run up to the yard-arm, for slow poisoning the rising generation with sugar-plum cakes and kickshaw tarts. And that your dear Bob has got a rare sweet tooth of his own is as plain as the Pike of Teneriffe, for it sticks out like a Barbary wild boar's tusks all through his precious complaints. Whereby you had better clap a stopper on in time, unless mayhap you want him to grow up in the fashion, which seems now-a-days for our young men to know, and think, and talk, aye and write too, about kitchen craft,—with their *pully olays* and *volley vongs*—as if they was so many cook's mates at a French hotel. There's no disputing likings, but rather than be such a macaroni dishclout dandy, as delicate as a lap-dog, I'd be a turnspit's whelp at once, and sit up on my hind legs

a-begging for the sop in the pan. Now if you're for his being one of those unabled-bodied objects of creation, I've no more to say; for you have got the right bearings, and have only to stand on till you bring dear Bob and Molly Coddle into one. But if so be on the contrary you have gumption enough to want to claw off that point, then down helm at once, and cut Mother Rumsey adrift, plum cakes and all. I've long had on my mind to drop you a word of advice against that old catamaran, who knows fast enough that two bears' heads are never so likely to rub together as when they're a-licking the same cub. By the cub I mean my nevy, and the two old ones are you and Mother R. Besides it's been my observation through life. Many's the young man and woman will live for years together in the same house, or make the India voyage together in the same ship, without hooking on, or even coming in sight of such a notion; but neither I, nor anybody else, ever saw two old ones, he and she, in the like case, without their coming at long and at last to a splice in church. So it is with an old cat and dog,

that while they had a tooth in their heads could hardly abide in the same parish, whereas when they get on the superannuated list, you will see them as thick as thieves, and messing together in the same dish. The philosophy of it is more than I pretend to know, unless it be they're past fighting, and fit for no active sort of work;—but so it is, as sure as the sea is salt. You had best then part company at once, if you don't want to see dear Bob mast-headed up to the back garret, or cooped down in the coal-cellar, on monkey's allowance; such being the first steps a stepmother always takes in any story-book I ever read. I'm for my nevy having fair-play after all. So as I've subscribed to the bit of plate to Dr. Darby for case-hardening the fellow's carcase, you may set me down towards the spitefullest boatswain's cat that ever was handled, in case it turns out he has neglected the boy's mind. I've seen a man seized up for a much smaller offence than crimping and inveigling a long hundred of lads at a time to a Sham Abram school, and swindling them out of the best part of the property about them,



LAYING DOWN THE LAW.

namely their juvenile time. It is only a streak above kidnapping, seeing that for any profit in learning the youngsters might as well spend their best years in the Plantations. Not but that Parents deserve a cobbing themselves for putting a boy under a master without asking to look at his certificates. As for the Latin and Greek, mayhap they're no loss to take on about. The dead and gone tongues for a tradesman's son, that's going behind a counter, is much of a muchness with fitting up a Newcastle collier's cabin after the pattern of a Leith smack's; only that the gilding and polishing may be grimed and grubbed off again in the course of trade. Still, considering they were paid for as work done, in common honesty my nevy ought to have had them put in his head; or at least something in lieu, such as Navigation or the like. His own mother tongue is quite a different matter; and thereupon I'll give you my mind, upright and downright, of the two School-letters. To be sure the Doctor likes weight of metal, and fires away with the high-soundingest words he can get, whereby his meaning is apt to loom bigger than it is, like a fishing-boat in a fog; and where there's such a ground swell of language, a seaman is apt to think there's no great depth of ideas; but bating that, there's nothing to shake a rope's end at, but quite the reverse, especially as to teaching the youngsters to give three cheers for their king and country. Now, Dear Bob's letter-work on the other hand, with its complaints of hard fare, is only fit to be sung by a snivelling Swiss beggar boy to his hurdy gurdy; besides many a chafe in the grammar and orthography, and being writ in such a scrambling up and down fist as a drunken purser might scrawl in a gale of wind. Now it's my opinion a landsman that hasn't his hands made as hard as horn with hauling home sheets nor his fingers as stiff and sticky as pitch can make 'em, has it in his power to write as fine penmanship as copperplate except for the want of good will. So that the fault may be set down to my nevy's own account, and mayhap many of the rest, for no doubt there are skulkers at school as well as on board ship. My advice then is this, namely, just throw a shot across Dr. Darby's forefoot, to let him know you mean to overhaul him, and demand a sight of the school log, and so forth; by which you will have satisfaction one way or another; and putting the case he has gone to leeward of his duty, why, then come hammer and tongs, and blaze away at him to your heart's content. The next step in course will be to take my nevy from under his orders, and find him a berth in a well officered ship; and I am ready so far to do an uncle's part by the lad, as help to look out for a proper well appointed craft. That's my advice whether you steer by it or not,—and so no more at present, and not sorry to belay—from

Dear John, Your loving Brother,

BEN CARNABY.

No. III.—*To Mr. BENJAMIN CARNABY, Brigantine Row, Deptford, London.*

DEER BRUTHER,

This is to acnolidge the faver of your verry hash letter as I am complld to call it, both as regard deer Bob and that verry wurthy sole, pore Mrs. Rumsey. I am sory to find you can bare a grug so long, for I am shure she is too obleeing and civil spokin to hav disagred to your smokin in the parler if so be she had none you maid it sich a pint. As

for her inwigglin me into becummin a step farther to my one child watever old brut bares and cats and dogs may do, I hop my Virtu will purtect me from infid-dlety to a former ti. As for pore Bob, he hav no more sweat toth then all boys is born with, and if he dorite with a bad hand, i nevrer cud rite any grate shacks miself on an emti stummach. But that's what you can't or won't inter into, no more than I can inter into cammil's insids or hos-tridges eating their old shues and lether caps. In regard to yure advis thanking you all the sam, but meen to foller

my hone, not but wat it ware nateral for you to recumend acording to yure one line of lif, to wom fiting and dueling is sekondand nater. As such hammer and tonges and blazin away pistles wood be quit in yure spear, but as for my wantin satisfaxion of Docter Darby, and shuting his fore feet, or his hind feet ether, or inded any wares els, is moor than I coud promis tho no dout ment kindly, but I am nun of yure wingin amers. Besids being agin the Bibil and Gospil and only fit for gentilmen born. Still I tak as frendly ment, as well as yure offir to git yure nevy a sitation on bord ship witch wood be a shure way to hurry my dissent to the Tom. The see always was a haw to my mind, and if it litind or a grate hevvy gal came, I shud transpire with frite; or be thinkin on fogie nites of the ship lossing her way and gittin out of her depth. Howsumever I feal grateful for the horrible idear, tho I cant xcept, and in meen time have rit to Dr. D. to remonsterit and ask him



BUTT AND BEN.

to say candiddle wether he hav starvd deer Bob and ruind his mind or no. I faver with a copy of mine and will foreward hisn wen it cum, and as my gowt is mendin, mayhap I may go down to rumfud sum of thes days, and luck into every think with my one ize.

I am Deer Benjamin

Yure luvng Bruther

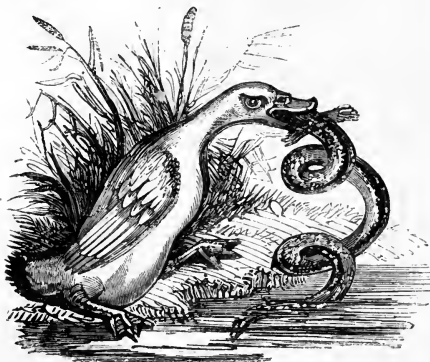
JOHN CARNABY.

(Copy.)

To Dr. DARBY Socratis Hous School Establismint, Rumfud Essex.

DOCTER DARBY SUR.

If so be a farther and a Parrint may tak so grate a libberty, its my wish to rite about my Sun. Not bein a skollard, oing to neglected genus in yuth, I am uncompitent to be a Gudge and war indust to sho the skull letter to my Bruther Benjamin, of the late Rial Navy who had moor buck larning for his Sheers, besids seein forren parts and he do say wot give grate concern to All as is concerned, namely my Suns edication is fur from a thurro nollige of evvery thing, and partickly his hostifograpy or summat to that effect. As such is hily blammabil to yureself or tooters whos provins war to propergit wot they had in their hone heds into them under them, insted of witch his unkel say he hav bin teecht moor ignorans then anny think else. Witch is verry ard considring mints of munny lad out, and hevin nose I have not bin sparring with him, but pade away at a grate rat, ever sins he war britchd. Hunderds cant kiver him from fust to last And nothin but blited hops arter all. Cirkimstancis purvented my having moor nor one acomplishment and that war my farthers bisness, but tho bropt up hill miself I no the Valley of edicashun. Warefor if it be no offens I



"WE DON'T KNOW WHAT WE CAN DO TILL WE TRY."

wish to no candiddle from your hone Mouth wether you hav so unedicatted him as his Unkil suspex. At sam tim will esteem a faver to no if he continny in gud helth witch ware always a littel dellicat and pecking, but I trust as how Rumfud hare and gud beaf and muttin and holesum wit bred and milk hav made him quit fat. His porelate muther lickwise made a pint of gud unturnd tabel bear,

as all assiduities is injurus to yuth. As she used to say, pore sole, fud and flanning saves fisick. Allso I hop and trust you disalow the boys of

advanst years tirenizing over the weekly wons, or savedge tooters as is apt to sho lickings and dislickings. The tooters morrils in course is a car not overluckd, but sweetharting demand constant vigilings to gard agin its cumming in clandestiny where it ort not. Mrs. Rumsey also begs to apollogiz for naming damp beds, but in coarse Misses Doctor Darby have a muther's felings about damp lining for boys boddiss. All witch will give grate sattisfaxun to here, as in case of the revers parrintel duty will feal hobbiligattted to remov afore the mischief go to fur. I shall luck eggerly for your anser and trust you will embrace all the queerys. I ashore it will giv grate pleshure not to hav to remove my custom, with witch and respective compliments,

I remane Dr. Darby Sur

Your verry humbel Servant

JOHN CARNABY.



"THERE'S A RIGHT WAY AND A WRONG FOR EVERY THING."

No. IV.—*To Mister BENJAMIN CARNABY, Brigantine Row, Deptford.*

DEER BENJAMIN,

Inclosed is Dr. Darbys explanative Not, witch for anny thing I no to the contrairy is evvery thing as we cud luck for, without going into the retales. He apear to hav no douts of a misscomprehenshun on our parts, witch prove us to be boath in the rong as will be a grate comfit to you and deer Benjamin

Yure luvng Bruther

JOHN CARNABY.

(THE ENCLOSURE.)—To JOHN CARNABY, *Esquire*.

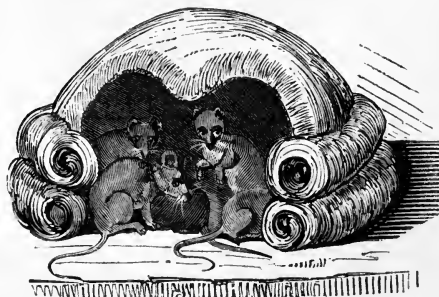
DEAR SIR,

In ancient Greece and Rome, so celebrated for their classical Attainments, it would have been considered derogatory to the Academical Dignity, for Scholastic Discipline to be subject to Animadversion from a Civic Character, professedly unconservant with Polite Literature in all its Branches. As the Principal of a Pedagogical Establishment, I might, therefore, oburgate with Propriety any irrelevant Discussion to be deprecated from such a superfluous source. Conscious, however, of standing on the Basis of an undeniable Prospectus, which professes to embrace Universal Knowledge, throughout the Circle of the Arts and Sciences, I am prepared to assert that a more Comprehensive System of Education could not be devised than that which is ascribed to the Establishment of Socrates House. If further Testimonials were necessary, I might triumphantly appeal to the Mental Cultivation of flourishing Members of Society, evinced in the successful Pursuit of Affluence, in the Eastern and Western Hemispheres, so advantageous to the Commerce, Wealth, and Power, of the United Kingdom. Such Testimonies, it is presumed, are sufficiently obvious to the most Unprejudiced Mind, to demand those unerring Principles of fostering Talent, inviting Emulation, and stimulating Enquiry, combined with Moral Intellectual and Dietetical qualities, such as to command the unreserved Approbation and Confidence of all parties engaged in the important Task of Juvenile Tuition. Trusting that the Proximity of this explanatory Statement will propitiate the most Paternal Solitude, with sentiments in accordance with the rapid Progress of Human Civilization, permit me to subscribe myself, with every feeling of respect,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient, faithful, humble servant,

SIMON DARBY, LL.D.



WIGWAM.



"BLESS ME, HOW BALD YOU ARE!"

"YES—I WAS PLUCKED AT COLLEGE."

No. V.—*To Mr. JOHN CARNABY, 49, Polyanthus Place,
Mile End Road, London.*

DEAR BROTHER,

If I was to write what comes uppermost, I should stand a chance of a place I won't name. But you always was a you-know-what, and as the proverb says, there's never a one like you now you are old. As for the school, it's the nest of a land pirate; and for any good to his mind, dear Bob might as well be in the Hulks. However it won't do to let you go and make a so-and-so of yourself all over the country—whereby, luckily for you, there's an old shipmate of mine laid up at Rumford, and so I can kill him and my Nevy with the same stone. So let Mister doctor Darby look out for squalls, and that's all from

Your loving Brother,

BEN CARNABY.

No. VI.—*(From the Same to the Same.)*

DEAR BROTHER,

This is to say I made this place, namely Rumford, yesterday morning about 10 A. M., and immediately bore away to Socrates House, and asked for my nevy,—but you shall have it logged down all fair and square.

Well, after a haul at the bell, and so forth, I was piloted into a room,

on the ground tier, by the footman, and a pastryfaced son of a land cook he looked sure enough. Where, as soon as may be, Mrs. Doctor Darby joins company, a tight little body enough, all bobbing up and down with curtsies like the buoy at the Nore, and as oily tongued as any rat in the Greenland Docks. By her own account, she rated a step above Mother to six score of boys, big and little, and every man jack of them more made of, and set store by, than if they had been parts of her own live stock. All which flummery would go down with you, and the marines, mayhap, but not with old sailors like me. As for dear Bob, she buttered him of both sides, thick and threefold, as the best, sweetest, darlingest, and what not young gentleman of the whole kit, besides finding out a family likeness between him and his uncle, which if it's any feature at all, is all my eye. Next she enquired after you, the worthiest parent she ever knew, not excepting her own father, whereby I blest my stars you were not within hail; or you would have been flabbergasted in no time, with your eyes running like scuppers, and your common senses on their beam ends. At long and last in comes my Nevy himself, as smooth and shining as a new copper; whereby says she, "I hope you will excuse untidiness, and so forth, because of sending for him just as he stood." That's how he came no doubt in his Sunday's breeches; besides twigging the wet soap-suds in his ears. "Here my sweet love," she sings out, "here's your dear kind uncle so good as to come to enquire after your welfare." So dear Bob heaves ahead, and gets a kiss, not from me tho, and a liquorish lozenge for what she called his nasty hack. Nothing however but a cholic with parched peas, as he owned to afterwards. "Now, then, Nevy," says I, "what cheer—how do you like your birth?" when up jumps madam like a scalded cat; and no or yes, I must drink the favour of a glass of Sherry. Rank Cape, John, as ever was shipped. Then Master Robert, bless him, must have a leetle glass too, but provided I approve, and a ration of sweet cake. Whereby says she, "Now I will leave you to your mutual confidences"—as looked all fair and above board enough, if I had not made out a foot near the door. And in the twinkling of a handspike in sails Dr. Darby himself, with as many scrapes to me as if I was Port Admiral; and as anxious about my old gout,—for I've got an easy shoe for a bunion—as if he'd been intimate with it in my great-grandfather's time. Well we palavered a bit about the French news, and the weather, and the crops, whatever you like let alone book learning; but that was not my course, and impatient to see Tom Pike, besides, so I ran slap aboard him at once with an ask to see the school. As I looked for, he was took all aback; however Madam wasn't thrown so dead in the wind, but jumped up to the bell tackle, and after a bit of a whisper with the servant, we got under way for the school; but contrived to land somehow in the kitchen, with a long row of quartern loaves drawn up on a dresser to receive us, like a file of marines. Then Madam begins to spin a long yarn about plain food, but plenty of it, for growing youths—dear Bob's very lathy, John, for all that—and then comes the Doctor's turn to open with a preachment on animal foods, and what

will digest, and what won't; tho' for my own part, I never met with any meat but would do it in time, more or less. So by way of clapping a stopper I made bold to remind that time is short tho' life is long, and thereby luffing slap up to my Navy, "Bob," says I, "what's the variation of the compass?" So Master Bob turns it about abit, and then says he, "Why, it's one leg shorter than t'other." Which is about as nigh it, Brother, as you are to Table Bay! And how it gave the Doctor a bad fit of coughing, which his wife caught of him as natural as if it had been the hooping sort—at last says she, "maybe Master Robert has not progressed yet into navigation." "Maybe not, Ma'am," says I, "and so we'll try on another tack—Navy, what's metaphysics?" "Brimstone and Treacle," says Bob, as ready as gunpowder, and the lady looked as satisfied as Bob did—but the Doctor had another bad fit, and good reason why, for there's no more physic in metaphysics than a baby might take in its pap. By this time we were going up stairs, but lay-to awhile alongside a garden pump on the landing, to have a yarn about dowsing glims, and fire guards, and going the rounds at night; and as dear Bob hung astarn, I yawed, and let fly at him again with "What's religion?" "The colic on Sundays," says he, as smart as you like; tho' what he meant by colic the Old Gentleman knows. However both the Doctor and Madam pulled a pleasant face at him, and looked as pleased as if he had found out the longitude; but that was too fine weather to last, for thinks I, in course he can carry on a little further on that board, so says I, "What's the main-top-gallant rule of Christianity?" "Six weeks at Christmas," says he, as bold as brass from getting encouraged before. So you see John, he don't know his own persuasion. In course we were all at wry faces again; but the Doctor had the gumption to shove his out of a window, and sing out an order to nobody in the back yard. As for Madam, she shot ahead into the sleeping rooms, where I saw half a hundred of white dimity cots, two warming-pans, and nine clothes baskets—Master Robert's berth among the rest. Next we bore away by a long passage to the kitchen again, where two rounds of boiled beef had been put to officer the quartern loaves, and so through the washery and pot-and-pannery into the garden ground, where I came in for as long a yarn about the wholesomeness of fresh vegetables and salads, as if the whole crew of youngsters had been on the books with the scurvy. From the cabbages we got to the flower-beds; and says the Doctor, "I don't circumscribe, or circumvent, one or t'other; I don't circumvent my pupils to scholastical works, but encourage perusing the book of Nature."—"That's very correct, then, Doctor," said I, "and my own sentiment exactly. Navy, what's Natural Philosophy?"—"Keeping rabbits," says Bob; which sounds likely enough, but it's not the thing by sixty degrees. I can't say but I felt the cats'paws coming over my temper; but I kept it under till we fetched the paddock, to look at the cows; and that brought up another yarn about milk-dieting; and says Madam, "when summer comes, our Doctor is so good as to permit the young gentlemen to make his hay."—"No doubt alive, Ma'am," says I; "saves hands, and good fun too,

eh nevy?—What's Agriculture?" However this time dear Bob chose to play sulky, and wouldn't answer good or bad; whereby the Doctor crowds up, with a fresh question. "Now then, Master Robert," says he pretty sharp, "I will ask you something you *do* know. What is Algebra,—Al—gebra?"—"Please Sir," says Bob, "its a wild donkey all over stripes."—"There's a dear boy!" cries Madam, the more fool she; but old Darby looked as black as thunder at midnight. "I'm afraid," says he, letting go the toplifts, as one may say, of his eyebrows; "I'm afraid there has been a little slackness here with the cat; but, by your leave, Sir, and so forth, I will investigate a little into it myself. Now Master Robert take a pull at your mental tackle, for I'm going to overhaul your Mathematics:—How do you describe a triangle?"—"Please Sir," says Bob, "it's the thing that tingle-tangles to the big



"IN FOR A PENNY—IN FOR A POUND."

drum." Well, there was the devil to pay again, and no pitch hot! Old Darby looked as if he meant either to drop down dead on the spot of apoplexy, or to murder dear Bob; he swelled and reddened up so about the wattles without hoisting out a word. For my own part, nevy as he was, I couldn't help serving him out a back-handed slap of the head, and then I turned to at the schoolmaster. "So, Mister Doctor," says I, "this is what you call a liberal education in your manifest?"—"Sir," says he, looking as stiff as a corporal just made, "whatever your,

some cursed long hard word may be, I cannot consider myself liable for the lagging astern of, I must say, the dullest sailor in my whole convoy."—"Why, blood and thunder!" said I, for old Nick could not have helped it—"you told me that Bob, my nevy there, was the handiest and smartest of the whole kit!"—"That was *me*, Sir," says the lady, hauling in between us—"and then I only spoke as to temper, as Greek and Latin are beyond a female's provinces"—which was true enough; so I felt bound to beg her pardon, which was granted: and we had smooth water again till we neared the school-room. Now then, thought I, look out for squalls, for my mind was made up to stand no nonsense from the petty officers, that is to say, gentlemen ushers. So I ranged

up alongside the most mathematical-looking one I could pick out, by way of having a bout with him at trigonometry; but he chose to be as shy, and deaf and dumb, as a Gibraltar monkey just grabbed. "With submission, my good Sir," says the Doctor, putting in his oar, "Mr. Huckin may consider it a work of supereror-something, and a going beyond ourselves, to re-examine him after the very satisfactory certificates that satisfied *me* myself."—"That's to say," says I, "in plain English, that I'm to get nothing but what I can screw out of my nevy?"—"My dear Sir," says the Doctor, "you misconstruct me entirely—the whole of the juvenile pupils are open to candid scrutiny. Suppose we begin with the classics. Master Bush, Sir, you will English me *hic, hac, hoc*."—"This, that, and t'other," says Master Bush; no great shakes of an answer, I guess, but it seemed to serve for a come-off. Then came my turn, so I asked who was the discoverer of America? and may I never break biscuit again, if he didn't say "Yankee Doodle!" Well, to cut off the end of a long yarn, this was as good as there was to be got out of the best of them. One told me that Guy Fox found out gunpowder; and another that a solar eclipse was along of the sun's standing in its own light. What else I might have learned, that I never knew before, must be left over for a guess; for in the middle of the next ask, it was all hats aloft! and three cheers for a half holiday; but if I had any hand in begging it, may I die ashore in a dry ditch! However that was too much of a dog's trick to be took quietly, so I prepared a broadside, with a volley of oaths to it, by way of small arms; but before I could well bring it to bear, the Doctor hauls out his watch, and says he, "It's extremely bad luck, but there's a voting this morning for a parish beadle, and I make a point not to let my private duties get to windward of my public ones." So saying, with a half-and-half sort of a bow, to me, he cut and run; Madam getting athwart hawse so as to cover his getting off. In course it was no use to waste speech upon her; but I made bold to d——n the whole covey of under-masters, in the lump, as a set of the sharkingest logger-headed, flute-playing, skulking, lubberly sons of grinning weavers and tailors that ever broke bread. So the finish over all is, that I took my nevy away, traps and all; and not an hour too soon; and with Bob in tow I made Tom Pike's, who was as glad to see his old messmate as I was to see him;



RECRIMINATION.

and what's more, when he heard the bit of a brush I had enjoyed, he informed me that Doctor Darby, LL.D., and what not, was all one and the same with Darby the shipchandler, that went to pieces down at Wapping. You see then, as the chaplain says, that all's for the best either here or hereafter; and so no more till Monday, when I shall bring my nevy Bob to you, to make what you will of him, which I hope will be as like a man as possible. If otherwise, I won't promise not to change my name by act of parliament, and so be no relation to dear Bob, nor to you neither; and that's the real mind of

Your loving Brother,
BEN CARNABY.



BLIND HOOKEY.

A RISE AT THE FATHER OF ANGLING.

THE memory of Izaak Walton has hitherto floated down the stream of time without even a nibble at it; but, alas! where is the long line so pure and even that does not come sooner or later to have a weak length detected in it? The severest critic of Molière was an old woman; and now a censor of the same sex takes upon herself to tax the immortal work of our Piscator with holding out an evil temptation to the rising generation. Instead of concurring in the general admiration of his fascinating pictures of fishing, she boldly asserts that the rod has been the spoiling of her child, and insists that in calling the Angler

gentle and inoffensive, the Author was altogether wrong in his *dubbing*. To render her strictures more attractive she has thrown them into a poetical form; having probably learned by experience that a rhyme at the end of a line is a very taking bait to the generality of readers. Hark! how she rates the meek Palmer whom Winifred Jenkins would have called "an angle upon earth!"

To Mr. IZAAK WALTON, at Mr. MAJOR's the Bookseller's in Fleet Street.

Mr. Walton, it's harsh to say it, but as a Parent I can't help wishing
You'd been hung before you publish'd your book, to set all the young
people a fishing!

There's my Robert, the trouble I've had with him it surpasses a mortal's
bearing,

And all thro' those devilish angling works—the Lord forgive me for
swearing!

I thought he were took with the Morbus one day, I did with his nasty
angle!

For "oh dear," says he, and burst out in a cry, "oh my gut is all got
of a tangle!"

It's a shame to teach a young boy such words—whose blood wouldn't
chill in their veins

To hear him, as I overheard him one day, a-talking of blowing out brains?*

And didn't I quarrel with Sally the cook, and a precious scolding I
give her,

"How dare you," says I, "for to stench the whole house by keeping
that stinking liver?"

'Twas enough to breed a fever, it was! they smelt it next door at the
Bagots',—

But it wasn't breeding no fever—not it! 'twas my son a-breeding of
maggots!

I declare that I couldn't touch meat for a week, for it all seemed
tainting and going,

And after turning my stomach so, they turned to blueflies, all buzzing
and blowing;

Boys are nasty enough, goodness knows, of themselves, without putting
live things in their craniums;

Well, what next? but he pots a whole cargo of worms along with my
choice geraniums.

And another fine trick, tho' it wasn't found out, till the housemaid had
given us warning,

He fished at the golden fish in the bowl, before we were up and down
in the morning.

I'm sure it was lucky for Ellen, poor thing, that she'd got so attentive
a lover,

As bring her fresh fish when the others deceas'd, which they did a
dozen times over!

* Chewing and spitting out bullock's brains into the water for ground-bait is called
blowing of brains. Salter's Angler's Guide.

Then a whole new loaf was short! for I know, of course, when our
 bread goes faster,—
 And I made a stir with the bill in my hand, and the man was sent off
 by his master;
 But, oh dear, I thought I should sink thro' the earth, with the weight
 of my own reproaches,
 For my own pretty son had made away with the loaf, to make pastry to
 feed the roaches!



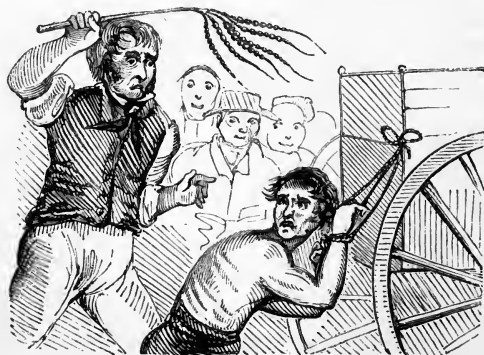
“THE GREAT GLOBE ITSELF, YEA, ALL WHICH IT INHERIT, SHALL DISSOLVE!”

I vow I've suffered a martyrdom—with all sorts of frights and terrors
 surrounded!
 For I never saw him go out of the doors but I thought he'd come home
 to me drowned.
 And, sure enough, I set out one fine Monday to visit my married
 daughter,
 And there he was standing at Sadler's Wells, a-performing with real
 water.
 It's well he was off on the further side, for I'd have brain'd him else
 with my patten,
 For I thought he was safe at school, the young wretch! a studying
 Greek and Latin,
 And my ridicule basket he had got on his back, to carry his fishes and
 gentles;
 With a belt I knew he'd made from the belt of his father's regi-
 mentals—

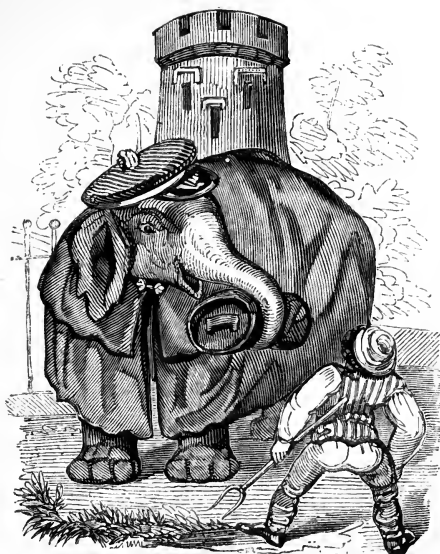
Well, I poked his rods and lines in the fire, and his father gave him
a birching,
But he'd gone too far to be easy cured of his love for chubbing and
perching.
One night he never came home to tea, and altho' it was dark and
dripping,
His father set off to Wapping, poor man ! for the boy had a turn for
shipping ;
As for me I set up, and I sobbed and I cried for all the world like a
babby,
Till at twelve o'clock he rewards my fears with two gudging from
Waltham Abbey !
And a pretty sore throat and fever he caught, that brought me a fort-
night's hard nussing,
Till I thought I should go to my grey-hair'd grave, worn out with the
fretting and fussing ;
But at last he was cur'd, and we did have hopes, that the fishing was
cured as well,
But no such luck ! not a week went by, before we'd have another such
spell.
Tho' he never had got a penny to spend, for such was our strict
intentions,
Yet he was soon set up in tackle agin, for all boys have such quick
inventions :
And I lost my Lady's Own Pocket Book, in spite of all my hunting and
poking,
Till I found it chuck-full of tackles and hooks, and besides it had had a
good soaking.
Then one Friday morning, I gets a summoning note from a sort of a
law attorney,
For the boy had been trespassing people's grounds while his father was
gone a journey,
And I had to go and hush it all up by myself, in an office at Hatton
Garden ;
And to pay for the damage he'd done, to boot, and to beg some strange
gentleman's pardon.
And wasn't he once fish'd out himself, and a man had to dive to find
him,
And I saw him brought home with my motherly eyes and a mob of
people behind him ?
Yes, it took a full hour to rub him to life—whilst I was a-screaming
and raving,
And a couple of guineas it cost us besides, to reward the humane man
for his saving,
And didn't Miss Crump leave us out of her will, all along of her taking
dudgeon
At her favourite cat being chok'd, poor Puss, with a hook sow'd up in a
gudgeon ?

And old Brown complain'd that he pluck'd his live fowls, and not without show of reason,
 For the cocks looked naked about necks and tails, and it wasn't their moulting season;
 And sure and surely, when we came to inquire, there was cause for their screeching and cackles,
 For the mischief confess'd he had picked them a bit, for I think he call'd them the hackles.
 A pretty tussle we had about that ! but as if it warn't picking enough,
 When the winter comes on, to the muff-box I goes, just to shake out my sable muff—
 "O mercy!" thinks I, "there's the moth in the house!" for the fur was all gone in patches;
 And then at Ellen's chinchilly I look, and its state of destruction just matches—
 But it wasn't no moth, Mr. Walton, but flies—sham flies to go trolling and trouting,
 For his father's great coat was all safe and sound, and that first set me a-doubting.
 A plague, say I, on all rods and lines, and on young or old watery dangles!
 And after all that you'll talk of such stuff as no harm in the world about anglers!
 And when all is done, all our worry and fuss, why, we've never had nothing worth dishing;
 So you see, Mister Walton, no good comes at last of your famous book about fishing.
 As for Robert's, I burnt it a twelvemonth ago; but it turn'd up too late to be lucky,
 For he'd got it by heart, as I found to the cost of

Your servant,
 JANE ELIZABETH STUCKEY.



THERE'S NEVER A WHALE WITHOUT A BLUBBER.



"HE'S A-GOIN' TO TAKE A TOWER."

RIGHT AND WRONG.

A SKETCH AT SEA.

THE Rights of Man,—whether abstract or real, divine or vulgar, vested or contested, civil or uncivil, common or uncommon—have been so fully and so frequently discussed, that one would suppose there was nothing new to be felt or expressed on the subject. I was agreeably surprised, therefore, during a late passage from Ireland, to hear the rights of an individual asserted in so very novel a manner as to seem worthy of record. The injured party was an involuntary fellow-passenger; and the first glance at him as he leisurely ascended the cabin stairs, bespoke him an original. His face, figure, dress, gait, and gestures, were all more or less eccentric; yet without any apparent affectation of singularity. His manner was perfectly earnest and business-like, though quaint. On reaching the deck, his first movement was towards the gangway, but a moment sufficed to acquaint him with the state of the case. The letter-bags having been detained an hour beyond the usual time of departure, the steam had been put on at a gallop, and Her Majesty's mail packet the *Guebre* had already accomplished some hundred fathoms of her course. This untoward event, however, seemed rather to surprise than annoy our Original, who quietly stepped up to the Captain, with the air of demanding what was merely a matter of course:

"Hollo, Skipper! Off she goes, eh? But you must turn about, my boy, and let me get out."

"Let you get out!" echoed the Skipper, and again repeating it, with what the musicians call a staccato—"Let—you—get—out!"

"Exactly so. I'm going ashore."

"I'm rather afraid you are *not*, Sir," said the Skipper, looking decidedly serious, "unless you allude to the other side!"

"The other side!" exclaimed the Oddity, involuntarily turning towards England. "Poo! poo! nonsense, man,—I only came to look at your accommodations. I'm not going across with you—I'm not, upon my word!"

"I must beg your pardon, Sir;" said the Captain quite solemnly. "But it is my firm opinion that you *are* 'going across.'"

"Poo, poo! all gammon.—I tell you I am going back to Dublin."

"Upon my soul, then," said the Skipper, rather briskly, "you must swim back like a grampus, or borrow a pair of wings from the gulls." The man at the helm grinned his broadest at what he thought a good joke of his officer's—while the Original turned sharply round,



AN AQUATIC TRIP.

parodied a hyena's laugh at the fellow, and then returned to the charge.

"Come come, Skipper—it's quite as far out as I care for—if you want to treat me to a sail!"

"Treat you to a sail!" roared the indignant officer. "Zounds! Sir, I'm in earnest—as much in earnest as ever I was in my life."

"So much the better," answered the Original. "I'm not joking myself, and I have no right to be joked upon."

"Joke or no joke," said the Captain—"all I know is this. The mail bags are on board—and it's more than my post is worth to put back."

"Eh? What? How?" exclaimed the Oddity, with a sort of nervous dance. "You astonish me! Do—you—really—mean to say—I'm obligated to go—whether I've a right or not?"

"I do indeed, Sir—I'm sorry for it, but it can't be helped. My orders are positive. The moment the mail is on board I must cast off."

"Indeed!—well—but you know—why, that's *your* duty, not *mine*. I have no right to be cast off! I've no right to be here at all. I've no right to be anywhere—except in Merriion Square!"

The Captain was bothered. He shrugged up his shoulders, then gave a low whistle, then plunged his hands in his pockets—then gave a loud order to somebody, to do something, somewhere or other; and then began to walk short turns on the deck. His Captive, in the meantime, made hasty strides towards the stern, as if intending to leap overboard; but he suddenly stopped short, and took a bewildered look at the receding coast. The original wrong was visibly increasing in length, breadth, and depth, every minute; and he again confronted the Captain.

"Well, Skipper—you've thought better of it—I've no right in the world, have I?—You will turn her round?"

"Totally impossible, Sir—quite out of my power."

"Very well, very well, very well indeed!" the Original's temper was getting up as well as the sea. "But mind Sir—I protest. I protest against *you*, Sir—and against the ship—and the ocean, Sir—and everything! I'm getting further and further out—but, remember, I've no *right*! You will take the consequences. I have no right to be kidnapped—ask the Crown lawyers, if you think fit!"

After this denouncement, the Speaker began to pace up and down like the Captain, but at the opposite side of the deck. He was on the boil, however, as well as the engine,—and every time that he passed near the man whom he considered as his Sir Hudson Lowe, he gave vent to the inward feeling in a jerk of the head, accompanied by a short pig-like grunt. Now and then it broke out in words, but always the same four monosyllables, "This—is—too—bad"—with a most emphatic fall of the foot to each. At last it occurred to a stout pompous-looking personage to interpose as a mediator. He began by dilating on the immense commercial importance of a punctual delivery of letters—thence he insisted on the heavy responsibility of the Captain; with a promise of an



DEEP DISTRESS PRODUCED BY MACHINERY.

early return packet from Holyhead—and he was entering into a congratulation of the fineness of the weather, when the Original thought it was time to cut him short.

“My good Sir—you’ll excuse me. The case is nobody’s but my own. *You* are a regular passenger. You have a right to be in this packet. You have a right to go to Holyhead—or to Liverpool—or to Gibraltar,—or to the world’s end—if—you—like. But *I* choose to be in Dublin. What right have I to be here then? Not—one—atom! I’ve no right to be in this vessel—and the Captain there knows it. I’ve no right (stamping) to be on this deck! I have no more right to be tossing at sea (waving his arms up and down) than the Pigeon House!”

“It is a very unpleasant situation, I allow, Sir,” said the Captain to the stout Passenger. “But, as I have told the gentleman, my hands are tied. I can do nothing—though nobody is more sorry for his inconvenience.”

“Inconvenience be hanged!” exclaimed the Oddity, in a passion at last. “It is no inconvenience, Sir! Not—the—smallest. But that makes no difference as to my being here. It’s that—and that alone,—I dispute all right to!”

“Well, but my dear, good Sir,” expostulated the pompous man;

“admitting the justice of your premises, the hardship is confessedly without remedy.”

“To be sure it is,” said the Captain, “every inch of it. All I can say is, that the gentleman’s passage shall be no expense to him!”

“Thankee—of course not,” said the Original with a sneer. “I’ve no right to put my hand in my pocket! Not that I mind expense. But it’s my right I stand up for, and I defy you both to prove that I have any right—or any shadow of a right—to be in your company! I’ll tell you what, Skipper”—but before he could



SEA RIDDLE. "DO YOU GIVE IT UP?"

finish the sentence, he turned suddenly pale, made a most grotesque wry face, and rushed forward to the bow of the vessel. The Captain exchanged a significant smile with the stout gentleman; but before they had quite spoken their minds of the absent character, he came

scrambling back to the binnacle, upon which he rested with both hands, while he thrust his working visage within a foot of the skipper's face.

"There, Skipper!—now, Mr. What d'ye call—What do you both say to *that*? What right have I to be sick—as sick as a dog? I've no right to be squeamish! I'm not a passenger. I've no right to go tumbling over ropes and pails and what not—to the ship's head!"

"But my good Sir,"—began the pompous man.

"Don't Sir me, Sir! You took your own passage. You have a *right* to be sick—You've a right to go to the side every five minutes—you've a right to DIE of it! But it's the reverse with me—I have no right of the sort!"

"O certainly not, Sir," said the pomposity, offended in his turn.

"You are indubitably the best judge of your own privileges. I only beg to be allowed to remark, that where I felt I had so little right, I should hesitate to intrude myself." So saying, he bowed very formally, and commenced his retreat to the cabin, while the Skipper pretended to examine the compass very minutely. In fact our Original had met with a chokepear. The fat man's answer was too much for him, being framed on a principle clean contrary to his own peculiar system of logic. The more he tried to unravel its meaning, the more it got entangled. He didn't like it, without knowing why; and he quite disagreed with it, though ignorant of its purport. He looked up at the funnel—and at the flag—and at the deck,—and down the companion stairs,—and then he wound up all by a long shake of his head, as mysterious as Lord Burghleigh's, at the astonished man at the wheel. His mind seemed made up. He buttoned his coat up to the very chin, as if to secure himself to himself, and never opened his lips again till the vessel touched the quay at Holyhead. The Captain then attempted a final apology—but it was interrupted in the middle.

"Enough said, Sir—quite enough. If you've *only* done your duty, you've no right to beg pardon—and I've no right to ask it. All I mean to say is, here am I in Holyhead instead of Dublin. I don't care what that fat fellow says—who don't understand his own rights. I stick to



"CHARMING SPOTS ABOUT THIS PART OF THE RIVER."

all I said before. I have no right to be up in the Moon, have I? Of course not—and I've no more right to stand on this present quay, than I have to be up in the Moon!"



"WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU IN MY STEEL TRAP?"

PATRONAGE.

THE authenticity of the following letter will, probably, be disputed. The system of patronage to which it refers, is one very likely to shock



JACK PUDDING.

the prejudices of serious sober-minded persons, who will naturally refuse to credit such practical anachronisms as the superannuation of sucklings. Goldsmith, it is true, has mentioned certain Fortunatuses as being born with silver ladles in their mouths; but it would be easier to suppose a child thus endowed with a whole service of plate, than to fancy one invested with a service of years. The most powerful imagination would be puzzled to reconcile an Ex-Speakership with an Infant untaught to lisp; or to recognise a retired Bow Street runner in a nursing unable to walk. The existence of such very advanced posts for the Infantry is, however, affirmed; but with what

truth, from my total want of political experience, I am unable to judge. Mr. Wordsworth, indeed, who says that "the child is father of the man," seems to aim a quiz at the practice; and possibly the nautical phrase of "getting a good birth," may refer to such prosperous nativities. For the rest, grown gentlemen have unquestionably been thrust, sometimes, into public niches to which they were as ill adapted as Mr. D.;

the measures taken by Patrons not leading invariably, like Stultz's, to admirable fits. But the Lady waits to speak her mind.

(COPY.)

*To the Right Honourable LORD VISCOUNT * * * *, &c., &c., &c.,
Whitehall.*

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP,

I humbly beg a thousand pardons and apologies for so great a liberty, and taking up time so valuable to the nation with the present application. Nothing short of absolute necessity could compel to such a course; but I make bold to say, a case of greater hardship never had the honour to be laid before official eyes. My poor husband, however, is totally unaware of my writing; as he would certainly forbid any such epistolary step, whether on my part or his own; though in point of fact the shattered state of his nerves is such as to preclude putting pen to paper if ever so inclined. But, as a wife and a mother, it would not become me to preserve silence, with my husband perishing by inches before my eyes; and particularly when a nobleman of your Lordship's rank would be sure to sympathise for an unfortunate gentleman, of birth and breeding, that after waiting above forty odd years for his rights, has only come at last into a public post that must, and will, be his death!

To favour with the particulars, my husband has the honour to be related very distantly to the Peerage; and as Your Lordship knows, it is the privilege of Aristocracy to provide for all their connexions by comfortable public situations, which are sometimes enjoyed very early in life. To such, Mr. D. had a hereditary right from his cradle, for his noble relative, the Duke of —, was so condescending as to stand sponsor by proxy; and instead of the usual spoons, or a silver mug, made a promise to the Infant of some office suited to its tender age; for instance a superannuation, or the like, where there is nothing to do, but the salary to receive. In point of fact, the making the Baby a retired King's Messenger was verbally undertaken at the font: but before the child could come into office His Grace unfortunately went out of power, by dying of apoplexy, leaving nothing but a promise, which a new ministry was unjust and ungrateful enough not to make good. In this shocking manner, Your Lordship, was my husband thrown upon the world, without proper provision according to his station and prospects, and was degraded to the necessity of his own exertions for support, till his fortieth year, when the new Duke thought proper to stir in his behalf. The truth is, a severe illness had left Mr. D.'s mind and nerves in such a pitiful shattered state, as to make him unfit for any business whatever, except public affairs; and accordingly it became the duty of his friends to procure him some post under government. So a proper application was made to his Grace, and through his influence and the fortunate circumstance of an election at the time, Mr. D. was appointed to the dreadful situation he at present enjoys. Of course we entirely acquit His Grace, who never set eyes

on my husband in his life, and therefore could not be expected to know the precise state of his constitution ; but I appeal to Your Lordship, whether it was proper patronage for a man shattered in mind and nerves, and subject to tremors, and palpitations, and bodily shocks of all sorts, to be made a Superintendent of Powder-Mills, with the condition of living attached to the works ?

For my own part, Your Lordship, I looked on the Duke's letter of congratulations as neither more nor less than my poor husband's death-warrant. Indeed he was so dreadfully alarmed himself, as to be quite distressing to witness. He did nothing, the whole afternoon, but walk up and down the room, shaking his head at himself in the looking-glass, or looking up at the ceiling, and muttering, as if he was already



"ONE BLACK BALL EXCLUDES."

exploding sky high along with the Mills. But a refusal was out of the question, as it would have afforded his Grace too good an excuse for neglecting our interests for the future. To aggravate the case, the very day after our taking possession, there was what is called a blow at the works, and though so trifling as only to carry a roof off a shed, it struck a cord on Mr. D.'s nerves that has never done vibrating ever since. I do not exaggerate to say, that if he had been struck with the palsy and St. Vitus, both at once, he could

not have showed more corporal agitation. He trembled in every limb like an aspen tree ; while his eyes rolled, and his head went from side to side, like the China Mandarin's ; besides scouring up and down stairs, and rushing out of doors and in again, and trying all the chairs but could not sit any where, and stamping, and muttering, and dancing about, till I really expected he would scramble up the walls of the room, and fly across the ceiling, like our tortoiseshell cat in her fits. If I lived to Methusalem, Your Lordship, I should never forget it ! Unluckily, being new to his office, a mistaken notion of duty possessed him that he ought not to quit the spot ; indeed he solemnly declared, that if a blow was to take place in his absence, he would rather commit his own suicide than face the report of it in the newspapers, which had already indulged in some seditious sneers at his appointment. All that could

be done, therefore, was to pack off Lucy, and Emily and Eliza, on week's visits among friends; myself remaining behind, as a wife's proper post, near my poor husband; but on the uncomfortable condition of keeping under ground in the cellar, because gunpowder in convulsions always blasts upwards. What my feelings were, as we are troubled with rats, Your Lordship may suppose; particularly when Mr. D. was officially called upon to inspect the damage; and never shall I forget his gashly appearance when he returned from his awful task! He was literally as white as a sheet; and totally incapable to get out a word, till he had swallowed three whole glasses of brandy! That settled his reason,—but it was only to tell me that he had scraped and grazed the skin off every nubble of his back-bone, by a bad fall from a ladder, which he had attempted to come down in wooden safety shoes. Such, Your Lordship, was our miserable day; and it brought as wretched a night. Bed would not be heard of—and we set up in two easy chairs, shuddering with fright and cold, being December, and every door and window thrown wide open, to give a thorough vent through the house, in case of another shock. For Mr. D. was unfortunately possessed that one blow always leads to another; and what with fancying flying sparks, for it was starlight, and sniffing fire, he had worked himself up, before morning, into a high fever and a light head. The nearest medical man was obliged to be called in—and he had to give frightful doses of laudanum before Mr. D.'s nerves could be lulled into a startlish sort of doze;—and at waking, he was ordered to drink the strongest stimuluses; as indeed are in use to the present time. But this continual brandy, brandy, brandy, as Your Lordship knows, is a dreadful remedy; though, as my poor husband says, he cannot fill up his place without its help. At times I could almost believe, tho' I would not breathe such a thing except to Your Lordship, that between the stimuluses, and the delirium, and the whole shock to the system, Mr. D. is a little beside his senses. The mad Doctors do say, that we are all, every one of us, crazy on a certain subject; and if such is the case, there can be no doubt that my husband's weak point is explosions, the extravagance of his precautions making him an everlasting torment to himself as well as to all about him. Of course it is to his disadvantage, and magnifies his terrors, not to have been brought regularly up to the business; not that he receives much comfort from those who have, for he says custom and habit have made them so daring and hardened, that they would not mind playing at snap-dragon in the Magazine, or grinding their knives on the millstone that crushes the gunpowder into grains.

Since the above accident we have had, thank goodness, no more blows; but, as Your Lordship is aware, a first impression will stick by us for all our lives to come. At the best of times, let my husband be reading, or writing, or eating his dinner, or in bed, or what not, the exploding notion will come across him like a flash of lightning; as for instance last Friday was a week. Mr. and Mrs. Trotter had dropped in to tea; after which we had a rubber; and were all very comfortable, my husband and me

just in the nine holes, when all of a sudden there was a fall of something and a scream. Up jumps Mr. D. of course, chucking his cards here, there, and every where, and calling a blow! a blow!—and as usual Emily and Lucy and Eliza and me rushed off to the coal-cellar, while Mrs. T. went into a fit. It is true, by the blessing of Providence, it was only the Housemaid letting her pail fall to screech at a bat; but what is



BAT AND BAWL.

very disagreeable, the Trotters are old friends, and have declined to set another foot within our doors. As for servants, it is next to impossible to keep one about me; and as Your Lordship's own Lady will confirm, there is nothing more unpleasant to a Mistress of a House than to be continually changing. But nine out of ten prefer giving warning, to attending to so many punctiliums as are laid down; and those that are willing to stay, break through so many of the rules, that I am obliged to discharge them, to prevent Mr. D. being ruffled by doing it himself. Be-

sides it adds considerably to servant's works, to have chimneys swept so often as once a week,—and moreover, Mr. D. insists on keeping all flint and steels, and tinder, and matches, in his own bed-room, so that the housemaid has to go to him every morning for her lights. He is just as particular about extinguishing at night; and I lost the best cook I ever had, through her sitting up in her bed-room to mend her stays, though she might have known Mr. D. would come in to put her out—all of which is extremely unpleasant, and to me in particular.

These, Your Lordship, are serious domestic evils; and I wish I could say they were confined to the house. But the workmen at the Mills are so ungrateful as to hate my husband for the over care he obliges them to take of their own lives; and make no secret of wanting his removal, by trying to torment him into resignation. Not a day passes without squabbles about smoking, for Mr. D. is apt to sniff tobacco, and insists on searching pockets for pipes, which the labourers one and all decline; and besides scuffles, there have been several pay offs on the spot. The consequence is ill will and bad blood to their superior, and it is become a standing practical joke to play upon the

family feelings and fears. I have twice suffered all the disagreeables of escaping from nothing at all in my night dress, exposed to rheumatism, and the natives of a low neighbourhood; indeed only last Sunday the fire bell was rung by nobody, and no wind at all to speak of. Another party at enmity is Doctor Worral and all his establishment; because Mr. D. felt it his public duty to have the Doctor up before a Justice, for allowing his Young Gentlemen to send up fire-balloons. We had one day of dreadful excitement on my husband's part, through a wicked little wretch of a pupil flashing the sunshine into the Mill with a bit of looking-glass; and of course we are indebted for the Swing letters we receive to the same juvenile quarters. To make bad worse, Mr. D. takes them all for Gospel, and the extra watchings and patrollings, and precautions, after getting a threatening notice, are enough to wear out all our hearts. As regards the School, I am ready to agree that it is too near the Works; and to tell the truth, I shake in my shoes as much as Mr. D., every fifth of November, at each squib and cracker that goes off. On the same score our own sons are an everlasting misery to us when they are at home; which they seldom are, poor fellows, on that account. But if there is one thing above another that boys delight to play with, it is gunpowder; and being at the very fountain-head, Your Lordship, may conceive the constant care it is to prevent their getting at it, and what is worse, not always crowned with success. Indeed even more innocent playthings are obliged to be guarded against; for as their father says, "a little brat, just breeched, may strike light enough to blow up a whole neighbourhood, through only spinning a peg-top in a paved yard."

Such, your Lordship, is our present melancholy state. I have not dwelt, as I might do, on expenses, such as the dresses that are spoiled in the coal-cellar; the paying months' wages instead of warnings; nor the trays upon trays of glass and china that are chucked down, as the way the servants always empty their hands when making their escapes from my husband's false alarms. Sometimes it's a chair falls overhead; or the wind slams the back door; or a smell of burnt



PRESSURE FROM WITHOUT.

wood from the kitchen ; or the ironing-blanket ; or fat caught ; or fall of soot ; or a candle-snuff ; or a smoky coal ; or, as I have known before now, only the smell of the drains ; with a hundred other little things that will spring up in families, take what care you will. I ought not to forget thunder-storms, which are another source of trouble ; for, besides seeing a dozen fanciful flashes for one real one, it is the misfortune of Mr. D. not to put faith in conductors, or, to use his own words, "in Franklin, philosophy, and fiddle-sticks,—and a birch rod as likely to frighten away lightning as an iron one." In the meantime, through the constant frights and flurries, I begin to find my own nerves infected by bad example, and getting into startlish habits ; and my daughter Lucy, who was always delicate, seems actually going into a poor low way.



A SET-OFF IN ACCOUNT.

Agreeable society might do much to enliven our spirits ; but my husband is become very shy of visitors, ever since Captain Gower was so inconsiderate as to walk in, one foggy night, with a lighted cigar in his mouth. In fact he quite sets his face against the male sex ; for, if they do not smoke cigars, he says, and carry lucifers, they strut on their iron heels, and flourish about with iron-pointed walking-sticks, and umbrellas. All which, Your Lordship, is extremely hard on myself and daughters, who, like all young people, are fond of a little gaiety ; but

the very utmost they are allowed, is a single quadrille party at Christmas, and then they are all obliged to dance in list shoes.

I humbly trust to Your Lordship's liberality, and goodness of heart, to view the particulars of the above melancholy statement with attentive consideration. As it may occur to inquire how we have suffered so long without complaining, I beg to inform Your Lordship, that, being such a time of profound peace, we have lived on from year to year in the hope that no more ammunition would be required ; and consequently the place would become a comfortable sinecure. But it appears that Spain and Portugal, and other countries, have gone to war on condition of being supplied with gunpowder ; and accordingly, to our bitter disappointment, the works are as vigorous as ever. Your Lordship will admit the

hardship of such a cruel position to a man of Mr. D.'s very peculiar constitution; and I do hope and trust will also regard his interests with a favourable eye, in consideration of his long-standing claims upon the country. What his friends most desire for him is, some official situation, —of course with a sufficient income to support his consequence, and a numerous family,—but without any business attached to it, or only as much as might help to amuse his mind for one or two hours in the day. Such a removal, considering my husband's unfitness for anything else, could occasion no sort of injury to the public service; particularly as his vacancy would be so easy to fill up. There are hundreds and thousands of land and sea officers on half pay, who have been used to popping, and banging, and blowing up rockets and bomb-shells, all their lives; and would, therefore, not object to the Powder Mills; especially as the salary is handsome, with a rent-free house and garden, coal and candles, and all the other little perquisites that belong to public posts. As regards ourselves, on the contrary, any interest is preferable to the gunpowder interest; and I take upon myself to say, that Mr. D. would be most proud and happy to receive any favour from Your Lordship's administration; as well as answering for his pursuing any line of political principles, conservative or unconservative, that might be chalked out. Any such act of patronage would command the eternal gratitude of Mr. D., self, and family; and, repeating a thousand apologies for thus addressing, I beg leave to remain

Your Lordship's most humble, obedient, and devoted servant,
 LUCY EMILY DEXTER.

P.S.—Since writing the above, I am sorry to inform your Lordship, that we have had another little blow, and Mr. D.'s state is indescribable. He is more shaken than ever, and particularly through going all down the stairs in three jumps. He was sitting reading at the time, and, as he thinks, in his spectacles; but as they are not to be found, he is possessed that they have been driven into his head.



LORD! HOW YOU MADE ME JUMP.



A MEDIA-NOCHE.

"NAPOLEON'S MIDNIGHT REVIEW."

A NEW VERSION.

IN his bed, bolt upright,
In the dead of the night,
The French Emperor starts like a ghost !
By a dream held in charm,
He uplifts his right arm,
For he dreams of reviewing his host.

To the stable he glides,
For the charger he rides ;
And he mounts him, still under the spell ;
Then, with echoing tramp,
They proceed through the camp,
All intent on a task he loves well.

Such a sight soon alarms,
And the guards present arms,
As he glides to the posts that they keep ;
Then he gives the brief word,
And the bugle is heard,
Like a hound giving tongue in its sleep.

Next the drums they arouse,
But with dull row-de-dows,
And they give but a somnolent sound;
Whilst the foot and horse, both,
Very slowly and loth,
Begin drowsily mustering round.

To the right and left hand,
They fall in, by command,
In a line that might be better dress’d;
Whilst the steeds blink and nod,
And the lancers think odd
To be rous’d like the spears from their rest.

With their mouths of wide shape,
Mortars seem all agape,
Heavy guns look more heavy with sleep;
And, whatever their bore,
Seem to think it one more
In the night such a field day to keep.

Then the arms, christened small,
Fire no volley at all,
But go off, like the rest, in a doze;
And the eagles, poor things,
Tuck their heads ’neath their wings,
And the band ends in tunes through the nose.

Till each pupil of Mars
Takes a wink like the stars—
Open order no eye can obey:
If the plumes in their heads
Were the feathers of beds,
Never top could be sounder than they!

So, just wishing good night,
Bows Napoleon, polite;
But instead of a loyal endeavour
To reply with a cheer;
Not a sound met his ear,
Though each face seem’d to say, “*Nap* for ever!”



“PIE-BALD.”

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.



"Charlatan is rising in public favour, and has many *backers* who *book* him to win."—*Sporting Intelligence*.

OF all the signs of the times—considering them literally as *signs*, and the public literally as "a *public*"—there are none more remarkable than the Hahnemann's Head,—the Crown and Compasses, devoted to Gall and Spurzheim's entire,—and the Cock and Bull, that hangs out at the House of Call for Animal Magnetizers. The last concern, especially—a daring, glaring, flaring, gin-palace-like establishment—is a moral phenomenon. That a tap dispensing a raw, heady, very unrectified article, should obtain any custom whatever, in a reputed genteel and well-lighted neighbourhood, seems quite impossible; yet such is the incomprehensible fact;—respectable parties, scientific men, and even physicians, in good practice in all other respects, have notoriously frequented the bar, from which they have issued again, walking all sorts of ways at once, or more frequently falling asleep on the steps, but still talking such "rambling skimble-skamble stuff" as would naturally be suggested by the incoherent visions of a drunken man. Such exhibitions, however, are comparatively rare in London to their occurrence in Paris, which city has always taken the lead of our own capital in matters of novelty. It is asserted by a good authority, that at a French concern, in the same line, no less than seventy-eight "medical men, and sixty-three other very intelligent individuals," became thoroughly muzzy and mistified, and so completely lost all "*clairvoyance*" of their own, that they applied to an individual to read

a book and a letter to them; to tell them the hour on their own watches; to mention the pips on the cards; and, by way of putting the state of their "intuitive foresight" beyond question, they actually appealed to the *backsight* of a man who was sound asleep! A bout on so large a scale has not been attempted, hitherto, in the English metropolis; but as all fashions transplanted from Paris flourish vigorously in our soil, it is not improbable that we may yet see a meeting of the College of Physicians rendered very how-come-you-so indeed by an excess of Mesmer's "particular."

The influence of such an example could not fail to have a powerful influence on all classes; and a pernicious narcotic would come into general use; the notorious effect of which is to undermine the reason of its votaries, and rob them of their common senses. To avert such a national evil, surely demands the timely efforts of our philanthropists; and, above all, of those persons who have set their faces against the Old Tom—not of Lincoln, but of London—and in their zeal for the public sobriety, aim at even



"I WAS TOLD I SHOULD FIND HERE SOME TRAP ROCKS!"

converting the brewers' kilderkins into pumpkins.—Seriously, might not the Temperance Societies extend the sphere of their operations, by a whole hemisphere, and perhaps with equal advantage to mankind, by attacking mental dram-drinking, as well as the bodily tipping of ardent spirits? The bewildered rollings, reelings, and idiotic effusions of mere animal drunkenness can hardly be more degrading to rational human beings, than the crazy toddlings and twaddlings of a bemused mind, whether only maudlin with infinitesimal doses of quackery, or rampant to mad staggers with the *lushious* compounds and Devil's Elixirs of the Mesmerian Distillery. Take the wildest freaks of the most fuddled, muddled, bepuddled soaker,—such as "trying to light his pipe at a pump,"—attempting to wind up a plug with his watch-key,—or requesting, from a damp bed in the gutter, to be tucked in,—and are they a bit, or a whit, or a jot, or a what-not, more absurd, more extravagant, or more indicative of imbecility of reason, than the vagary of a somnambulist, gravely going through the back-gammon of reading

Back's Journal, or a back-number of the Retrospective Review, through the back of his head?

In case the great Water Companies alluded to should think proper to adopt the foregoing suggestions, the following genuine letters are placed very much at their service, as materials to be worked up into Tracts:—

(COPY.)

To Mr. Robert HOLLAND, Linen-Draper, No. 194, Tottenham Court Road, London.

DEAR BOB,

Hoping you are well, and well-doing, we have heard such wonderful accounts in our parts lately about animal magnetizing, without any clear notion what it is.



WRINGING OUT THE OLD YEAR.

My own notion is, it must be something new of my Lord Spencer's—Althorp as was—who was always very curious about his beasts.

Others do say the Duke of Bedford, with a fresh cattle show—nobody knows.

Now you are just at the fountain-head to

learn, and as most of us down here is more or less engaged in breeding stock, it would be a main thing to be put up to the secret at its first start.

Also whether it is expensive to buy—and who found it out—and if likely to do away with oilcake and mangel wurzel, and such like particulars.

Praise be blest, we are all stout and hearty, except your poor aunt, who died three year ago. Which is all the news at present from,

Dear Bob,

Your loving Uncle,

REUBEN OXENHAM.

(COPY.)

To Mr. Reuben OXENHAM, Grazier, Grasslands, near Lincolnshire.

DEAR UNCLE,

I was agreeably surprised by your breaking silence; for I had made up my mind you was a distress farmer gone off swan hopping (excuse the joke) to Swan River, or to get settled among the Dutch boars and lions at the Cape of Good Hope. Thank heaven such is not the case; though damped with my dear aunt's going off. I little thought, poor soul! the why and wherefore my goose three Christmases ago was the last! But we must all be cut off some day or other, which is a religious consolation for the remnants that are left behind.

I have examined, as you desired, a sample of animal magnetism; which turns out to be the reverse of every thing you expect. Indeed such might have been anticipated by a little forethought on the subject. There is nothing to describe about animals to such as you, that deal in them of all qualities; but it is quite likely that you have forgot all about magnets, since the days of your youth. But perhaps, when they are named to you, your memory may serve to recollect little bone boxes, at sixpence a piece, with a blackamoor's head atop, and a little bar of philosopher's steel inside, that points out the north, and sets a needle dancing like mad. It likewise picks up emery, and sticks fast to the blade of a knife. But that is all its powers are competent to—and of course on too small a scale to have any dancing, or lifting, or sticking effect on objects so big as bullocks, or even a pig, or a sheep. Accordingly, you will not be surprised to hear that animal magnetism has nothing at all to do with beasts or loadstones either; but is all of a piece with juggling, quacksalving, and mountebanking, such as universal physic, spitting Coventry ribbons, tumbling, and posturing, thimble-rig, and the like fabrics. One of the principal tricks is sending people off to sleep against their wills; not so new a trick though, but it has been heard of years and years ago at Bow Street; and easy enough to perform any day, with a pint of porter,—provided one was rogue enough to want to hocus-pocus the money out of other people's pockets into one's own. To come to the point, there's an outlandish Count set up in it at the west end; and no doubt will realise a fortune. He has his carriage-people for customers, as well as Howel and James; indeed, I have heard of the Somebodies as well as Nobodies running after common fortune-tellers' tales, and not too high to be above going up into their back garrets. Some say he is a Frenchman, others say a German; but the last for choice, for he smokes enough to drive all the rats out of the neighbourhood. Besides, the Germans, I'm told, will believe anything, provided it's impossible; which is some excuse for their wanting other people to give the same long credits; and besides, Germans as well as



SWAN-HOPPING.

French, and indeed all other foreigners, for that matter, though ever such honest people in the main; yet when they *do* turn rogues at English expense, they invariably go more than the whole hog, namely, boar, sow, sucking pigs and all. So I determined to go wide awake, and to keep my eyes open, too, by not taking bit or sup in the house, if offered ever so politely. It is surely not showing disrespect to hospitality, to object to hocussed victuals and drinks. I might have spared my fears, however; for there was nothing provided but the ledgerdmain, &c., and that was charged a guinea for, which you can repay at convenience. I preferred to see somebody else conjured before me; so another patient was taken first. She was a fine strapping young woman enough, dressed half and half between a fine lady and a servant-maid; but as sly-looking a baggage as you could select from an assortment of gypsies; and unless her face belied her, quite capable of scratching a Cock Lane ghost. Indeed something came across me that I had seen her before; and if memory don't deceive, it was at some private theatricals contrary to law. For certain she could keep her countenance; for if the outlandish figure of a doctor, with his queer faces, had postured, and pawed, and poked towards *me*, with his fingers, for all the world like the old game of "My grandmother sends you a staff, and you're neither to smile nor to laugh," as he did to her, I should have bursted, to a dead certainty; instead of going off, as she did, into an easy sleep. As soon as she was sound, the Count turned round to me and the company with his broken English—"Ladies and gentlemens," says he, "look here at dis yoong maidens, Mizz Charlot Ann Elizabet Martin"—for that is his way of talking. "Wid my magnetismuses I tro her into von state of sombamboozleism"—or something to that effect. "Mizz Charlot Ann, dou art a slip." "As fast as a church, Mister Count," says she, talking and hearing as easy as broad awake. "Ferry goot," says he. "Now I take dis boke,—Missis Glasse Cokery,—and I shall make de maidens read som little of him wid her back. Dere he is bytween her sholders. Mizz Charlot Ann what you see now mit your eyes turned de wrong way for to look?" "Why, then," says she, "Mr. Count, I see quite plain a T and an O. Then comes R, and O, and S, and T—and the next word is H, and A, and I, and R." "Ferry goot," cries the Count over again. "Dat is to rost de hare. Ladies and gentlemens, you all here? As Gott is my shudge, so is here in de boke. Now den, Mizz Charlot Ann, vons more. Vot you test in your mouse?" "Why then, Master," says Charlotte Ann, "as sure as fate, I taste sweet herbs chopped up small!" "Ferry goot indeed!—bot what mor by sides de sweet herrubs?" "Why," says she, "it's a relish of salt, and pepper, and mace,—and, let me see—there's a flaivour of currant jelly." "Besser and besser!" cries the Count. "Ladies and gentlemens, are not dese voonderfools? You shall see every wart of it in de print. Mizz Charlot Ann, vot you feel now?" "Lawk a mercy, Mister Count," says she, "there's a sort of stuffy feel, so there is, in my inside!" "Yaw! like van fool belly! Ferry goot! Now you feel vot?" "Feel! Mister

Count?" says she—"why I don't feel nothing at all—the stuffiness is gone clean away!" "Yaw, my shild!" says he. "Dat is by cause I take away de cokery boke from your two sholders. Ladies and gentlemen, dese is grand powers of magnetismus! Ach himmel! As Hamlet say, dere is more in our filosofies dan dere is in de heaven or de earth! Our mutter Nature is so fond to hide her face! Bot von adept, so as me, can lift up a whale!"

To shorten a long story, the *sombamboosleism* lasted for two hours; while Miss Charlot Ann told fortunes in her sleep, and named people's inward complaints, and prescribed for them with her eyes shut. Mine was dropsy; and I was to take antimonious wine three times a-day, to throw the water off my stomach. So, if you like to ask your apothecary, or the parish doctor, they will be able to tell you whether it looks like proper practice or the

reverse. For my own part, I mean to suspend myself till I feel more symptoms; and in the meantime I have experimented on myself so far as to try behind my back with the Ready Reckoner. But I could not even see the book, much less make out a figure. To be sure I was broad awake, but it stands to reason that the circumstance only gave the better chance in its favour—at least it has always been reckoned so with a book held the proper natural way. I was the more particular with the book-work, because it looked like the

master-key to let you into the whole house:—for no doubt, if you can do *that* trick, you can do all the rest, and have a hare dressed between your shoulders as easily as a blister. But to my mind it is all sham Abraham; or the little boys that go every day with whole satchels full of books at their backs would know rather more about them than they do generally at leaving off school.

And now, Uncle, I have explained to you all about Animal Magnetism; and, says you, there are many things that come by names they have no right to, without going to Scotland, where you know they call a pitcher a pig. So it is very lucky, on the whole, that you wrote to me, instead of posting up to London on a fool's errand,—as did a respectable



SLEEPING DRAUGHTS.

Lancashire grazing gentleman, the other day, in the newspapers, who was hoaxed all the way up to town, by a false notion that Animal Magnifying, as he called it, was some new, cheap, and quick way of fattening cattle. It will maybe turn out quite as deceitful an article as to its other qualities; and in that case, if I had the luck to be a magistrate, I would cold pig the sleeping partners with Cold Bath Fields, and send off the active ones, to take a walk at a cart's tail, with something they could feel, if they could not read it, on their backs and shoulders. That's how I would measure out the law, if I was Lord Chief Justice. In which sentiments I conclude, with love to yourself, and all my cousins, if I have any living—with my best condolences for my poor late Aunt. As to business, I have only broken twice as yet; which is doing pretty well, considering the hard times and the state of trade. Wishing you the like prosperity, with health, and every other blessing, I remain, dear Uncle,

Your affectionate nephew,

ROBERT HOLLAND.

P.S. Since the foregoing, I have discussed the subject with a neighbour, a Veterany Surgeon; and he says it is all very well for the old men and women Physicians, but won't go down with the Horse Doctors. "However," says he, "if you are bent on trying it, I will give you a receipt. Take a two-year old full blood colt, half broke, or not broke at all—if vicious, so much the better. Shoe him behind with a couple of stout horse-shoe loadstones, and then stand convenient, and take a tug or two at his tail, till you feel him begin to operate. That's Animal Magnetism, and will do you quite as much good or harm as the other new kick, and save you all the fees besides.



SOMNAMBULISM.



A MAIDEN ASSIZE.

THE FORLORN SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM, FROM SIDNEY.

It may be necessary to bespeak the indulgent consideration of the reader, for the appearance of the following Curiosity in such a work. The truth is, the pages of the *Comic Annual* naturally present to me the most obvious means of making the Poem known; besides, as it were, offering personal security for my own belief in its authenticity. And, considering my literary credit as so pledged, I do not hesitate to affirm that I think the effusion in question may confidently be referred to Sidney: and even—on the internal evidence of its pastoral character—to the *Arcadia*. The verses have never till now appeared in print. The lover of Old English Poetry would vainly hunt for it in any edition extant of the works of Sir Philip; and, probably, the family records and remains at Penshurst might be searched to as little purpose for a copy in MS. From the extreme quaintness of the original, which would have required the help of a glossary to render it generally intelligible, I have thought it advisable to translate many of the phrases into more current language; but scrupulously preserving the *sense* of the text. Enough of the peculiar style, however, still remains, to aid in forming a judgment of the author's æra. As for the apparent incongruity of the

double vocation ascribed to the tuneful Swain in the Poem, besides abundant classical evidence that the Corydons of ancient times were often, also, heroes, or warriors, or adventurers, we have the positive contemporary testimony of modern travellers, that in those very pastures where the scene is laid, it is at this day the practice to entrust the charge of the flocks to personages who have formerly been engaged in the same perilous career as the "Forlorn Shepherd" His lament, it will be seen, is full of regrets and stealing tears for the stirring times of Auld Lang Syne.

THE FORLORN SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.

"Vell! Here I am—no Matter how it suits
A-keeping Company with them dumb Brutes,
Old Park vos no bad Judge—confound his vig!
Of vot vood break the Sperrit of a Prig!

"The Like of Me, to come to New Sow Wales
To go a-tagging arter Vethers' Tails
And valk in Herbage as delights the Flock,
But stinks of Sweet Herbs vorser nor the Dock!

"To go to set this solitary Job
To Von whose Vork vos alvay in a Mob!
It's out of all our Lines, for sure I am
Jack Shepherd even never kep a Lamb!



A PUBLIC DINNER.

"I arn't ashamed to say I sit and veep
To think of Seven Year of keepin Sheep,
The spooniest Beasts in Nater, all to Sticks,
And not a Votch to take for all their Ticks!

"If I'd fore-seed how Transports would turn out
To only Baa! and Botanize about,
I'd quite as leaf have had the t'other Pull,
And come to Cotton as to all this Vool!

" Von only happy moment I have had
 Since here I come to be a Farmer's Cad,
 And then I cotch'd a vild Beast in a Snooze,
 And pick'd her Pouch of three young Kangaroos !

" Vot chance have I to go to Race or Mill ?
 Or show a sneaking Kindness for a Till ;
 And as for Vashings, on a hedge to dry,
 I'd put the Natives' Linen in my Eye !

" If this whole Lot of Mutton I could scrag,
 And find a Fence to turn it into Swag,
 I'd give it all in Lonnon Streets to stand,
 And if I had my pick, I'd say the Strand !

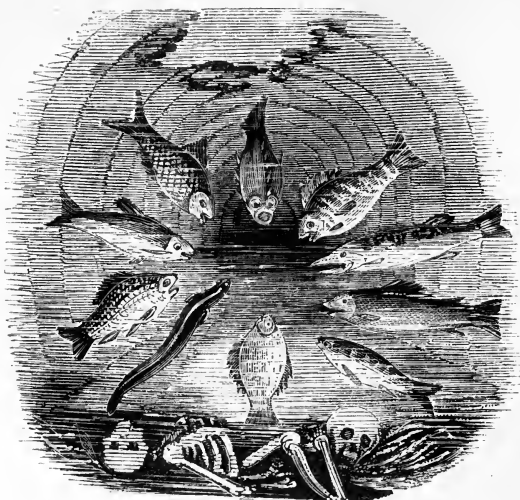
" But ven I goes, as maybe vonce I shall,
 To my old Crib to meet with Jack, and Sal,
 I've been so gallows honest in this Place,
 I shan't not like to show my sheepish Face.

" It's verry hard for nothing but a Box
 Of Irish Blackguard to be keepin' Flocks,
 'Mong naked Blacks, sich Savages to hus,
 They've nayther got a Pocket nor a Pus.

" But Folks may tell their Troubles till they're sick
 To dumb brute Beasts,—and so I'll cut my Stick !
 And vot's the Use a Feller's Eyes to pipe
 Vere von can't borrow any Gemman's Vipe ? "



OUT OF SIGHT OUT OF MIND.



SHAREHOLDERS OF THE THAMES TUNNEL, A.D. 1938.

REVIEW.

The Rambles of Piscator. By SYLVANUS SUBURBAN.
Fisher. London. 1837.

To sit down soberly to review a work upon Fishing is out of the question. At the very first piscatory paragraph, the angling rod swallows up the critical ditto, and we cannot write a single line till we have wetted one. That is precisely our temptation at present, and there is no remedy, except like other sporting gentlemen when they are troubled with their books, to levant. So away we go—at a right angle—stop us who can! Out of the way all Printers' Devils, or we will give you the butt! We can look at no proofs but water-proofs in the shape of boots. Now for our fustians, and now for our hats—but wherefore retain the critical plural, when the first person singular is quite sufficient for the Contemplative Man's Recreation?—Indeed most amateurs prefer, with Coriolanus, to do it alone!

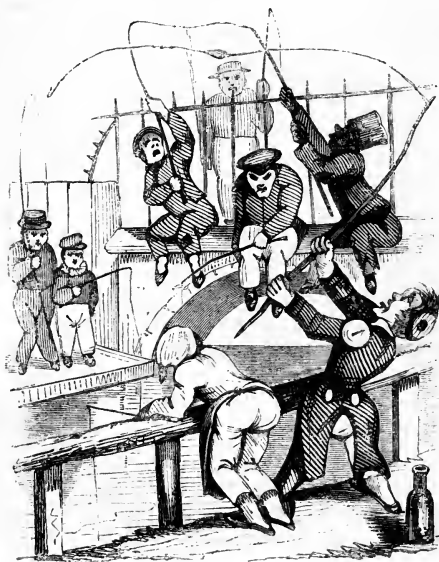
I have grasped my implement, then; pocketed my tackle, and am armed all ready for the start—but whither? I will set up my rod on end and be determined by its fall. There!—Due North! A divining rod, by Jove! What a mysterious instinct in hazel!—why, that's the New River! So much the better, for to that Middletonian stream I am indebted, as Filch says, for my education. I could go the way blind-fold. Up Hatton-Garden down Something Hill, across What-d'ye-call-it-Square, along Thingamy Row, then through So-and-So Fields—but

alas! I see they are bricked over!—and then Sadler's Wells! Yes, that building before me was formerly dear funny Joe Grimaldi's old Theatre, and those tavern-gardens behind me used to be Little Vauxhall. But I can't stop to moralize. Hollo there! you in the cord'roys! —But there are nine in cord'roys—You in the ragged cap—but there are four in ragged caps—you in the blue pinafore then,—a shilling for that paper of worms. There's your money—and now be off to your book, for it's any odds to nothing that you're a truant. That Doctor's boy will go along with you—there are no roaches here—and besides the little Hoopers have been coughing the last hour for their Roach's embrocation.

Now then I'm set up for bait. A few gentles wouldn't be amiss, but that hobble-de-hoy in raw pork-sausage colour, with skyblue sleeves, and a tray on his head, says "he never know'd 'em so blow'd scarce." Now then for the height of human felicity, at least in these parts; a live gudgeon in a gallipot! But stop—that's a valuable hint from the tall charity-boy, to spit first in the water for luck! So—my float is launched. There's a big fellow yonder laughing at me, may be one of the Stockbridge Club, or Christopher North himself, but I don't care a split shot. "The London Angler," as Salter says, "is ridiculed by none but the Shallows." The fewer the fins the more skill in bagging them. The fishes here know what fishing is. They don't shut their eyes and open their mouths; good reason why! for most of them have had a warning or two about worms and a few gentle hints about gentles. They're shyer than those in the Lea, and there they are uncommonly wary, even on this side of Ware. As for New River fish, some of them have had such experience, I verily believe they know a Kendal hook from a Kirby. It's next to impossible to worm yourself into their confidence; and if you can't take them in, of course you won't take them out.

The New River is a free fishery, and never without plenty to take up their freedom. Let's just count heads. There are seven charity boys, two men, four young blackguards and three young gentlemen on the other side—and one old gentleman (that's me) four errand-boys, two doctor's ditto, two butcher's ditto, a climbing boy, and a little boy in petticoats, on this. Now look at the bridge. There are three lads sitting on the coping, another sweep holding on by the iron rails, and next to him a lathy chap with white nightcap white face white jacket white apron white stockings and whitish shoes, hanging over the stream like the Flour of Yarrow. Now I think of it, it's my remark that of all the fisher-boys I have ever seen I never yet noticed a Jew boy. The old curse prohibiting rest for the sole of the foot is perhaps too much against it, for New River angling is, it must be confessed, of the still description. But hush—there is something at me, or something like it. I say, Butcher, which of those green and white floats is mine? "Vich-ever I pulls up!"—Thankee, but they both pulls up at once. The tackle in this republican free and easy water is wonderfully given to fraternize. There!—we're all clear—*somehow*—but as the butcher has broken his top-joint he thinks it is time to deliver the joint of mutton.

Another nibble—not at me though, but at the little boy. Ah, the climbing gentleman is right, it is “ony a veed!” But don’t go away, little boy—never give up—the last time I was here I almost caught a bleak! There!—I told you so: there’s a bite at somebody over the way. Huzza! that’s right! All strike at once and you’re sure to have



THE NEW RIVER COMPANY.

him. There he comes—and now for a wrangle. No less than three lines have sworn to cling to each other through thick and thin, and up they fly all in a tangle. Now then for the old remedy, a long pull a strong pull and a pull all together. Go it, Gut! Tug away, Horse hair! Hold on, Hemp! String wins! What a pity the Stockbridge man is gone away! Well, an’ what is it? The old answer; “I don’t know, but it’s either a gudgeon or a perch, or a chub!” No matter—put it into the basket; but as usual you’ve got no basket, and I doubt if the baker will sell you his. It’s

the first fish, however, and a very fine one for the place.

Well done Muffin-cap number nineteen!—but now you must cut out, for you have no right to distress the water. I can tell you for your comfort it’s the biggest I ever saw pulled out there except one, and that was years and years ago. He was full six inches long and couldn’t be unhooked for want of a disgorging, that nobody had the thought to bring—so the lucky one carried him home to Barbican hanging just as he was, and a whole mob of people after him. How he was ever let grow to such a size I can’t guess, unless he lived up a mainpipe. You’ve had glorious sport, so good bye—but yes, you’re right, show the great fish to everybody before you go. It’s a sight for sore eyes hereabouts—but hush, there’s one at me, as big as yours perhaps who knows? Ah, I didn’t give him time enough, but we all strike too soon or too late in this water.

I say, Sweeper, keep out of my swim! Talking of striking, I never knew exactly till now what a striking countenance is; but that baker never twitches up his line without twitching up his nose and mouth along with it. What an ardent love of the art in every line of his face!

He is quite in earnest—mind your eye, Fur-Cap! for he strikes as if he'd pull up the bottom. I'll lay my life—but, Mercy on us! where's the little boy—where's the little unbreech'd? There'll be distracted parents somewhere—who saw him last? Such a genteel little fellow too—and so young—I shall never forgive myself—but hark! I hear a small voice—Lord! here he is sure enough, fishing between my legs!

It has made me nervous though; my hand shakes like a perpetual nibble, and I shan't lose the notion all day of fallings in. I don't half like that fellow's seat upon the wooden rail. When cord'roys get glazed behind they're very slippery, as I know to my cost. I once had two famous hidings, three good kickings, a proper whacking, a regular walloping, a rare bloody nose, and a precious black eye, for only tumbling in at that very spot! It's no joke my little master, for all your laughing. I once saw a little



SON-SET COMPOSITION.

fellow slip in here, just your size; and what do you think he said when he was pulled out? Why he said "I'll tell my mother!" and you'll be just as angry with everybody in the world if you slip in. So do go home, little boy—for you're fatal to my peace of mind—and you may come again when you're breeched. Put up, little boy, there's a man—but what is that fellow singing out, four off? Who'll lend you a worm? Why, I will. But mind, I expect to be paid honestly; and I live at Brompton! There's a very likely one—and I cry halves, whatever you catch. Mayhap if the weather would only be so kind as to mizzle a little—zounds! what a devil of a splash! Ah! just what I expected—say I told you so. The enthusiastic baker has gone in after a gudgeon that slipped off his hook. Thank heaven he has learned to swim,—yes, that's right, lend him a hand to help him out, but then get away from him as fast as you can, unless you are sworn friends and have promised to stick to him. He'll be all over paste! And now, between me and myself, all fishing will be done for hereabouts; and so, as the policemen say, I'll move on. High time too—the loan of that worm has done my business—I've got too liberal a character for the neighbourhood. There are two more I see quite out of baits,—and yonder's a muffin-cap

making towards me with a line minus a hook. So I wish you all, gentlemen, a tacit good morning.

Owen's Row, here, used to be a comfortable spot, with its dwarf-wall to sit upon; but the last time I enjoyed it, a Quaker lady, at number nine, read me a lecture all the time from her balcony, "You think you are fishing," says she, "but you're being fished for, &c. &c. and if you once bite at the Old Serpent," &c. &c. So I'll just step across the City Road. The air's particularly wholesome, opposite Rhodes's Cow Lair,—and thereby hangs a tale. The fact happened at the very spot where I am now standing—and so I'll just tell it to anybody that likes stories, while I put on a finer line.

Well, it was well nigh six o'clock, and my old friend Corkindale, very well dressed of course, was on his way to the Wells. There was to be a New Grand Aquatic Spectacle, and as usual with real water. It was fated, however, that Corkindale was to meet with another Entertainment in the same element, not announced in the bills. He had just arrived here, or hereabouts, when, all at once, he perceived something floating in the river which, if not a woman, was certainly a man in woman's clothes. In either case the duty was the same; and in a moment the little man, perfumed and powdered, and in a bran-new suit, was plunging into the water like a Newfoundland dog. The object proved, as expected, to be a human body, not yet a corpse; in short, he had the happiness of prolonging the life of an unfortunate female; and was so well satisfied with his own performance that he abandoned all intention of going to the Theatre. So far so good; and as any other man might have acted; but with poor Corkindale the matter took a more singular turn, namely, a turn for pulling people out of rivers. The Humane Society unfortunately sent him a Silver Medal; and from that hour the desire of saving increased upon him as it does with a Miser. He neglected his business to take long daily rambles by the Serpentine, or wherever else there seemed a chance of gratifying his propensity—and, above all, he haunted the scene of his former exploit, under the very common expectation that what had occurred once would happen again in the same locality. And, curiously enough, the calculation was partly to be realized.

At the same hour, on the same day of the week of the same month,



PONDER'S END.

as before, I was walking with him on our road to the Wells, when lo and behold! at the identical spot we perceived a boy in the last stage of distress, wringing his hands, weeping aloud, and gazing intently for something which seemed to

have disappeared in the river. We of course inquired what was the matter; but the poor fellow was too overcome to speak intelligibly;

though he was able to intimate by signs that the cause of his agony was in the water. In such cases every moment is precious; and merely throwing off his new hat, Corkindale was instantly diving in the stream, where he kept under, indeed, so long, that I really began to fear he had been grappled by some perishing wretch at the bottom. At last, however, he emerged; but it was only to ask eagerly for a more explicit direction. By this time the poor boy was more composed, so as to be able to direct the search rather more to the left—which was with the current. Accordingly down went Corkindale, a second time, in the direction pointed out; but with no better success; and when he came up again between agitation and exertion he was almost exhausted. At last he was just able to articulate "Gracious heaven!—Nothing—not a shred." The anxiety of the poor boy, in the mean time, seemed extreme. "Laws bless you, Sir, for ever and ever," said he, "for going in, Sir—but do just try again—pray, pray do, Sir!" Corkindale did not require urging. "Quick, quick," says he, making himself up for another attempt—"tell me—man or woman?" "Oh! how good on you, Sir," cries the boy, poor fellow, quite delighted at a fresh hope—"Oh how very, very good on you, Sir. But it's nobody, Sir, but a nook!—a nook for fishing!—And O Lord! O Cri—! if you don't find it—for I've got never a fardin for to buy another!"

And now to return to the book before us. It closely resembles all other works of the same class: and the remarks we have made upon any one of the family will apply equally to "The Rambles of Piscator, by Sylvanus Suburban."



FLOATING CAPITAL.



"TO LADIES' EYES A ROUND, BOYS!"

CLUBS, TURNED UP BY A FEMALE HAND.

"Clubs ! Clubs ! part 'em ! part 'em ! Clubs ! Clubs !"
Ancient Cries of London.

OF all the modern schemes of Man
That time has brought to bear,
A plague upon the wicked plan
That parts the wedded pair !
My female friends they all agree
They hardly know their hubs ;
And heart and voice unite with me,
" We hate the name of Clubs ! "

One selfish course the Wretches keep ;
They come at morning chimes,
To snatch a few short hours of sleep—
Rise—breakfast—read the Times—
Then take their hats, and post away,
Like Clerks or City scrubs,
And no one sees them all the day,—
They live, eat, drink, at Clubs !

On what they say, and what they do,
 They close the Club-House gates ;
 But one may guess a speech or two,
 Though shut from their debates :
 " The Cook's a *hasher*—nothing more—
 The Children noisy grubs—
 A Wife's a quiz, and home's a bore "—
 Yes,—that's the style at Clubs !

With Rundle, Doctor K, or Glasse,
 And such Domestic Books,
 They once put up—but now, alas !
 It's hey ! for foreign cooks !
 " When *will* you dine at home, my Dove ? "
 I say to Mister Stubbs,—
 " When Cook can make an omelette, love,—
 An omelette like the Club's ! "

Time was, their hearts were only placed
 On snug domestic schemes,
 The book for two—united taste,—
 And such connubial dreams,—
 Friends dropping in at close of day,
 To singles, doubles, rubs,—
 A little music—then the tray—
 And not a word of Clubs !

But former comforts they condemn ;
 French kickshaws they discuss,
 They take their wine, the wine takes them,
 And then they favour us :—
 From some offence they can't digest,
 As cross as bears with cubs,
 Or sleepy, dull, and queer, at best—
 That's how they come from Clubs !

It's very fine to say " Subscribe
 To Andrews'—can't you read ? "
 When Wives, the poor neglected tribe,
 Complain how they proceed !
 They'd better recommend at once
 Philosophy and tubs,—
 A woman need not be a dunce
 To feel the wrong of Clubs.

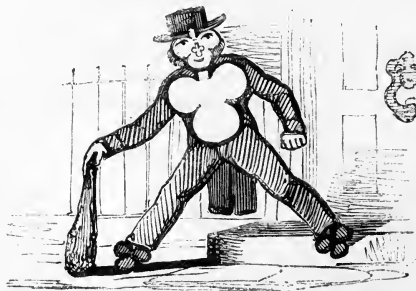
A set of savage Goths and Picts,
 Would seek us now and then—
 They're pretty pattern-Benedicts
 To guide our single men !

Indeed my daughters both declare
 " Their Beaux shall not be subs.
 To White's, or Black's, or anywhere,—
 They've seen enough of Clubs ! "

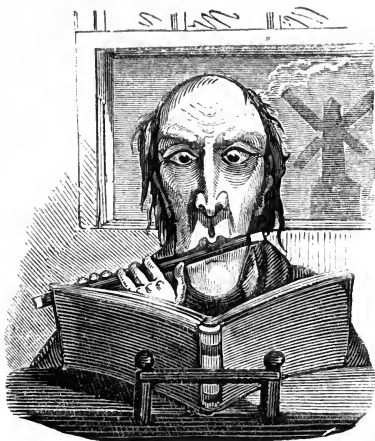
They say, " *without* the marriage ties,
 They can devote their hours
 To catechize or botanize—
 Shells, Sunday Schools, and flow'rs—
 Or teach a Pretty Poll new words,
 Tend Covent-Garden shrubs,
 Nurse dogs and chirp to little birds—
 As Wives do since the Clubs."

Alas ! for those departed days
 Of social wedded life,
 When married folks had married ways,
 And lived like Man and Wife !
 Oh ! Wedlock then was pick'd by none—
 As safe a lock as Chubb's !
 But couples, that should be as one,
 Are now the Two of Clubs !

Of all the modern schemes of man
 That time has brought to bear,
 A plague upon the wicked plan
 That parts the wedded pair !
 My female friends they all allow
 They meet with slights, and snubs,
 And say, " they have no husbands now,—
 They're married to their Clubs ! "



CLUBS LEAD.



"MOST MUSICAL, MOST MELANCHOLY."

A NEW SONG FROM THE POLISH.

It was my good fortune, one day, in a casual ramble through Deptford, to encounter an old, whimsical, frost-bitten Tar, with whom I had made a slight Somerset House acquaintance. He was a North-Poler, by name Drury, but surnamed ex-officio "Why Then?" and the recent return of the late Arctic Expedition affording us a congenial topic, I immediately broke the ice:—"Well, Drury, what do you think of the last exploring job in the North?"

"Why, then, your Honour," said Drury, taking up a talking position, "to speak my private mind, it's much the same as I said to you a year ago in the Navy Pay. It's come to the same bad end as all afore it, and as all will come to that come arter it, by trying to find what's not to be found—no, not if you took out the Town Crier."

"You stick to the old opinion, then, Drury, that the Arctic Pole is nothing but an Arctic *Gull*?"

"Why then—yes, your Honour,—something between a gull and no bird at all. Since I see you last, I've turned it over and over, and took double turns of it, and by help of scripture larnings, which is worth all other larnings ten times over, not excepting navigation, I've been able to make out the pint."

"Indeed, Drury! Then you will perhaps give an old friend the benefit of the decision."

"Why then, your Honour, it's my own argument entirely; and here it is. As for the Frozen Ocean, it's my belief, Natur would never act so agin natur, as stick a sea where there was no earthly use for it whatsoever, whether to King's ships, or to Marchantmen, or any craft you like, by reason of the ice. That I call making Cape Clear."

"And what then, Drury?"

"Why then, it stands to reason, and stands well too, on both legs, that there never was no sea at all in them high latitudes, afore the Great Flood. Whereby, there came sich a spring tide of the Atlantic, as went over and above all the old water-marks, and so made the Frozen Ocean. That's my own private notion, and not agin Gospel nor geograpy neither."

"But what has that to do, Drury, with the existence of the Pole?"

"Why then—all the *do* in the world, your Honour. Give in to that, and the t'other comes arter it, like a ship's boat towing in her wake. That 'ere sea, time out of mind, has been called the Arctic Sea, and good reason why, because it was named arter the Ark, by Noah, when he diskivered it in his first voyage. That's Philosophy!"

"But the Pole, Drury, the Pole!"

"Why then—Ah, there it is!" returned Drury, with a face almost too grave to be serious. "For sartin, Captain Parry couldn't find it—and no more could Captain Ross, though he don't stick to say he did—and now there's Captain Back come home, third, without a splinter. Howsomer the Schollards—and nobody can say they don't take lots of licking—the Schollards do still insist and lay down that there was, is, and shall be, some sort of a pole, as a May pole, or a Shaving pole, or any how a bit of a spar, or even such a comedown as a walking-stick, stuck upright at their favourite spot. I have even heard say, there be Schollards as look for a wooden needle there, accordin' to magnetism!"

"And what may be your own belief, Drury, on the point?"

"Why then,—to be sure, your Honour, there's no deny-ing what phenomenons there might be, oceans ago, on the face of the earth. But it's my own private opinion, if ever there was sich a pole, there, or thereabouts, why then, old Admiral Noah carried it away with him for a pole to stir up 'his wild beasts!'"

This new and original theory of Drury's of course amused me extremely. It was perhaps only one of the dry jokes for which the shrewd old Mariner was rather celebrated; but in that case he enjoyed it only in the *cockles*



BARE CIVILITY.

of his heart, for it was not betrayed by his *muscles*. I now asked him his opinion of the conduct of the late Expedition.

"Why then—your honour, nothing but a fresh credit to the Service. The men have showed themselves good men, and so has their Commander; and they do seem to have had their full allowance, and some-

thing handsome besides, of nips, and pinches ; besides the ship's trying to climb up an iceberg after a booby's nest, and what was more awkward, starn-foremost."

"And I have been told, Drury," said I, willing to still draw him out, "that all through the winter, she had nothing for winter clothing, but a *great coat* of ice!"

"Why then—so I heard too, your Honour," returned Drury, but without even the twinkle of an eye. "And what's more, with only old Bluff Pint for a Cape to it. That's what I call a naked-next."

"I have often envied the feelings of such as you, Drury, after a merry Christmas among the bears, when you first saw your way open to return."

"Why then,—we did saw our way, sure enough," said Drury, wilfully misunderstanding me, "and its harder work than fiddling, saw what tune you like. I've had a good spell of it in my time, and prefer any other sort of fun to it—letting alone riding horse-back, in a hurry, a chasing the Portsmouth Mail. That's work and over-work—Why then, it's scaldings, the bosen's cat, and take-me-and-shake-me, all rolled into one?"

"So I'm told, Drury. But I still think the other Expedition must be worse. They say, Captain Back was so glad to see Papa Westra again, that he nearly wrung the old gentleman's hand off at the wrist."

"Why then—no doubt on it, your Honour! And mayhap the shake communicated to a round dozen of hands

arter the first, like the shock of a torpedor—that's to say the 'lecteral heel. There's not sich a pleasant green lane in life, including the sububs, as the first lane of open water arter wintering;—and in course Capting Back, arter making sich a back-stay, would be joyful to be a bolt-rope and bolt out on it. That's only human natur,—all the world over and back."

"Then, Drury, the hardships of a Polar wintering have not been magnified by their Journalists?"

"Magnified!" exclaimed Drury, with the air of a personal offence in



DISTRESSED SHIP-OWNERS.

the word—"Magnified! Why then they haven't book'd half on it—and that's the half us poor fellows come into at coming home. Axing your Honour's pardon,—why then you have never had the bad luck to be drowned?"

"Never, Drury, whatever other catastrophe Fate may have in store for me."

"Why then, your Honour, you have lost all the pleasure and comfort of being fetched back; and an infernal sight of pain it is:—worse, if worse can be, nor saddleback. So it is with the Polers;—but it has been put into better shore-going lingo than I was apprenticed to—and so—why then, here goes!" So saying, without further preface or apology, my Ancient Mariner began to tune his pipes; and then favoured me, to the tune of "I sailed from the Downs in the Nancy," with the following ditty. N. B. or *Notaries* Beware—the words are copyright.

THE OLD POLER'S WARNING.

COME, messmates, attend to a warning,
From one who has gone through the whole;
And you'll never set sail, some fine morning,
To seek any sort of a Pole.
It's not for the ice-bergs and freezing,
Or dangers you'll have for to court,
It's the shocks very hard and unpleasing
You'll meet on returning to port.

It's joyful to sail up the Channel,
And think of your girls and your wives,
Of the warming-pans, Wallsend and flannel,
To comfort the rest of your lives!
But Lord! you will look like a ninny
To find, when to shore you have got,
That Old England is turned into Guinea,
It feels so confoundedly hot!

The next thing is coming, in Wapping,
To houses you lived at before,
And you find there is no sort of stopping
Without open windows and door!
Then Poll, if dispos'd to be cruel,
Or has got some one else in her grace,
She just chucks on a shovel of fuel,
And drives you smack out of the place!

There's Tomkins, that took for to grapple
With Methody Tracks at the Pole,
Is half crazy he can't go to chapel,
It's so like Calcutta's Black Hole!

And Block, tho' he's not a deceiver,
But knows what to marriage belongs,
His own wife he's obleeg'd for to leave her,
Because of her pokers and tongs !

Myself, tho' I'm able at present
To bear with one friend at a time,
And my wife, if she makes herself pleasant,
At first I was plagued with the clime.
Like powder I flew from hot cinders,
And whistled for winds fore and aft,
While I set between two open winders
A-courting a cold thorough-draft !

The first time in bed I was shoven,
The moment I pillow'd my head,
Oh ! I thought I had crept in an oven,
A-baking with all of the bread !
I soon left the blankets behind me,
And ran for a cooler retreat ;—
But next morning the Justices fin'd me
For taking a snooze in the street !



"ALL HAVE THEIR EXITS AND THEIR ENTRANCES."

Now, there was a chance for a feller !
No roof I could sleep under twice ;
Till a Fishmonger let me his cellar,
Of course with the use of the ice.

But still, like old hermits in stories,
 I found it a dullish concern ;
 With no creature, but maids and John Dories,
 To listen to spinning a yarn !

Then wanting to see Black-Ey'd Susan,
 I went to the Surrey with Sal ;
 And what next?—in the part most amusin',
 I fainted away like a gal !
 Well, there I was stretch'd without motion,
 No smells and no fans would suffice,
 Till my natur at last gave a notion
 To grab at a gentleman's ice !

Then, Messmates, attend to a warning
 From one who has gone through the whole,
 And you'll never set sail, some fine morning,
 To seek any sort of a Pole.
 It's not for the ice-bergs and freezing,
 Or dangers you'll have for to court ;
 It's the shocks, very hard and unpleasing,
 You'll meet on returning to port !

HINTS TO THE HORTICULTURAL.

IT is always dangerous—as landsmen experience when they advise seamen—for a mere theorist to offer suggestions to practical men. It is quite as perilous—as bachelors discover in counselling mothers—for the simple speculator to volunteer advice to practical women ; and, therefore, it must be doubly hazardous for one not even a tyro, to throw out hints to practical persons of both sexes, as in the present case. Indeed, I almost blush like a “scarlet likeness” of myself, while recollecting my very slender claims on their attention. If the usual qualification of a horticulturist—a plant bearing his patronymic—were to be called for, I could not produce a sprout or a sprig indebted to my sponsorship. To say nothing of such “lofty growths” as *my* Queen Margaret, *my* Princess of Orange, or *my* Duke of Nassau, the British Flora never heard of so much as *my* Chickweed, *my* Groundsel, or *my* Dandelion. I never cultivated a common Daisy ; and for any budding or blossoming desert on my part, a black “ball of earth” would justly exclude me from even a Candy-Tuft Club.

It is venturing, then, on a soil to which I am neither indigenous nor adapted ; nevertheless, at the risk of being called a “straggler,” I will venture to bring forward a few plain rules, founded on personal observation and study, and directed to points hitherto not touched upon,

from the voluminous encyclopedias down to the dwarf works on Botany. They are addressed especially to those humble practitioners who garden without gardens, and play at the Floral Games without the costly appendages of greenhouses; the Conservatives, so to speak, without conservatories. Many hundreds of such amateurs exist in London and the suburbs; particularly females, who, disdaining the resource of Covent Garden, as well as the supply of the itinerant posy-people, indulge in the innocent ambition of growing their own geraniums, stocks, and mignonette. Hitherto, however, they have proceeded on desultory principles; and it is with a view of inducing them to adopt a more scientific method, and proceed by fixed rules, that I present to their notice a few hints derived from my ambulatory Note-Book.

The technical terms, as well as the phrases marked as quotations, are borrowed from the only herbaceous volume in my library,—“*Paxton's Magazine of Botany.*”

RULE THE FIRST.

To produce a “Blow” from Plants at any Season of the Year.

Select a lofty house, in the most airy situation you can find—the corner of a street to be preferred. Any month in the calendar will do; but the best time is towards Lady Day or Michaelmas; that is to say, about the Equinox. The higher the windows are from the earth the better; your plants cannot have too much air. Avoid, however, all iron bars, wooden rails, strings, or other contrivances, which only tend to cramp and confine the pots, and impede the blowing. As to plants, the “hard woody sorts” are reckoned to “strike best and strongest;”—they must be potted in large-sized pots, and particularly well sticked. Keep them in the room, but not too near the fire, and water occasionally, till a favourable opportunity offers for their exposure to the fresh air, which cannot be too fresh. In winter, a wind from the north or north-east and in summer from the south, or south-



BOTANISING—A BOG PLANT.

west, is generally found to answer the purpose; but the quarter is indifferent, provided the current of air is brisk enough.

Now put out your plants, so as to receive the full benefit of the breeze; and in a short time you may expect a blow which will sometimes come to such a pitch, that your plants will excite the attention and astonishment of the passengers in the street. Some persons, of course, will be more struck than others by the beauty or size of your plants; and in such cases it is usual to make a distribution of offsets and specimens to the public. A liberal amateur, indeed, will not grudge to see a few ladies and gentlemen making off with pipings and cuttings. N.B. "The plants need not be taken in at night."

RULE THE SECOND.

To destroy Vermin in the most effectual Manner.

One of the great objects of the Florist ought to be to cleanse his plants thoroughly from blights, animalculæ, &c., in such a manner as to avoid all chance of *re-infection*. For this purpose, the best situation is a first-floor in a well-frequented street;—a balcony will be of the utmost advantage, as not only affording a stage for the exhibition of the more beautiful plants, but also every possible convenience for the object in view.

Now take an infected plant, and carefully pick off all slugs, May-bugs, snails, caterpillars, grubs, wood-lice, spiders, centipedes, cuckoo-spits, earwigs, or other vermin, preparatory to casting them into the street. In this latter particular consists the difficulty, as well as advantage, of the mode proposed. There are two points to observe: firstly, to seize the proper moment when some passenger, or passengers, shall be passing below; and, secondly, to cast your slugs, May-bugs, snails, caterpillars, grubs, wood-lice, spiders, centipedes, cuckoo-spits, earwigs, and other nasty insects, with such a nicety, that they shall alight upon the hats, bonnets, tippets, shawls, capes, cloaks, pelisses, great coats, gowns, muffs, &c., &c., of the party, or parties, beneath. Above all, the opportunities afforded by



THE PRIZE HOBBOY.

milk-pails, porter-pots, beer-cans, bakers' baskets, butchers' trays, &c., must not be neglected—as ensuring the effectual destruction or absorption of the obnoxious animalculæ. A little daily practice will give the dexterity required. Some persons advise the operation to be performed in wet weather, as thereby the slugs, May-bugs, snails, caterpillars, grubs, wood-lice, spiders, centipedes, cuckoo-spits, and other nasty insects, will be more likely to adhere to the hats, bonnets, tippets, shawls, capes, cloaks, pelisses, great coats, gowns, muffs, &c. &c., of the persons on whom they are conferred. Either way, the beneficial tendency of the

plan will be obvious, on reflecting that the troublesome animalculæ, &c., are thus most probably carried off to distant private houses, lodging-houses, counting-houses, receiving-houses, wholesale houses, public-houses, eating-houses, green-houses, or the Houses of Parliament, so as to provide against the insects returning to the place from whence they came. The mode will be found peculiarly grateful to those persons whose extreme sensibility revolts at the deprivation of life, even amongst the minute tribes in question.

RULE THE THIRD.

To water Plants so that none of the Moisture may be wasted or lost.

The same situations as above recommended will be proper in this case; except that where there is no balcony, an area must be dispensed with. A plentiful supply of water is the grand desideratum: if not laid on in the house, it will be advisable to remove to the neighbourhood of a public pump. For plants—prefer Hydrangeas. “Persons who have plants in rooms, most generally injure them with too much water, in which respect the Hydrangea is very accommodating, it requiring a good supply.” Choose a

fine day. The best implement is a watering-pot, with the rose off, but you may use any jug, mug or pitcher, with a good pour, provided it is large enough to hold at least two quarts of fluid. The most careful hand, however, with the best implement, is apt to spill in watering, by overshooting or undershooting the mark; or in cases of mental abstraction, by aiming at quite a different object. Shortsighted persons have even been known to mistake artificial flowers for the real. In all such instances, particularly in dry seasons, or neighbourhoods ill



“POUR MARY ANNE!”

supplied, it becomes a public duty to provide that all such extra spirits, squirts, spouts, gushes, splashes, jets, souses, and even the very drip-

pings and dribbles, shall be received in quarters that will be duly sensible of the benefit. "Nothing adds more to the charms of Horticulture, than that amenity, or kindly feeling which inculcates the importance of a liberal participation of one another's superfluities." Such superfluities will particularly be apt to arise when plants are troubled with insects, to remove which a certain dashing style of watering is necessary, approaching to what is vulgarly termed "slushing," or "sloshing," or "slowsing," or "squashing," and from which a very considerable superabundance will always accrue. A liberal economy will dictate, therefore, to perform the act only at such moments, and in such directions, as will be sure to bestow the excess of fluid on proper objects. Thus, supposing the plant under treatment to be a large Hydrangea, it may be quite possible, while directing a sufficient stream on its head, to perform the same office, with the over-abundant fluid, on "Taylor's Glory" or "London Pride." The following varieties, all common to the metropolis, may also be expected to participate, viz. Runners, Creepers, and "Stove-Climbers," of different kinds—Cockscombs, Narcissus, Adonis, Maiden's Hair, Painted Ladies, Columbines, Turk's Caps, "Natives of the North of Europe," Sun-Flowers, Old Man, Pinks, Honesty, Thrift, the Sensitives, the Fly-Catchers, Major Convolvulus, and Virginia Stock.

N.B. Hot-Water, Tar-Water, Lime-Water, Infusions of Tobacco, and other medicated waters, may be used with equal, or even greater advantage to the health of the plants. The Syringe may be used occasionally for a change.



POT-LUCK.



OPERATION FOR THE CATARACT.

STANZAS,
COMPOSED IN A SHOWER-BATH.

“Drip, drip, drip—there’s nothing here but dripping.”
Remorse, by Coleridge.

TREMBLING, as Father Adam stood
To pull the stalk, before the Fall,
So stand I here, before the Flood,
On my own head the shock to call :
How like our predecessor’s luck !
’Tis but to pluck—but needs some pluck !

Still thoughts of gasping like a pup
Will paralyze the nervous pow’r ;
Now hoping it will yet hold up,
Invoking now the tumbling show’r ;—
But, ah ! the shrinking body loathes,
Without a paraplue or clothes !

“Expect some rain about this time !”
My eyes are seal’d, my teeth are set—
But where’s the Stoic so sublime
Can ring, unmov’d, for wringing wet ?
Of going hogs some folks talk big—
Just let them try *the whole cold pig* !



"SO MUCH FOR BUCKINGHAM."

ODE TO. J. S. BUCKINGHAM, ESQ., M.P.

ON THE REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON DRUNKENNESS.

"Steady, boys, steady."—SEA SONG.

"*Then did they fall upon the chat of drinking ; and forthwith began Flaggons to go, Goblets to fly, great Bowls to ting, Glasses to ring, draw, reach, fill, mix, give it me without water ; so, my Friend, so ; whip me off this Glass neatly, bring me hither some Claret, a full weeping Glass till it run over !*"—RABELAIS.

"Now, seeing that every Vessel was empty, great and small, with not so much at the Bottom as would half befuddle or muddle even a Fly, such as are the Flies of Baieux, I say, seeing this lamentable sight, Gargantua leapt up on one of the Tables, and with Tears in his Eyes as big as Cannon Bullets, did pathetically beseech Pantagruel, as well as he could for the Hiccups and the Drinking Cups, and all sorts of Cups, as he valued his precious Body and Soul, one or both, never to drink more than became a reasonable Man, and not a Hog and a Beast. And the Stint of a reasonably reasonable Man is thus much, to wit, seven Thousand three Hundred and fifty-three Hogsheads, twice as many Kilderkins, thrice as many little Kegs, and as many Flaggons, Bottles, and Tankards as you will, beside. A Christian ought not to drink more. As Gargantua said these Words his Voice grew thick, his Tongue being as it were too huge for his mouth ; and on a sudden he turned dog-sick, and fell off the Table a prodigious Fall, whereby there was a horrible Earthquake, from Paris even unto Turkey in Asia, as is remembered unto this day."—RABELAIS.

O, Mr. Buckingham, if I may take
The liberty with you and your Committee,
Some observations I intend to make,
I hope will prove both pertinent and pretty,

On Drunkenness you've held a special court,
 But is consistency, I ask, your forte,
 When after (I must say) much Temperance swaggering
 You issue a Report,
 That's staggering!

Of course you labour'd without drop or sup,
 Yet certain parts of that Report to read,
 Some men might think indeed,
 A corkscrew, not a pen, had drawn it up.
 For instance, was it quite a sober plan
 On such a theme as drunkenness to trouble
 A poor old man,
 Who could not e'en see single, much less double?
 Blind some six years,
 As it appears,
 He gives in evidence, and you receive it,
 A flaming picture of a flaming palace
 Where gin-admirers sipped the chalice
 And then, (the banter is not bad,)
 Thinks fit to add,
 You really should have seen it to believe it.*

That *he* could see such sights I must deny,
 Unless he borrowed Betty Martin's eye.
 A man that is himself walks in a line,
 One, not himself, goes serpentine,
 And as he rambles
 In crablike scrambles,
 The while his body works in curves,
 His intellect as surely swerves,
 And some such argument as this he utters,
 "While men get *cut* we must have cutters,
 As long as Jack will have his rum,
 We must have pink, corvette, and bomb,
 Each sort of craft
 Since Noah's old raft,
 Frigate and brig,
 Ships of all rig,

* What is your occupation?—My occupation has been in the weaving line; but *having the drowsy six years ago, I am deprived of my eyesight.*

2734. Did you not once *see* a gin-shop burnt down. *About nine months ago* there was the sign of the Adam and Eve at the corner of Church-street, at Bethnal-green, burnt down, and they had such a quantity of spirits in the house at the time that it was such a terrible fire, that they were obliged to throw everything into the middle of the road to keep it away from the liquor, and it was all in flames in the road; and the gin-shop opposite was scorched and broke their windows; and there was another gin-shop at the opposite corner, at three corners there were gin-shops, and was, from the fire, just like a murdering concern, for you could not get round the corner at all, it was so thronged that *a man could not believe it unless he saw it.*

We must have fleets, because our sailors swig,
 But only get our tars to broths and soups,
 And see how slops will do away with sloops!
 Turn flip to flummery, and grog to gravy,
 And then what need has England of a navy?"*

Forgive my muse; she is a saucy hussy,
 But she declares such reasoning sounds muzzy,
 And that, as sure as Dover stands at Dover,
 The man who entertains so strange a notion
 Of governing the ocean,
 Has been but half seas over.

Again: when sober people talk
 On soberness, would not their words all walk
 Straight to the point, instead of zig-zag trials,
 Of both sides of the way, till having crost
 And crost, they find themselves completely lost
 Like gentlemen,—rather cut—in Seven Dials?
 Just like the sentence following in fact:

 "Every Act †

Of the Legislature," (so it *runs*) "should flow
 Over the bed"—of what?—begin your guesses.
 The Bed of Ware?
 The State Bed of the May'r?

One at the Hummums? Of MacAdam's? No.
 A parsley bed?
 Of cabbage, green or red?
 Of onions? daffodils? of water-cresses?
 A spare-bed with a friend—one full of fleas?
 At Bedford, or Bedhampton?—None of these.
 The Thames's bed? The bed of the New River?
 A kennel? brick-kiln? or a stack of hay?
 Of church-yard clay,
 The bed that's made for ev'ry mortal liver?
 No—give it up,—all guessing I defy in it,
 It is the bed of "Truth,"—"inspired" forsooth
 As, if you gave your best best-bed to Truth
 She'd *lie* in it!
 Come, Mr. Buckingham, be candid, come,
 Didn't that metaphor want "seeing home?"

* 3893. *If temperance were universal, do you think we should need any line-of-battle ships?*—It would be very unsafe for us to be without them.

† 1686. Do you mean to infer from that, that the law in all its branches should be in accordance with the Divine command?—I do; every Act of the Legislature should flow over the bed of inspired truth, and receive the impregnation of its righteous and holy principles.

What man, who did not see far more than real,
 Drink's beau ideal,—
 Could fancy the mechanic so well thrives,
 In these hard times,
 The source of half his crimes
 Is going into gin-shops changing fives ! *
 Whate'er had wash'd such theoretic throats,
 After a soundish sleep, till twelve next day,
 And, perhaps, a gulp of soda—did not *they*
 All change their notes ?



“CAN I HAVE A BED HERE?”

Suppose, mind, Mr. B., I say, suppose
 You were the landlord of the Crown—the Rose—
 The Cock and Bottle, or the Prince of Wales,
 The Devil and the Bag of Nails,
 The Crown and Thistle,
 The Pig and Whistle,
 Magpie and Stump—take which you like,
 The question equally will strike ;
 Suppose your apron on—top-boots,—fur cap—
 Keeping an eye to bar and tap,
 When in comes, muttering like mad,
 The strangest customer you ever had !

* 2512. Are they in the habit of bringing 5*l.* notes to get changed, as well as sovereigns ?—Very rarely ; *I should think a 5*l.* note is an article they seldom put in their pockets.*

Well, after rolling eyes and mouthing,
 And calling for a go of nothing,
 He thus accosts you in a tone of malice :
 " Here's pillars, curtains, gas, plate-glass—What not ?
 Zounds ! Mr. Buckingham, the shop you've got
 Beats Buckingham Palace !
 It's not to be allowed, Sir ; I'm a Saint,
 So I've brought a paint-brush, and a pot of paint,—
 You deal in Gin, Sir,
 Glasses of Sin, Sir ;
 No words—Gin wholesome !—You're a story-teller—
 I don't mind Satan standing at your back,
 The Spirit moveth me to go about,
 And paint your premises inside and out,
 Black, Sir, coal black,
 Coal black, Sir, from the garret to the cellar.
 I'll teach you to sell gin—and, what is more,
 To keep your wicked customers therefrom,
 I'll paint a Great Death's Head upon your door—
 Write underneath it, if you please—Old Tom ! " *

Should such a case occur,
 How would you act with the intruder, Sir ?
 Surely, not cap in hand, you'd stand and bow,
 But after hearing him proceed thus far,
 (Mind—locking up the bar)
 You'd seek the first policeman near,
 " Here, take away this fellow, here,
 The rascal is as drunk as David's Sow ! "

If I may ask again—between
 Ourselves and the General Post, I mean—
 What was that gentleman's true situation
 Who said—but could he really stand
 To what he said ?—" In Scottish land
 The cause of Drunkenness was education ! " †

Only, good Mr. Buckingham, conceive it !
 In modern Athens, a fine classic roof,
 Christened the *High School*—that is, *over proof* !
 Conceive the sandy laddies ranged in classes,
 With quaichs and bickers, drinking-horns and glasses,

* 3006. Do you think it would be of good effect, were the Legislature to order that those houses should be painted all black, with a large death's head and cross-bones over the door ?—I wish they would do even so much.

† 4502. What are the remote causes that have influenced the habit of drinking spirits among all classes of the population ?—One of the causes of drunkenness in Scotland is education.

Ready to take a lesson in Glenlivet !
 Picture the little Campbells and M'Gregors,
 Dancing half fou', by way of learning figures ;
 And Murrays,—not as Lindley used to teach—
 Attempting verbs when past their parts of speech—
 Imagine Thompson, learning A B C,

By O D V.

Fancy a dunce that will not drink his wash,—
 And Master Peter Alexander Weddel

Invested with a medal

For getting on so very far-in-tosh.

Fancy the Dominie—a doughty body,
 Giving a lecture upon making toddy,
 Till having emptied every stoup and cup,
 He cries, “Lads! go and play—the school is up!”

To Scotland, Ireland is akin
 In drinking, like as twin to twin,—
 When other means are all adrift,
 A liquor-shop is Pat's last shift,
 Till reckoning Erin round from store to store,
 There is one whiskey shop in four.*

Then who, but with a fancy rather frisky,
 And warm besides, and generous with whiskey,
 Not seeing most particularly clear,
 Would recommend to make the drunkards thinner,
 By shutting up the publican and sinner
 With pensions each of fifty pounds a year? †
 Ods! taps and topers! private stills and worms!
 What doors you'd soon have open to your terms!

To men of common gumption,
 How strange, besides, must seem
 At this time any scheme
 To put a check upon potheen's consumption,
 When all are calling out for Irish Poor Laws!
 Instead of framing *more* laws,
 To pauperism if you'd give a pegger,
 Don't check, but patronise their “Kill-the-Beggar!” ‡

* 3804. Did you observe the drinking of spirits very general in Ireland?—In Ireland, I think, upon a moderate calculation, one shop out of every four is a whiskey-shop, throughout the whole kingdom. Those who have been unsuccessful in every other employment, and those who have no capital for any employment, fly to the selling of whiskey as the last shift.

† 773. Now, suppose we were to give 50*l.* a-year to every spirit-seller in Belfast, to pension them off (and I am sure it would be much better for the country that they should be paid for doing nothing than for doing mischief)——

‡ 794. We have in our neighbourhood a species of whiskey of this kind, called “Kill-the-Beggar.”

If Pat is apt to go in *Irish Linen*,
 (Buttoning his coat, with nothing but his skin in)
 Would any Christian man—that's quite himself,
 His wits not floor'd, or laid upon the shelf—
 While blaming Pat for raggedness, poor boy,
 Would he deprive him of his "Corduroy!" *

Would any gentleman, unless inclining
 To tipsy, take a board upon his shoulder,
 Near Temple Bar, thus warning the beholder,
 "BEWARE OF TWINING?"
 Are tea-dealers, indeed, so deep-designing,
 As one of your select would set us thinking.
 That to each tea-chest we should say *Tu Doces*,
 (Or doses,)
 Thou tea-chest drinking? †

What would be said of *me*
 Should I attempt to trace
 The vice of drinking to the high in place,
 And say its *root* was on the *top o' the tree*? ‡
 But *I* am not pot-valiant, and I shun
 To say how high potheen might have a *run*. §

What would *you* think, if, talking about stingo,
 I told you that a lady friend of mine,
 By only looking at her wine
 Flushed in her face as red as a flamingo? ||
 Would you not ask of me, like many more,—
 "Pray, Sir, what had the lady had before?"

Suppose at sea, in Biscay's bay of bays,—
 A rum cask bursting in a blaze,—

* 795. Another description of what would be termed adulterated spirits, is by the vulgar termed "Corduroy."

† 798. It is quite common, in Dublin particularly, to have at one end of the counter a large pile of tea-chests for females to go behind, to be hid from sight: but the dangerous secrecy arises chiefly from the want of suspicion in persons going into grocers' shops.

‡ 788. It is a well known fact, that mechanics' wives not unfrequently get portions of spirituous liquors at grocers' shops, and have them set down to their husbands' accounts as soap, sugar, tea, &c.

§ 816. Do you ascribe the great inclination for whiskey at present existing among the lower classes, originally to the use of it by the higher classes as a favourite drink? —I attribute a very large portion of the evil arising from the use of spirituous liquors to the sanction they have received from the higher classes; the respectable in society I hold to be the chief patrons of drunkenness.

|| 759. What do you mean by the phrase *run*? —It means, according to a common saying, that *for one gallon made for the King, another is made for the Queen*.

|| 4627. A lady informed me lately, that in dining out, although she should not taste a drop in the hob and nob at dinner, yet the lifting of the glass as frequently as etiquette requires, generally flushed her face a good deal before dinner was ended.

Should *I* be thought half tipsy or whole drunk,
If running all about the deck I roar'd

"I say, is ever a Cork man aboard?"

Answered by some Hibernian Jack Junk,

While hitching up his tarry trowser,—
How would it sound in sober ears, O how, Sir,

If I should bellow with redoubled noise,

"Then sit upon the bung-hole, broth of boys?"*



THE FLUSHING EXPEDITION.

When men—the fact's well known—reel to and fro,

A little what is called how-come-you-so,

They think themselves as steady as a steeple,

And lay their staggerings on other people—

Taking that fact in pawn,

What proper inference would then be drawn

By e'er a dray-horse with a head to his tail,

Should anybody cry,

To some one going by,

"O fie! o fie! o fie!

You're drunk—you've nigh had *half a pint of ale!*"†

* 3901. Are you aware of the cause of the burning of the Kent East Indiaman in the Bay of Biscay?—Holding a candle over the bung-hole of a cask of spirits, the snuff fell into the cask and set it on fire. They had not presence of mind to put in the bung, which would have put out the fire; and if a man had sat on the bung-hole it would not have burnt him, and it would have put it out.

† 4282. Do many young men visit those houses?—A very great many have done, more so than what visit the regular public-houses. I was in one of those places about

One certain sign of fumes within the skull
 They say is being rather slow and dull,
 Oblivious quite of what we are about—
 No one can doubt



SINKING IN SIGHT OF PORT.

Some weighty queries rose, and yet you miss'd 'em,
 For instance, when a doctor so bethumps
 What he denominates the forcing system,"
 Nobody asks him about *forcing-pumps*! *

Oh say, with hand on heart,
 Suppose that I should start
 Some theory like this,—
 "When Genesis
 Was written,—before man became a glutton,
 And in his appetites ran riot,
 Content with simple vegetable diet,
 Eating his turnips without leg of mutton,
 His spinach without lamb—carrots sans beef,
 'Tis my belief
 He was a polypus, and I'm convinc'd
 Made other men when he was hash'd or minc'd,"—
 Did I in such a style as this proceed,
 Would you not say I was *Farre gone* indeed? †

twelve months ago, waiting for a coach, and there came into the beer-shop twenty-two boys who called for half a gallon of ale, which they drank, and then they called for another.

* 1211. The over-stimulation, which too frequently ends in the habit of drunkenness in Great Britain in every class, is the result of the British *forcing system* simply.

† 1282. Was not vegetable food prescribed in the first chapter of Genesis?—

Excuse me, if I doubt at each Assize
 How sober it would look in public eyes,
 For our King's Counsel and our learned Judges
 When trying thefts, assaults, frauds, murders, arsons,
 To preach from texts of temperance like parsons,
 By way of giving tipplers gentle nudges.
 Imagine my Lord Bayley, Parke, or Park, *
 Donning the fatal sable cap, and hark,
 "These sentences must pass, howe'er I'm pang'd,
 You, Brandy, must return—and Rum the same—
 To the Goose and Gridiron, whence you came—
 Gin! Reverend Mr. Cotton and Jack Ketch
 Your spirit jointly will despatch—
 Whiskey, be hang'd!"

Suppose that some fine morning,
 Mounted upon a pile of Dunlop cheeses,
 I gave the following as public warning,
 Would there not be sly winking, coughs and sneezes?
 Or dismal hiss of universal scorn:
 "My brethren, don't be born,—
 But if you're born, be well advised—
 Don't be baptised.
 If both take place, still at the worst
 Do not be nursed,—
 At every birth each gossip dawdle
 Expects her caudle;
 At christenings, too, drink always hands about,
 Nurses will have their porter or their stout,—
 Don't wear clean linen, for it leads to sin,—
 All washerwomen make a stand for gin—
 If you're a minister—to keep due stinting,
 Never preach sermons that are worth the printing,†
 Avoid a steam-boat with a lady in her,‡
 And when you court, watch Miss well after dinner,§

Vegetable food was appointed when the restorative power of man was complete. The restorative power in some of the lower animals is still complete. If a polypus be truncated or cut into several pieces, each part will become a perfect animal.—*Vide Evidence of Dr. Farre.*

* 975. What happy opportunities, for example, are offered to each Judge and King's Counsellor at every assize, to denounce all customary use of distilled spirit as the great excitement to crime. The proper improvement of such opportunities would do much for temperance.

† 4642. When a clergyman gets a new manse he is fined in a bottle of wine; when he has been newly married, this circumstance subjects him to the same amicable penalty; the birth of a child also costs one bottle, and the publication of a sermon another.—*By J. Dunlop, Esq.*

‡ 4637. The absolute necessity of treating females in the same manner, in steam-boat jaunts, is lamentable.

§ 4637. Some youths have been known to defer their entrance into a temperate

Never run bills, or if you do don't pay, *
 And *give* your butter and your cheese away,—†
 Build yachts and pleasure-boats if you are rich,
 But never have them launched or payed with pitch, ‡
 In fine, for Temperance if you stand high,
 Don't die!"§

Did I preach thus, Sir, should I not appear
 Just like the "parson much bemused with beer?"

Thus far, O Mr. Buckingham, I've gather'd,
 But here, alas! by space my pen is tether'd,
 And I can merely thank you all in short,
 The witnesses that have been called in court,
 And the Committee for their kind Report,
 Whence I have picked and puzzled out this moral,
 With which you must not quarrel,
 'Tis based in charity—*That men are brothers,*
And those who make a fuss,
About their Temperance thus,
Are not so much more temperate than others.

society till after their marriage, lest failure in the usual compliments should be misconstrued, and create a coldness with their future wives.

* 1635. It (drinking) is employed in making bargains, at the payment of accounts.

† 4639. A landlady, in settling with a farmer for his butter and cheese, brings out the bottle and the glass with her own hands, and presses it on his acceptance. How can he refuse a lady soliciting him to do what he is, perhaps, unfortunately already more than half inclined to?

‡ 4640. The launching bowl is a bonus of drink, varying from 2*l.* to 10*l.*, according to the size of the ship, bestowed by the owners on the apprentices of a ship-building yard at the launch of a vessel. The graving bowl is given to the journeymen after a vessel is payed with tar.

§ 4638. On the event of a decease, every one gets a glass who comes within the door until the funeral, and for six weeks after it.



A BARROWNET.



FOND OF BATHING.

THE FATAL BATH.

IT is seldom that medical men are of accord in their theories : the differences of doctors have, indeed, passed into a proverb ; but if there be any one point on which their opinions entirely harmonise, it is on the propriety of bathing with an empty stomach. The famous Doctor Krankengraber, in his most famous book, called "Immersion deeply Considered," forbids, under all kinds of corporeal pains and penalties, the use of the cold bath, after the mid-day meal. "Take it," he says emphatically, "as you value your life, health, and consequent peace, comfort, and happiness, by all means before, before, before, dinner." It is a high authority to set up against ; and yet if the pen were my professional implement instead of the sword—could I write treatises, as eloquently as the learned Esculapian,—I would cry to the ends of the earth, bathe, as you love yourself, or love any one else,—as you love the precious meal itself—bathe *after, after, after*, dinner ! Let the candid reader decide between us.

It is now nearly twenty years since I met the lovely and fascinating Christina F——, now, alas ! Christina Von G——, at our Casino Ball. I had only the happiness of dancing one waltz with her—but what a waltz it was ! It never left off ! She had completely turned my head—not one turn from right to left, or otherwise ; but she had set it spinning for ever ! Like the harmonious everlasting revolutions of the planets, was that dance with its music in my memory. All the rest of the night, or at least the few hours of morning slumber allowed me by my military duties, that ineffable whirl, with the same bright angel for my partner, went on in a dream.

Every one who happened, like myself, to be abroad in Coblentz, on the first of May, 1835, must recollect the remarkable whirlwind of that date, and its memorable effects. I saw it come down the Moselle, twirling round a jackdaw or two, some hides of leather, linen, and other articles, caught up in its vortex; and then, passing over the Rhine towards Thal-Ehrenbreitstein, where I was then quartered, it disappeared in the direction of Ems. But it left its mysterious influence behind. After gazing for a moment at the place where it had vanished,



HE-DIP-US—TYRANNUS.

all of a sudden, striking up a popular air in a whistle, a countryman caught hold of a woman who happened to stand near him, and compelled her, with gentle violence, to revolve with him in the national dance. The hint took. A second pair began to turn—a third—the infection spread—each caught hold of a neighbour, male or female,—till in the space of a few minutes, soldiers, officers, civilians, carmen, marketwomen, ladies, maid-servants, barge-masters, peasants, old or young, were all spinning. There was not an individual to be seen

on either bank, or on the bridge, but was engaged in the universal waltz!

Alas! the lovely Christina was to me as that tornado! She not only made me whirl myself, but everything else to whirl round me. My thoughts flowed in circles: I could never project them in a straight line to any given point. I was a human humming-top, always humming that one dear air by Zirkel that I had danced to. My brain became dizzy and giddy—the earth reeled beneath me, the sky spun round above me. In short, I was eddying in endless circles in that Maelstrom of Passion called Love.

The discovery of my state was no sooner made than I strove to collect my senses, and soberly review the past, in order to estimate my chance of eventual bliss. I recalled the affable smile, the frank hand, the tender glance, of Christina; and especially her ready “Ja! ja!” to everything I said. I remembered the gracious expressions of her mother, with whom I had also danced, even to the use of the affectionate “thou,” as though I were her son elect. I thought of the benevolent

smile of her father, as I touched glasses with him :—and above all, I knew that I possessed more than that minimum of revenue, without which officers of the Prussian army are forbidden to become Benedicts. Everything was in my favour. Hope herself assumed the face and figure of Christina, and, consenting to dance with me, I began spinning again worse than ever. We waltzed now by wholesale,—Christina, myself, her mother and father, all her relations, and all mine, in one great family circle !

In the mean time my military duties were not fulfilled in the best manner for hastening my promotion : I became the standing joke of the standing army, at least of such part of it as garrisoned Coblentz. When the band struck up on the Parade I began to revolve. I gave the word of command “Waltz !” instead of “Wheel !” On another occasion, when Captain Stumbké, at his rejoining the regiment, approached to embrace me, I seized him by the waist and actually turned him round in presence of the whole battalion ! Never was such a delirium ! But it was too sweet to last. One morning the telegraph on Ehrenbreitstein, with its arms all abroad, began to make signals ; which my fond fancy merely converted into an invitation to the other telegraph on the top of the Palace, to come and waltz with it : there was, however, a darker purport in its motions. Our battalion was ordered to Posen !

I had danced into delight, and was now doomed to march out of it. On consideration, I determined to break my mind to Christina before I went ; but no opportunity offered, and with my heart broken instead of my mind, I turned my back to Coblentz and the treasure it contained. My waltzing was over. One good turn deserves another, but, in doubt whether that good turn would ever come, I went on, without a single spin, to our journey's end.

I found the Polish city the same that I had left it ; but every trace of gaiety was gone. I still went, it is true, to balls where waltzes, gallopes, and mazurkas were danced ; but I went in boots up to my knees. I had made a vow never to waltz again ; and was keeping it better than vows are generally observed, when an event occurred that set me spinning again as fast as ever !—It was Christina herself, who entered the ball-room in the train of the Princess L***** ! I could have eaten my long boots without sauce ! At any rate I wished them successively on the legs of every ugly villain that danced with her. To go the whole length of a confession, I almost wished her a mild sprained ankle herself ! It went against me to look on ; and as fast as the giddy pair whirled one way, as swiftly in mere contrariness I seemed to spin with a reverse motion. Formerly I was a happy humming-top ;—I was now a whipping-top, lashed by the unsparing hand of jealousy till I reeled again ! Possibly I should have ended, like certain rotary fire-works, with an explosion,—at all events I should have flown off to my quarters, when a few gracious words from the Princess converted the centrifugal into a centripetal impulse. It was an invitation to a dinner and ball on the succeeding Sunday, at which my former partner would be present. Christina herself condescended to express pleasure in the

prospect of meeting me there; and when I ventured to solicit her promise, engaged herself to dance with me, as I fancied, with a slight blush. Gracious heavens! how I spun!—or else I had become conscious of the earth's revolution! I whirled home without feeling my long boots, or the legs that were in them,—I was a spirit,—something ethereal—a zephyr waltzing with a zephyr, in a gentle whirlwind, that carried us up, spirally, even into the seventh heaven! Again Christina and Hope were one and the same person. I went to bed, and dreamt that having offered in a waltz, and been accepted in a waltz, we waltzed off to the altar together.

Never were six such long days invented as ushered in the blessed Sunday. However, they were so tedious that they wore themselves out at last; and exactly as the clock struck three,—lovers are never late—I found myself at the Chateau, or rather in its Park, in which, having come too early, I preferred to amuse myself till the company arrived. I should have been in time if my horse had walked; but he had galloped:—I seemed destined to prove in my own person that in much haste there is little speed.

The weather was warm, and I was still warmer; my face, as I looked



A BARE POSSIBILITY.

at it, in a secluded lake, to which I had sauntered, was as hot and flushed as if I had just waltzed with a bear. I looked at my watch, and then at the water, blue as the sky itself, and studded with snow-white lilies;—the very reeds bowed invitingly, and seemed to whisper, "Pray, walk in!" It was irresistible. In a trice, I was stripped, and luxuriating in the cool element. After lingering a little at the brim to enjoy an air bath, I struck out towards the middle, now diving like a wild duck, and then springing like a trout, or sailing away

after a prize lily. 'Twas delicious!—Lovely nameless Naiad!—thanks for that refreshing embrace! Thanks for the present of those white porcelain lily cups! Thanks for the vocal melody of thy reeds! A thousand thanks for that liquid, azure, heaven!—but, oh!—a thousand thousand, billions, trillions, quadrillions, quintillions, decillions of thanks

backwards—yea, hot, fervent, earnest, and bitter maledictions for all the rest!

“The Leech was sent, but not in mercy there!”

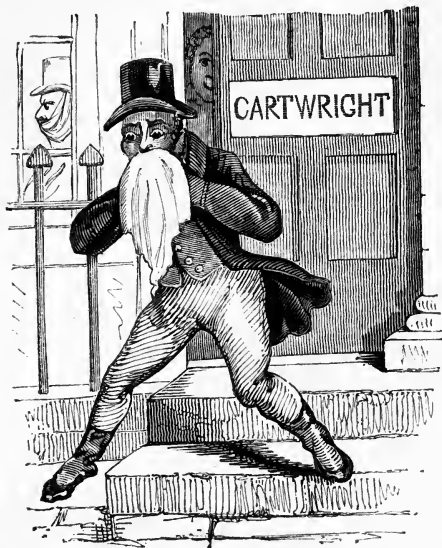
The first step I made out of the water disclosed my fate! Sharp as is the bite of the blut-egel on land, when we are, perhaps, nervously expecting it, I had never noticed it in swimming; partly from a certain chilly numbness, partly from the constant muscular exertion, and partly from the frequent pricking of the broken reeds. A glance sufficed. There they were, a set of cuppers on each calf! As yet I could scarcely have lost a thimbleful of the vital fluid; but I felt as faint, as sick, and as ready to fall full length on the ground, as if I had lost quarts of it!

The first dinner-bell sounded. It was no time to be nice, and I tore off one or two of the blood-suckers by force; but the flow of gore that followed proved to me that I had better have left them alone. Then I tried to shake them off by dancing, and had they been each a tarantula, they could not have bitten me into more frantic capering. But they held on like sailors in a storm. I looked at my legs and raved! I thought of Christina and groaned! In the folly of desperation I gnashed my teeth at the leeches, and shook my fist at them, and then, trying my very useless powers of persuasion, I apostrophised them, “suck, suck, suck, ye vipers!—suck! suck! suck! suck!” But the vipers were in no such hurry as mine;—they pumped on quite composedly, and seemed only intent on filling out every wrinkle of their skins, in order that I might admire the detestably beautiful pattern down their abominable backs! I all but blasphemed! I cursed the weather, the water, the lilies, the leeches,—and then my own self for going in,—and still more for coming out. I never thought of the cramp, or I should have cursed it too for not seizing me in the middle of the lake!

The second bell sounded—like a deathbell:—and there was I, as effectually pinioned and fastened to the spot by a few paltry vermin, as Gulliver by the Lilliputians. Methought I beheld my empty chair on one side of Christina, and, on the other, a hatefully well-made fellow, with an odious handsome face, and a disgustingly sweet voice and manner, endeavouring to make amends for my absence. I stormed, raved, tore my hair, and even wept for vexation. In the paroxysm of my despair, I prayed for wooden legs!

Hitherto the sounds from the Chateau had nothing personal in their character; but, now, they pointedly addressed themselves to me. First I heard the clang of a gong; then the flourish of a hunting-horn; next the recal upon the bugle; and, finally, a general shout, in which my distempered fancy seemed to detect the clear sweet voice of Christina above all the rest! I wonder, with water so handy, I did not commit suicide. But a sort of resignation, very different from the marble Resignation which typified Count Pfefferheim leaning over his departed lady, had taken possession of me. It was grim and gloomy—I had resolved to try patience, a catholicon plaster, efficacious in every possible case,

with the sole drawback that nobody can get it to stick on. For my own part, I soon gave up the remedy. I happened to remember the trouble



A FINISHED DRAWING.

I endured, when I really wanted leeches, to make them bite, and I could emulate Job no longer. I wished—in such ecstasies we do not look before we leap in wishing,—that I had been affected with Hydrophobia, ere that fatal bath—that I had been turned into a serpent at Schlangenbad, or boiled to rags in the Kochbrunnen at Wiesbaden!

At last the clangour ceased; but in lieu of it, I heard the servants running about beating the wood for me, and calling me by name. If I had been wise I should have answered;—but I was now worked up to

the frenzy fit of nervousness; I felt my situation, except in my own eyes, sufficiently ludicrous;—and I dreaded lest some mischievous wag, or, perhaps, rival, should delight to exhibit me in a ridiculous light to Christina. In truth, I should have been, if discovered, a laughable figure enough. To save time eventually, I had dressed myself so far as I could—conceive, then, a gentleman, in full uniform above, even to his cocked hat, but below perfectly bare-legged, with three leeches hanging to one limb, and four to the other! I should think no criminal ever felt more anxious of concealment than I did as I took refuge amongst the tallest reeds!

To pass the time, I had no better amusement than to watch the leeches, how they swelled and filled, and, finally, rolled off, gorged with my precious blood, a pailful of which I would rather have shed for my country at any convenient time and place! And Christina—what could she think of my absence? Why, she could only look upon me, as I looked on my leeches, with aversion and disgust,—whilst her infernal neighbour, the Colonel, in the splendid uniform of the Royal Guard, for such I painted him, became every moment more agreeable. Of the next five minutes I have no mental record; my impression is, that I was stark, staring, raving, rampant, mad!

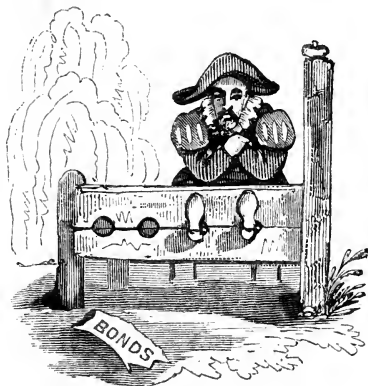
At length the last of my tormentors fell off!—and when he touched the ground, as I had served all his fellows, I weaned him with a stone

from ever sucking again. It was a poor revenge, for, after death, they bequeathed to me a new misery. The blood would not cease flowing, even though I plucked all the nap off one side of my hat to apply to the wounds. I forgot how it would look afterwards stripped of its felt. I was famished besides—but my cruellest hunger was in my heart. Oh! Christina!—It seemed an age, ere at last I dared to creep gingerly into my white kerseymeres! My watch marked it to have been but three hours!

I returned to the Chateau at the pace of a hearse; fearing to put one foot before the other, and looking sharply every other step at my legs. As for the anticipated celestial waltz—I seemed doomed to make one of that dreary corps of long-visaged gentlemen who prefer to look on. I arrived, however, stainless, spotless,—only I was obliged to keep one

side of my hat to myself. An attempt was made to rally me on my absence; but my excuse of having lost myself in the forest passed off very currently, and a tray was ordered for my refreshment. But I was unable to eat a morsel; I could only fill a glass of wine to pledge Christina, who had not shown any sign of resentment; on the contrary, she appeared to commiserate my wanderings in the wild woods. In the mean time the ball began. As I entered the room, in a blaze of light, I *fancied* that every eye was directed towards my legs: my head swam, and for a minute I seemed waltzing with the whole assembly at once! Christina looked twice reproachfully towards me, ere with the air of a matrimonial martyr saluting his destined bride, I went up and claimed her hand. The music struck up; we began to waltz, at least *she* did, turning me round with her, as though she had been practising the dance for the first time with a lay-figure. Stiffly and coldly as I moved, methought I felt the circulation in every vein and artery becoming more and more rapid from even such gentle exercise. At last the whirl ceased, and we sat down again side by side. How I wished for the despised long boots up to the knees, in which I might have chatted at my ease! It was impossible. I never opened my lips except to say yes and no, in the wrong place; sometimes where I should have answered I was mute. One little stain of the slightest possible tinge of crimson, which no eye but my own would have detected, absorbed my whole soul. I was suffering the unspeakable tortures of the murderer, conscious that his secret blood-guiltiness was on the eve of coming to light!

The gentle Christina, after the first waltz, in consideration perhaps



"I WISH I COULD SELL OUT!"

of my supposed long ramble in the forest, had expressed her intention of not dancing any more during the evening; a little stir now made me look, and—the fiends seize him!—a tall handsome Colonel, in the splendid dress uniform of the Royal Guard, exactly such a figure as my jealous fancy had formerly depicted, was leading her out to dance! The music played a waltz. They turned, they spun, they flew round, in each other's arms—giving me a turn also till my very soul became sick and dizzy! My eyes grew dim,—I could no longer see—but I heard her frequent “ja! ja! ja!” and her light laugh!

I wish Doctor Krankengraber could have seen the plight I was in at that moment, merely through bathing, according to his detestable rule. Oh that he could have felt my burning temples, my throbbing pulse, my



CROSSED IN LOVE.

palpitating heart! Had that floor before me been a pond, I verily believe I should have practically illustrated his “Immersion deeply Considered” with my pockets full of stones. I once or twice endeavoured to catch the eye of Christina, but in vain. I addressed her, and she looked as coldly on me as one of our kachel-ofens* on a born Englishman!

I would fain have sought an explanation;

but this haughty treatment sealed my lips. I no longer attributed her estrangement to any other cause than the imputed fickleness of the sex. Muttering something to the Princess about indisposition I left her ball, without blessing it, and flew home. Three days later I was again at her Chateau, determined to decide my fate. Christina had quitted Posen! In two short months afterwards the Berlin Gazette informed me that she was married to a Colonel of the Royal Guard.

I never beheld her again: but a she-cousin of mine, who was her bosom friend and confidant, in after years thought proper, amongst other matters of feminine curiosity, to inquire on what grounds her unfortunate kinsman had been repelled. The answer she did me the favour to extract, and kindly sent it to me, by way of a correction, and a guide, probably, should I ever dream of addressing a lady again. The reader is welcome to partake of the document: it runs thus:—

“You ask me, dearest Bettine, why I did not like your cousin Albrecht? Under the seal of our sisterly confidence, I will frankly confess to you, that it was through no fault of mine. I will even own

* A German stove, cased with white tiles.

to something like a preference, up to that memorable evening at the Princess L.'s. I had there determined to watch him narrowly, to observe every light and shade of his character—and you know the result. Did you ever hear of the young Count Schönborn; and the egregious personal vanity which brought him to his fate? Suspected of correspondence with the revolted Poles, he disappeared, and according to the custom with deserters, a vilely daubed effigy, with his name at full length under it, was suspended on the public gallows. He was still skulking in disguise at Berlin, and might doubtless have effected his escape—but shocked at the libellous picture that professed to represent him, he was actually arrested one morning, at the first dawn of light, brush and palette in hand, painting up the odious portrait to something more resembling the personal attractions of the original! And now for our Albrecht. Conceive him sitting languishingly—a Narcissus without his pond—seeing nothing, admiring nothing, but his own certainly well-turned legs! Fancy him stretching them, crossing them, ogling them in all possible attitudes,—taking back and front views of them, and along the outer or inner side. Imagine him coquetting with them, carelessly dropping a handkerchief over them, as if to veil their beauties; sliding his enamoured hand down them by turns,—and then, with great reluctance brought to dance on them, if dancing it might be called, so languidly, as if he feared to wear out the dear delicate limbs by the exertion. Suppose him afterwards relapsing into his former self-contemplation, so exclusively, as to neglect the common politeness of an answer even to a question from a lady—and a lady to whom he professed to show particular attention. And now, dearest and best Bettine, you have my secret. It is very well to marry a man with handsome legs, but one would not choose to have them always running in his head."



HERE'S A SLOP!



THE FAMILY SEAT.

THE UNITED FAMILY.

“ We stick at nine.”

MRS. BATTLE.

“ Thrice to thine,
And thrice to mine,
And thrice again,
To make up nine.”

THE WEIRD SISTERS IN MACBETH.

How oft in families intrudes
The demon of domestic feuds,
One liking this, one hating that,
Each snapping each, like dog and cat,
With divers bents and tastes perverse,
One's bliss, in fact, another's curse,
How seldom anything we see
Like our united family !

Miss Brown of chapels goes in search,
Her sister Susan likes the church ;
One plays at cards, the other don't ;
One will be gay, the other won't ;

In pray'r and preaching one persists,
The other sneers at Methodists ;
On Sundays ev'n they can't agree
Like our united family.

There's Mr. Bell, a Whig at heart,
His lady takes the Tories' part,
While William, junior, nothing loth,
Spouts Radical against them both.
One likes the News, one takes the Age,
Another buys the unstamp'd page ;
They all say *I*, and never *we*,
Like our united family.

Not so with us ;—with equal zeal
We all support Sir Robert Peel ;
Of Wellington our mouths are full,
We dote on Sundays on John Bull,
With Pa and Ma on selfsame side,
Our house has never to divide—
No opposition members be
In our united family.

Miss Pope her " Light Guitar " enjoys,
Her father " cannot bear the noise,"
Her mother's charm'd with all her songs,
Her brother jangles with the tongs :
Thus discord out of music springs,
The most unnatural of things,
Unlike the genuine harmony
In our united family !

We *all* on vocal music dote,
To each belongs a tuneful throat,
And all prefer that Irish boon
Of melody—"The Young May Moon"—
By choice we all select the harp,
Nor is the voice of one too sharp,
Another flat—all in one key
Is our united family.

Miss Powell likes to draw and paint,
But then it would provoke a saint,
Her brother takes her sheep for pigs,
And says her trees are perriwigs.
Pa praises all, black, blue, or brown ;
And so does Ma—but upside down !

They cannot with the same eyes see,
Like our united family.

Miss Patterson has been to France,
Her heart's delight is in a dance;
The thing her brother cannot bear,
So she must practise with a chair.
Then at a waltz her mother winks ;
But Pa says roundly what he thinks,
All dos-à-dos, not vis-à-vis,
Like our united family.

We none of us that whirling love,
Which both our parents disapprove,
A hornpipe we delight in more,
Or graceful Minuet de la Cour—
A special favourite with Mamma,
Who used to dance it with Papa,
In this we still keep step, you see,
In our united family.

Then books—to hear the Cobbs' debates !
One worships Scott—another hates,
Monk Lewis Ann fights stoutly for,
And Jane likes “ Bunyan's Holy War.”
The father on Macculloch pores,
The mother says *all* books are bores ;
But blue serene as heav'n are we,
In our united family.

We never wrangle to exalt
Scott, Banim, Bulwer, Hope, or Galt,
We care not whether Smith or Hook,
So that a novel be the book,
And in one point we all are fast,
Of novels we prefer the last,—
In that the very Heads agree
Of our united family !

To turn to graver matters still,
How much we see of sad self-will !
Miss Scrope, with brilliant views in life,
Would be a poor lieutenant's wife,
A lawyer has her Pa's good word,
Her Ma has looked her out a Lord,
What would they not all give to be
Like our united family !

By one congenial taste allied,
 Our dreams of bliss all coincide,
 We're all for solitudes and cots,
 And love, if we may choose our lots.
 As partner in the rural plan
 Each paints the same dear sort of man ;
 One heart alone there seems to be
 In our united family.



LOVE AND A COTTAGE.

One heart, one hope, one wish, one mind, —
 One voice, one choice, all of a kind, —
 And can there be a greater bliss—?
 A little heav'n on earth—than this ?
 The truth to whisper in your ear,
 It must be told !—we are not near
 The happiness that ought to be
 In our united family !

Alas ! 'tis our congenial taste
 That lays our little pleasures waste—
 We all delight, no doubt, to sing,
 We all delight to touch the string,
 But where's the heart that nine may touch ?
 And nine " May Moons " are eight too much—
 Just fancy nine, all in one key,
 Of our united family !

The play—Oh how we love a play !
 But half the bliss is shorn away ;

On winter nights we venture nigh,
 But think of houses in July!
 Nine crowded in a private box,
 Is apt to pick the stiffest locks—
 Our curls would all fall out, though we
 Are one united family!



THE GLORIOUS DAYS OF JULY.

In art the self-same line we walk,
 We all are fond of heads in chalk,
 We one and all our talent strain
 Adelphi prizes to obtain;
 Nine turban'd Turks are duly sent,
 But can th' royal Duke present
 Nine silver palettes—no, not he—
 To our united family.

Our eating shows the very thing,
 We all prefer the liver-wing,
 Asparagus when scarce and thin,
 And peas directly they come in,
 The marrow-bone—if there be one—
 The ears of hare when crisply done,
 The rabbit's brain—we all agree
 In our united family.

In dress the same result is seen,
 We all so doat on apple-green;

But nine in green would seem a school
 Of charity to quizzing fool—
 We cannot all indulge our will
 With "that sweet silk on Ludgate Hill,"
 No *remnant* can sufficient be
 For our united family.

In reading hard is still our fate,
 One cannot read o'erlooked by eight,
 And nine "Disowned"—nine "Pioneers,"
 Nine "Chaperons," nine "Buccaneers,"
 Nine "Maxwells," nine "Tremaines," and such,
 Would dip into our means too much—
 Three months are spent o'er volumes three,
 In our united family.

Unhappy Muses! if the Nine
 Above in doom with us combine,—
 In vain we breathe the tender flame,
 Our sentiments are all the same,
 And nine complaints address'd to Hope
 Exceed the editorial scope,
 One in, and eight *put out*, must be
 Of our united family!

But this is nought—of deadlier kind,
 A ninefold woe remains behind.
 O why were we so art and part?
 So like in taste, so one in heart?
 Nine cottages may be to let,
 But here's the thought to make us fret,
 We cannot each add Frederick B.
 To our united family.



A CRICKET BALL.



POSTE RESTANTE.

A LETTER FROM AN ABSENTEE.

ABOUT two years since, a great sensation was created in the neighbourhood of Hatfield, Herts, by the sudden departure of a gentleman who had long resided in the vicinity, at a shooting-box called the Grange. So abrupt was his retreat, that his intimates and neighbours only became aware of it by calling upon him, and finding no one at home but the bailiff; who informed them that Mr. Charles de la Motte had gone off he did not know where, nor for how long, and that the Grange was to be let for the season. So mysterious a flight of course gave birth to a great deal of local speculation at the time; but, like other popular topics, it got much the worse for wear; and in the course of a few weeks the name of the fugitive was scarcely remembered. His long absence and utter silence, however, alarmed his friends; and the next of kin to the property was becoming particularly anxious as to the fate of his relative when the general solicitude was opportunely relieved by the receipt of the following letter from the missing gentleman.

To WILLMAN PLAYFAIR, Esq., Hawkester.

MY DEAR WILLMAN,

Time, who brings down all things, has I hope ere this killed your resentment, or at least winged it, so that it does not take quite so high a flight as it did, doubtless, when you discovered that I had gone off, like the cockney's gun, without a word of warning to my best friend. The first explosion must have been awful! Your temper was always very

like Hall's "*quick-firing*" gunpowder; and you took care to keep it dry and ready for use. Thousands of miles off I have fancied the effects of the burst; my poor character quite blackened, lying about in a hundred fragments, without the least feature of an old friend or a good fellow to be made out from them. This was the only dismemberment (to flatter you) which gave me any pain or concern. Of course there were plenty of charitable persons ready to invent criminal reasons for my going off; but I trusted that even their judgments would come to rights when they found that no tradesman had lost his money nor any gentleman his wife. I had never been a banker nor a tax-gatherer, nor in receipt of the parochial funds. It was only in the articles of friendship and confidence that I was a defaulter; and here I must crave your pardon; urging, however, certain circumstances in extenuation. My *secret* may now be divulged, when the event has stamped the character of the enterprise. You know how men become traitors or rebels, according to the success of their attempts; and the design, the execution of which now affords me such pride and pleasure, would, untried, have been denounced as a scheme founded on extreme weakness. To be sure it was a weakness that besets very great men,—ambition: but how the walls of your snuggery would have rung again with laughter, had I confessed beforehand the nature of my aspirings; that my topmost aim, which was directed all across the Atlantic, was to—shoot an elk! To think of me, a young bachelor not absolutely frightful, and well to do in the world—who might settle down whenever he chose in domestic felicity, or look forward to make a figure in Parliament, to think of my leaving behind all the delectables of courting, marrying, spouting, and franking, encountering all the dangers and disagreeables of the sea, at the risk besides of being set down for a murderer, seducer, swindler, heaven knows what,—for the purpose of killing a *coarser kind of venison*! Your reason would have recoiled and kicked at the idea! At present we stand upon other terms. I *have* shot my elk; and, should you think lightly of such a feat, I can retort, proudly with my muzzle in the air, "Go and do it yourself if you can!" Had I failed, 'twas another thing. You remember how we roasted poor Hawkins, who, led by an ambition with which I can sympathise, when Cross was obliged to order military execution on Chuny, paid his two guineas for a shot at the elephant, and missed?

Should you still sneer at my expedition, and determine to run me down, I can take shelter like a hunted deer, amongst a herd of authorities. I may be the greatest of the sort, but not the first; Lord John Russell, Professor Wilson, Waterton, Audubon, Washington Irving, Colonel Hawker, and many others, are not a bad fellowship to fall into; and each has, like myself, endeavoured to shoot his elk! By this phrase I do not literally mean the killing of an animal of the deer kind, some eight or ten feet high, but the bringing down of some object bigger than ever we brought down before. This was my mainspring in my expedition. Before you undervalue its strength, pray just read an excellent article, in a by-gone number of Blackwood called, "Christopher

in his Shooting Jacket," and then compare it with your own experience. How eloquently the author describes the Shooter's Progress, from popping a tomtit off a twig, to killing a Hooper on a lake! The gradual climb from sparrow-hail up to swan-shot! By the way, the shot-manu-

facturers, no shots probably themselves, number their pellets most unphilosophically, *backwards*. Dust ought to be number one!

The celebrated line, "Fine by degrees and beautifully less," so often quoted, has no relish for a true lover of the trigger, nor, indeed, for a sportsman of any class whatever. I shall never forget the wry face with which Tom Pope received a proposition to look in at Carpenter's Solar Microscope! He did not care to learn that there are swimming



ANIMAL SPIRITS.

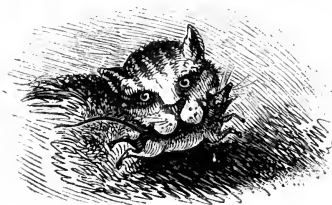
things in water too small to rise at a midge or to take a mite. When he was a boy he was fond of sniggling for eels; as a man he longs, and has actually sailed—to tackle the American Sea-Serpent!

The Reverend Richard Rodwell, an old crony of Tom's—a member of the same club, and a celebrated troller, never thought any pike big enough that he pulled out, till he met with one that pulled him in, and by the last accounts I had of him, he was off to the Liffy after salmon: 'twas in the regular course of things. I remember when I had caught sticklebacks with a bent minikin, how soon I got to a crooked corking-pin, to hook the minnows with; nor can I forget the great jump by which, skipping gudgeon, bleak, and other small fry, I fished all at once for Jack! The earlier tiny gradations were discarded. If you look at a foot-rule, the first inch is generally divided and subdivided into fourths and eighths, but the other eleven mark nothing smaller than halves. So it is in sporting: we step at the commencement, but stride afterwards. To give a notable case in point: Anderson, after leistering keppers on the Tweed, overlooking sharks, dolphins, and other middlings, was when I left England, whaling-mad: and by this time, probably, the bran-new harpoon I saw hanging over his mantel-shelf has been buried in blubber.

To turn to shooting—look at the gun itself! If the best-informed persons speak correctly on the subject, the barrel at each discharge *expands*: that is to say, the fowling-piece endeavours as far as in it lies to become a cannon. The man who carries the gun is manufactured of something like the same metal. He craves, at every shot almost, for bigger game; some huge thing, that he may “shatter all its *bulk* and end its being.” At the very time that he is taking aim at a hawk, he wishes it was an eagle. *Apropos de bottes*. Audubon, in words that breathe and burn, has given a thrilling description of his ecstasy on knocking down a Golden Eagle with his rifle; but is he content, at this present moment, with that new feather in his cap? Quite the reverse. It is well known that on the completion of his truly splendid Ornithological Work, he intends an oriental voyage in the track of Sindbad, half believing, and three quarters hoping, that the existence of that stupendous bird, the Roc, is not a fable.

If you ever knew anything of Lloyd, you ought to know that it was his casually being the happy instrument in shooting a rabid Newfoundland, that first gave him the hint of going to Norway to put bullets into bears. To take a jump to politics, in application of the same principle, is it not probable that the troubling the rabbits about Woburn, in his boyhood, gave a certain noble lord in after life the relish for driving bigger animals out of bigger boroughs? Nothing more like: especially if you call to mind the magnificent wish of Jack Langton, when the working “the cats” in his Essex warrens began to get stale with him. But perhaps you have forgotten it. ’Twas neither more nor less, than that he could “ferret the Thames Tunnel with a Crocodile, and bolt Hippopotami!”

May my own Elk-hobby now venture to hold up its diminished head? Or must I intrench myself behind fresh examples? I will, at all events, place between us that of Washington Irving. When I read his quietly exulting record of killing his buffalo, I would have wagered a hundred to one that he would never rest content with that single exploit, in spite of his professions to the contrary. And I should have won. Here he is, in snow-shoes, with his rifle on full cock, and as Elk-jealous of me as man can be. Supposing him to have done the trick, will he rest even there? The question equally touches your humble servant; and, between ourselves, till I be fairly shipped for England, I shall not feel myself secure from further wanderings. Suppose, that in a fresh access of the sporting appetite, which “grows by that it feeds on,” the American Geoffrey and myself should plunge into the depths of his native forests, hoping in some hitherto untrodden recess to find living specimens of those surpassing monsters whereof we have as yet seen only the organic remains? The great Crayon may now feel above drawing a badger, but could he resist



TOM PAINE.

the temptation of sketching a Mammoth? As for myself, a mere wind from the Back Woods that whispered of a Megatherium, would be sure to turn my nose in that direction, like a weathercock's.

The last time I was at Brighton, some kind friend, whose name I do not exactly recollect, took me over to Lewes with him, to see the museum of Mr. Gideon Mantell, so rich in fossil relics, including the gigantic Iguanodon, discovered in Tilgate Forest. Shall I confess to you, that instead of the lively pleasure which the sight seemed to afford to others, it made me only mute and melancholy. I felt nothing but envy of those early Nimrods who had such Elks of their own to go forth against, conquering and to conquer. What a pity that they did not *preserve* their game—that they should eat up all their cake at once, as we have since done with the bustard, instead of leaving some of the breed for a future day! There was but one person present who seemed to sympathise with my feeling—who I understood was Mr. Waterton. A process parallel to mine was clearly going on in his head; he looked from one gigantic skeleton to another, clothing it, in his mind's eye, with flesh, and muscle, and skin, or scales: but when he came to the Titanic Iguanodon, an animal of the lizard kind, four times as large as the largest crocodile, it was evidently a teaser to him. "Zounds!" he exclaimed, "the alligator I broke in, and rode upon,

was a dwarf to this! There is another stage for me still! I have been performing among the minors!"

Are you yet satisfied? or must I appeal to yourself? Did you not then wish your first sparrow a partridge, your partridge a pheasant? Nay, did you not once upon a time exchange your single barrel for a double—your duck-gun for a swivel? Many mickles make a muckle; and a score or two of ducks and flappers at one shot, was for the time *your* Elk. It was thus that, hopeless of a mammoth, the veteran, Colonel Hawker, wished for an



ANIMALS—AFTER LANDSEER.

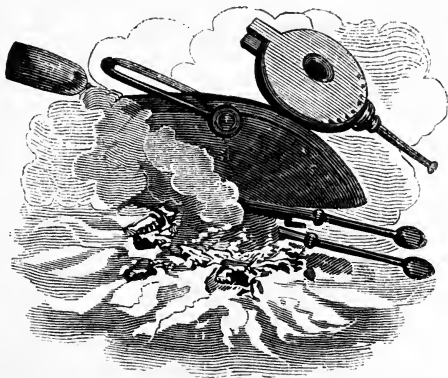
equivalent, in the shape of a thousand or two of the American wood-pigeons, which were flying over his head in columns twenty miles long by five in width. He had been aiming at them for a minute or so,

with the fore-finger of his left hand, the thumb serving for a trigger, when the irresistible wish came across him—"Oh that I had Hall's powder-mills here, with the patent shot-manufactory on the top of them, to let fly at ye!"

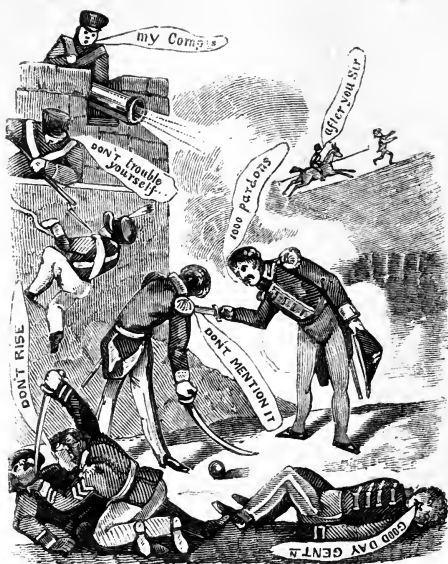
It was whilst killing a buck in Cashiobury Park, that I first longed to shoot an Elk. I warrant the game-keeper, as we looked at the dead deer, set me down for an idiot, when I pronounced it a very little one: but my mind was possessed by the other image. The ideal animal thenceforward haunted me night and day; sometimes standing at bay, sometimes springing at me, and, like Esop's brutes, it had the gift of human speech, perpetually crying out, "Come, and kill me!" It became a monomania. I felt that I could only put an end to the fiction by making it a reality—and the deed is done. Oh! that you could have seen him spring ten feet upwards, and then fall headlong on the trampled snow! But I will not forestal my narrative. Pen and paper are too tame for it—you shall have it hot from my lips! So pray compose your risible muscles against my return: or should you feel them tickling, remember there have been more Quixotic expeditions than mine, and worse objects of ambition, than shooting Elks. You had better break the truth to my friends at Hatfield before I come home: but, mind, with no ridiculous inventions tacked to it, to make me the laughing-stock of the place. Tell George he shall have a hoof. I shall not be long after my letter in coming to hand—Till when I am, my dear William,

Yours ever truly,
C. DE LA MOTTE.

P. S. Ten-Garters, the Indian, has brought an account that some monstrous beast,—nobody knows what,—has been seen about twenty leagues to the northward. I am just going to set off with him, and a number of other hunters, in pursuit of it. Who knows? It may, perhaps, be a Megatherium!



PHENIX DOMESTICUS.



CIVIL WAR.

AN INTERCEPTED DISPATCH.

THERE is no subject more deplored in polite circles than the notorious rudeness of what is called *Civil war*. Suavity, it must be confessed, has little to do with its sharp practice; but of course the adjective was prefixed ironically; or intended only to refer to that spurious kind of civility which is professed in domestic feuds, when "my dear" is equivalent to "my devil."

It is a question, however, worthy of an enlightened age, whether Civil War might not be literally civilised, and carried on with a characteristic courtesy. Lumps, thanks to the sugar-bakers, have been refined—and why not blows?

Intestinal strife, as at present waged, is a frightful anomaly. It runs counter to every association—moral or anatomical. A well-regulated mind must be unable to connect the idea of polite hostilities with an unmannerly soldiery. It is difficult, for instance, to conceive an Urban Guard devoid of urbanity.

A civil war, to deserve the name and satisfy the Fancy, must have for Commander in Chief, on either side, a finished Gentleman—if of the Old School, the better—as devoted to the *suaviter in modo* as to the *fortiter in re*. With a punctilious sense of the bland nature of the strife he is engaged in, he will make politeness the order of the day. The password will be "Sir Charles Grandison;" and should he feel

compelled to publicly deliver his sentiments, he will make a genteel address do duty for an offensive manifesto. Every officer under him will rank for complaisance and amenity with a Master of the Ceremonies. His dragoons, with their best behaviours, will be mounted on well-bred horses: his cuirassiers as polished as their corslets, and as finely tempered as their swords. His infantry, all regulars, will adhere to the standards of propriety, as well as to the regimental colours: the artillery will adopt the tone of good society,—and the band will play the agreeable.

To prove that such a prospect is not altogether Utopian, I am happily enabled to make public the following letter, which develops at least the germ of a new system, that may hereafter make Civil War no more a misnomer than Polite Literature. It is dated from Castille *Senior*, and addressed to a public Functionary at Madrid.

(Copy.)

“Your Excellency,

“I had the honour of describing in my last dispatch, a little personal rencontre with the gallant general on the other side; and I have now the pleasure of laying before you the agreeable result of another affair, of the same nature.

“Early on the 19th instant, our picquets, with a becoming deference to their superiors, retired from the presence of a large body of cavalry, and intimated that I might shortly expect the favour of a visit. I immediately sent the light dragoons and lancers to the front, with instructions to give the gentlemen on horseback a hearty welcome, and provide as they best could for their entertainment, till I should be prepared for their reception, as well as of any friends they might bring with them. I flattered myself, indeed, that I should enjoy the company of their whole army, and they were so good as not to disappoint me. A lively cannonade quickly announced their approach by a salute, which was cordially returned from the whole of our batteries; and then a cloud of skirmishers pushed forward to their front, and commenced a liberal exchange of compliments with our tirailleurs. Our cavalry in the mean time had sought an introduction to their horse, which was met in the handsomest manner, and many intimacies were formed, that only ended with life. The cavalry at length retired, but evidently with regret, and many reiterated promises of soon coming again.

“Their main body now appeared moving in the best disposition towards us; whilst the rifles on the flanks paid the most marked attention to our officers, who received many substantial tokens of their regard. A closer acquaintance was now sought with an empressment quite flattering; indeed it was difficult to reply in adequate terms to the warmth and importunity of their offers. Perceiving that we had some very heavy guns on our right, they obligingly undertook to carry them; professing at the same time a very sincere inclination to serve our light artillery. They also wished to take charge of a hill on the left that might annoy us; but had the courtesy to resign it to Colonel Bower, on

a representation that the eminence was indispensable to his views. Their cavalry also endeavoured gallantly to make a favourable impression on us; and in particular evinced a lively desire to visit some of our squares; but which, on the plea of inconvenience, we found means to decline. There had manifestly been a design of dropping in upon us unprepared, but fortunately I was enabled to foil the pleasantry, and even to turn the tables upon themselves. The enemy finally gave up every point, and handsomely offered to accommodate us with the field of battle; but feeling bound in politeness to return the visit, I ordered an advance of the whole line; and we were at once hospitably permitted to



THE SEAT OF WAR.

enter their lines without ceremony, and make ourselves at home in their camp. In justice to their generosity I must not omit to state that we found it abundantly provisioned—the artillery entirely placed at our command—the whole baggage devoted to our use, and even the military chest left very much at our service.

“The list of casualties is not yet made up—but I am in possession of some of the details. The 19th was politely invited to a masked battery, and a succession of balls, kept up with a spirit that the regiment, and Major Smith in particular, will

long remember. Colonel Bower is deeply indebted to a lancer, who helped him off his horse; and Captain Curtis is lying under a similar obligation in the hospital. Captain Flint owes the cure of his asthma to the skill of a carbineer; and Lieutenant Power was favoured with as specific a remedy for determination of blood to the head. Colonel Boulton was handsomely presented with the freedom of the field, enclosed in a shell; and Major Brooke is absent, having received a pressing invitation that he could not well resist—to visit the enemy’s quarters.

“I have the honour to be, &c., &c., &c.

(Signed)

MANNERS.

(Countersigned)

CHESTERFIELD.”



"VON HAMMER."

POETRY, PROSE, AND WORSE.

"Esaad Kiuprili solicited in verse permission to resign the government of Candia. The Grand Vizier, Hafiz Pasha, addressed a *Ghazel* to the Sultan to urge the necessity of greater activity in military preparations; and Murad, himself a poet, answered likewise in rhyme. Ghazi Gherai clothed in *Ghazels* his official complaint to the Sultan's preceptor. The Grand Vizier, Mustafa Pasha Bahir, made his reports to the Sultan in verse."—*Vide VON HAMMER on Othoman Literature, in the Athenæum for Nov. 14, 1835.*

O TURKEY! how mild are thy manners,
Whose greatest and highest of men
Are all proud to be rhymers and scanners,
And wield the poetical pen!

Thy Sultan rejects—he refuses—
Gives orders to bowstring his man;
But he still will coquet with the Muses,
And make it a song if he can.

The victim cut shorter for treason,
Though conscious himself of no crime,
Must submit and believe there is reason
Whose sentence is turned into rhyme!

He bows to the metrical firman,
As dulcet as song of the South,
And his head, like self-satisfied German,
Rolls off with its pipe in its mouth.

A tax would the Lord of the Crescent?
He levies it still in a lay,
And is p'rhaps the sole Bard at this present
Whose Poems are certain to pay.

State edicts unpleasant to swallow
He soothes with the charms of the Muse,
And begs rays of his brother Apollo
To gild bitter pills for the Jews.

When Jealousy sets him in motion,
The fair one on whom he looks black
He sews up with a sonnet to Ocean,
And sends her to drown in her sack.

His gifts, they are posies latent
With sequins roll'd up in a purse,
And in making Bashaws, by the patent
Their tails are all "done into verse."

He sprinkles with lilies and roses
The path of each politic plan,
And with eyes of Gazelles discomposes
The beards of the solemn Divan.

The Czar he defies in a sonnet,
And then a fit nag to endorse
With his Pegasus, jingling upon it,
Reviews all his Mussulman horse.

He sends a short verse, ere he slumbers,
Express unto Meer Ali Beg,
Who returns in poetical numbers
The thousands that die of the plague.

He writes to the Bey of a city
In tropes of heroical sound,
And is told in a pastoral ditty
The place is burnt down to the ground.

He sends a stern summons, but flow'ry,
To Melek Pasha, for some wrong,
Who describes the dark eyes of his Hourì,
And throws off his yoke with a song.

His Vizier presents him a trophy,
Still, Mars to Calliope weds—
With an amorous hymn to St. Sophy
A hundred of pickled Greek heads.

Each skull with a turban upon it
By Royal example is led :
Even Mesrour the Mute has a Sonnet
To Silence composed in his head.

E'en Hassan while plying his hammer
To punish short weight to the poor,
With a stanza attempts to enamour
The ear that he nails to a door.

O ! would that we copied from Turkey
In this little Isle of our own,
Where the times are so muddy and murky,
We want a poetical tone !

Suppose that the Throne in addresses—
For verse there is plenty of scope—
In alluding to native distresses,
Just quoted the "Pleasures of Hope."

Methinks 'twould enliven and chirp us,
So dreary and dull is the time,
Just to keep a State Poet on purpose
To put the King's speeches in rhyme.

When bringing new measures before us,
As bills for the sabbath or poor,
Let both Houses just chaunt them in chorus,
And p'rhaps they would get an encore.

No stanzas invite to pay taxes
In notes like the notes of the south,
But we're dunn'd by a fellow what axes
With prose and a pen in his mouth.

Suppose—as no payers are eager—
Hard times and a struggle to live—
That he sung at our doors like a beggar
For what one thought proper to give ?

Our Law is of all things the dryest
That earth in its compass can show !
Of poetical efforts its highest
The rhyming its Doe with its Roe.

No documents tender and silky
Are writ such as poets would pen,

When a beadle is sent after Wilkie,*
Or bailiffs to very shy men.

The warrants that put in distresses
When rates have been owing too long,
Should appear in poetical dresses,
Ere goods be sold off for a song.

Suppose that—Law making its choices
Of Bishop, Hawes, Rodwell, or Cooke,—
They were all set as glees for four voices,
To sing all offenders to book?

Our criminal code's as untender,
All prose in its legal despatch,
And no constables seize an offender
While pleasantly singing a *catch*.

They haul him along like a heifer,
And tell him "My covey, you'll swing!"
Not a hint that the wanton young zephyr
Will fan his shoe-soles with her wing.

The trial has nothing that's rosy
To soften the prisoner's pap,
And Judge Park appears dreadfully prosy
Whilst dooming to death in his cap.

Would culprits go into hysterics,
Their spirits more likely elope,
If the jury consulted in lyrics,
The judge made a line of the rope?

When men must be hung for a warning,
How sweet if the Law would incline
In the place of the "Eight in the Morning,"
To let them indulge in the Nine!

How pleasant if ask'd upon juries
By Muses, thus mild as the doves,
In the place of the Fates and the Furies
That call us from home and our loves!

Our warfare is deadly and horrid,
Its bald bulletins are in prose,
And with gore made revoltingly florid,
Nor tinted with *couleur de rose*.

* Vide the advertisement of "The Parish Beadle after Wilkie," issued by Moon & Co

How pleasant in army despatches
 In reading of red battle-plains,
 To alight on some pastoral snatches,
 To sweeten the blood and the brains !

How sweet to be drawn for the Locals
 By songs setting valour a-gog !
 Or be press'd to turn tar by sea-vocals
 Inviting—with " Nothing like Grog ! "

To tenants but shortish at present,
 When Michaelmas comes with its day,
 O ! a landlord's effusion were pleasant
 That talked of the flowers in May !

How sweet if the bill that rehearses
 The debt we've incurr'd in the year,
 But enrich'd, as a copy of verses,
 The Gem, or a new Souvenir !

O ! would that we copied from Turkey
 In this little Isle of our own !
 For the times are so moody and murky,
 We want a poetical tone !



A CIRCULATING LIBRARY.



JESSIE'S CLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

HITCHIN HALL.

THE following Correspondence speaks for itself: and I am enabled to say that it speaks the truth. The letters are genuine, the names only being considerably disguised. The description of Hitchin Hall will probably remind the reader of an Insect Hospital at Surat, described by Lieutenant Burnes; it was evidently a House, whose members would have voted unanimously for the admission of a few *Destructives*.

No. I.—*To Messrs. TUPPIN AND Co., House Agents, Regent Street, London.*

MR. TUPPIN,

Mr. Groves being blind with a sting on his eyelids, as big as a pidgeon's egg, I am necessitated to write, though unaccustomed to business, to say we can't go on suffering in silence any longer. It is more than flesh and blood can bear; and I really wonder, Mr. Tuppın, you could allow a genteel family like ours, to domesticate themselves in Hitchin Hall. There has been *a shameful want of candour in the transaction*. Fixtures is one thing; but 'live things is another, and I don't romance, when I say we are eaten up alive! If the house was a pidgeon-house, we could not swarm more with fleas, and you-know-whats besides;—and they are things I never could abide in all my days. A hint from you would have been only civil; but as I said before, there was nothing like *candour* in the case. My daughter,

Belinda, says, she is sure there are scorpions, and if you could see her inflamed calf of a leg, I am sure you would say there was something out of the common run. Matilda thinks it must be Tarantellers, and as dancing is the only cure, I have had the drawing-room carpet taken up in case; which, as it was only just fitted and put down, I consider a great inconvenience, especially as a *little candour* would have saved all the trouble. Mr. Tuppin, it's one maid's work to sweep down the spiders, and the cook says she is quite sick of smashing the black beadles. I expect every day that the footman will give warning, for he is of a serious turn, and complains he can't sing his hymns in the kitchen for the crickets. The maids won't sleep in the garrets because of the death-watches in the walls; and, Mr. Tuppin, there's the moth in every cupboard in the house! It's rather hard to have a good muff and tippet ruined, and

Mr. G.'s great coat besides, for want of a *little candour*! Our linen is going in the same way. I wish you could see one of Mr. G.'s best fine shirts: they're as full of holes as a cullender, as I thought at first from the clothes pegs; but the laundress said it was the cockroaches, and sure enough, I found a dead one in the drawer. *Common candour* would have informed we were coming in after a West India Captain; but I suppose such matters are secrets in trade. Mr. G. is as much put out of the way as I am, for he is very parti-

cular about his cellar, and the wood-lice, or somethings, have eat all the seals off the corks, so that he knows no more than the man in the moon what he is putting before his friends. But that's not the worst. Mr. G. is not so squeamish as some people, about animalculus; but I appeal to yourself, Mr. Tuppin, if it's agreeable in dressing, as happened this very morning, to find a hundred legs in your boots?

For my own part, it is lucky I am above interfering in the kitchen, for I can't bear a lizard, and cook says the efts come up the sink-hole, and she's positive our gnats and muskitoes are bred in the cistern. As for flies, they stick to every thing as thick as currants on a bread-pudding, and the blue-bottles have blowed more meat than would keep



IT'S A MERE FLEA-BITE.

a poor family. It's paying rather dear, Mr. Tuppin, for not meeting with a little *candour*!—and I am sorry to say we are indebted to your *closeness* for as many disappointments and disagreeables out of doors. The gardener grumbles from morning to night about his hard place, and says the blights are beyond every thing, to say nothing of sorts he never saw before. That was *candid* too!—I cannot go near my greenhouse, for it is all alive; and Barron has left off lighting the stoves in the hothouses, for the warmth hatches out such swarms of grubs, and flies, and insects, as he says would astonish your hat off your head. As the same sort of thing happened the first time we heated the oven, I don't doubt his correctness; but really, Mr. Tuppin, it's a great damp, and denial, and drawback, both to Mr. G. and myself, when we are so very fond of gardening, but of course decline enjoying only the unpleasant part of picking and scrunching. Indeed I have never set foot in the grounds since sitting down on the ants' nest, and our friend, Mr. Laird, says it's a species he never saw before, except in Africa. It is very pleasant, Mr. Tuppin, to be plagued with the only things of the sort in England; but of course you was not aware of the foreign ants, or *common candour* would have dictated a mention. With a proper warning before our eyes, we certainly should have never embraced such dreadful disagreeables as we suffer with, but we never had a *candid* statement of what we were to expect. As such, Mr. Tuppin, I hope you will feel due to your own character, to get the house off our hands as speedily as possible, and without any further expense to the deceived parties. In the meantime, Mr. Tuppin, regretting your *want of candour*, I remain, for Mr. G. and myself,

Your very obedient Servant,

MARY GROVE.

Hitchin Hall, Herts.

No. II.—*To Mrs. GROVE, Hitchin Hall, Herts.*

MADAM,

In absence of Principals, am desired to inform, it is not customary to furnish such minute particulars as alluded to; cannot, therefore, consider candour as compromised by not including fleas, &c., in list of fixtures. Beg to say, we must decline letting again, except on usual terms, as enclosed, and am, Madam, for Tuppin and Co.,

Your mo. obedt. St.,

JOHN SHORT.

No. III.—*To SAMUEL PIPE, Esq., Flamingo Fire Assurance Company, Cornhill, London.*

SIR,

It is my unpleasant duty to advise you, that on the night of the 10th inst. the messuage and tenement called Hitchin Hall, (No. 17501), was burnt down to the ground without salvage. It was formerly in the

occupation of the Hitchin Entomological Society; and the secretary, who was very curious in keeping and breeding all sorts of insects, resided on the premises. I have ascertained, beyond doubt, that the fire was caused by a pan of burning charcoal and brimstone, intended to destroy the larva, &c., being shut up in a bed-room by the new tenants.

I am, Sir,
Your very humble Servant,
PETER HAWKHURST.



HEN-TOMOLOGY.

SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

THE WONDERFUL DOG.

I do not remember how I came to be talking of dogs to the gentleman who sat beside me on the roof of the Southampton Rocket; but I had just been relating an instance of sagacity in a terrier of my own, when the coachman looked half round, and addressed me over his shoulder.

"Pray, sir, did you happen to see the Wonderful Dog Ponto at Blackwater Fair?"

"No. I never even heard of him."

"The more's the pity, sir," replied the coachman, pulling a little on his horses, "the more's the pity, for then you've missed a sight such as you won't see twice in your life, if you lived as long as Methusalem. It was worth all the money twice over, only to see him dance! None of your frenchified hanimals as just jigs about a bit while the chap with the stick has got his eye on 'em, and then drops down agin on all-fours,

but just as I might dance myself like, with all the pleasure in life, and my sweetheart a-figuring afore me ! ”

“ Now you mention it,” I answered, “ I cannot recal ever seeing a dog dance with any thing like enjoyment.”

“ I’ll lay my life you haven’t, sir,” said the coachman. “ I’ve taught my own bitch to dance a bit, but it’s only when I gets her locked up in the room, for she’ll bolt if she can, and then I don’t set eyes on her, mayhap for a week. The moment she sees the fiddle she turns away her head, as if it was an old tin kettle, and tucks her tail between her legs in case,—but that’s nature.”

“ And what else might the Wonderful Dog perform ? ”

“ Perform, sir ! I’m blest if he didn’t perform a wonderful sight, better than the players at Richardson’s, let alone that he couldn’t talk. He fenced like a good ’un, and beat time to a song as regular as could be, besides always barking by way of joining in the chorus. I can’t hardly tell you what he didn’t perform, but in course he’ll be at Bartlemy Fair, and then you can see him yourself, sir.”

The subject dropped ; my neighbour began to speak of his travels on the Continent, and Ponto the Wonderful Dog, and the race in general, had been long out of our remembrance, when all at once a sharp cry from the coachman, followed by a shock and a crash, aroused us from our foreign speculations. We had encountered and upset some kind of covered cart, but the road having been cut through a steep hill, the high bank had prevented the vehicle from falling completely on its side. Our coachman pulled up, and standing on the footboard, took a look at the damage, then suddenly thrusting the reins into the hands of his companion on the box, he precipitately got down, exclaiming, as he ran off to the rescue, “ I’m pounded if it an’t the Wonderful Dog’s caravan ! ”

The greater part of the coach passengers, myself included, immediately followed his example, and made all haste to the spot, where we had hardly arrived, when to verify the coachman’s assertion, the door at the back of the vehicle opened, and a large white woolly dog bounded out, who after running a few paces on all-fours, got upon his hind legs and walked to a milestone, whereon he seated himself after the human fashion. A fat woman, and an equally fat man, then scrambled out of the little house upon wheels, but my interest was all absorbed by the dog, and leaving the rest of the company to replace his residence *in statu quo*, I gave myself up to the study of the canine Phenomenon. I could hardly enough admire the force of habit or instinct, whichever it was, that, even in such a sudden emergency, could not make him lose his acquired manner. But my surprise had not yet arrived at its pitch ; my astonishment may be conceived, when I saw him put his paw to his head, as if to ascertain that it was sound, then feel down his back and loins, and finally, along his hind legs ; a genuine biped of my own species could not have gone through the examination more naturally ! He next folded his fore legs, as if they had been arms in reality ; and settled himself to watch the righting of his conveyance, and the process lasting longer than suited his humour, he repeatedly tried to urge on the

work, by impatiently waving his fore leg from left to right, according to the direction in which his carriage required to be lifted. At last the little house stood again on all its wheels, and the coachman began to move towards the milestone, with the intention, no doubt, of renewing his acquaintance with the sagacious Ponto; but the latter, as if anxious to be at home again, suddenly started up, adroitly dodged past our Whip, and running man-fashion to the ladder, which he ascended dog-fashion, threw himself into the caravan with a somerset, that excited a universal shout of laughter. The fat woman next followed, then the fat man, and the door closed. We had resumed our seats on the coach, and the Rocket was about to go off, when the fat man appeared again at the door of the caravan, and addressed us generally, through his show-trumpet.



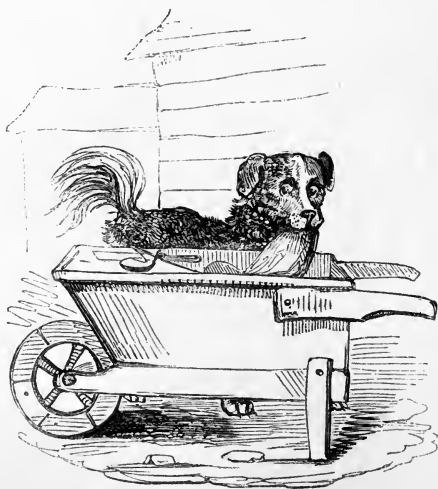
THE COLLISION OF THE HOUSES.

"Begging your pardons, gemmen, I hope you won't not mention any thing as you've seed. It would only be a-taking the bread out of our mouths, without a-putting on it into your own. The dog, gemmen, is a poor dwarf; and we only does it out o' charity like, to get him a bit o' wittles. So you see, gemmen——"

I could not hear what followed; for our coachman started his team so suddenly, that we had enough to do to preserve our seats, and for two miles further he kept his horses in a rattling gallop, that put all conversation out of the question. A steep hill at last obliging him to alter the pace, we fell into talk on the late occurrence; for my own part, I could not help laughing at the whimsicality of the device, but our Jehu, who evidently felt sore on the subject, looked at the matter in a very different light. "It was," he said, "a regular bit of humbug, a downright swindle, and nothing else, and it would only have sarv'd the little varmint right to have guv him a proper good shaking by the scruff o' the neck."

"The trick is not without precedent," said the traveller, turning towards me, "though the story may not be generally known in England. It was played off at the expense of the good citizens of Amsterdam, by

Simon Paap, the celebrated, or as Irish O'Brien used to call him, the *Great Dwarf*. He had reaped a good harvest by exhibiting his diminutive proportions to the Dutch; but Simon, for a man of his inches, went extraordinary lengths in dissipation; in fact he was a little rake, and the money went as fast as it came. The show beginning to get stale, he did not find his person pay so well as it is supposed to do in default of the purse, and it became necessary to hit upon some expedient for raising the wind. Accordingly having taken formal leave, in the character of their grateful, obliged, and humbly obedient dwarf, he got himself sewed up in a skin by some of his confederates, and, in a few days, Simon Paap again made his appearance before an admiring Public, as a *Wonderful Dog*! As he had well studied his part, and performed it to perfection, he was honoured with the patronage of the most distinguished personages in Amsterdam, and large sums were offered for him to his supposed master, but of course declined. Amongst his other accomplishments, the Wonderful Dog could take a hand, or rather paw, at cards, and as Simon was a sharp player, he began to be looked upon as a lucky dog, as well as a clever one, when an untoward event brought his golden dog-days to an end. He was playing in a coffee-house against a French officer, and had won to such an amount that the latter could not help venting his vexation by a few sharp cuts of his cane, an infliction which instead of calling forth a whine or a howl, produced a very distinct exclamation in Paap's mother-tongue. Aware of the slip, he immediately bolted out of the house, as if he had got the hydrophobia, and the same night secretly quitted Amsterdam, leaving, like a real mad dog, a good many bitten people behind him."



A JUDGE OF HORSEFLESH.

SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

THE FRESH HORSE.

STONEHENGE has always been a mystery to Antiquarians, and a puzzle to mechanics and engineers to conceive how such huge masses of stone were transported, and erected, in their celebrated locality. For my own part, I am no antiquarian, but I fully shared in the surprise of the practical men, on one day discovering a Quaker, seated in a four-wheel chaise, without any horse, in the middle of Salisbury Plain. It was a matter of course to stare at him as at a fly in amber, and "wonder how the devil he got there." A member of the Society of Friends could hardly look for friends in such a place; a Quaker might sit long enough in such a region, however silent, without any hope of a Quaker's meeting: it seemed, however, to be a matter of familiar occurrence to the gentleman in drab, who sat as placid and unconcerned in his vehicle, as if he had been at the desk of a snug counting-house in Mincing Lane. Instead of a Price Current, he held in his hand a slender pamphlet, which was probably a religious tract, for whenever his eyes left the paper, they invariably took an upward look, before taking a sweep of the wide verdant horizon. At the first glance it occurred to me that his horse had bolted; but a nearer examination corrected my error: the collar was lying on the ground; the long reins beside it; the shafts were whole, and uninjured; not a single strap was broken, but regularly unbuckled. I felt completely in the dark. Horses are occasionally taken out of carriages, when the mob is in the humour to act as their substitutes; but Salisbury Plain is perhaps the very last place in England for one to look for popularity. Determined to fathom the mystery, I rode up to the phenomenon, and with a polite apology, begged to tender my best services, in a case I could not help fearing was one of emergency. The offer was well received, but my assistance declined in the quiet and laconic style supposed to be peculiar to the taciturn sect which owns Fox for its founder.

"I thank thee, friend,—but there is no need."

"I am happy to hear it," I replied, "I was in fear——"

"Friend, we ought to fear nothing but sin."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but ——"

"Thou hast not offended."

"It occurred to me, that possibly your present position was the result of some accident——"

"Friend, there is no such thing as *accident*:—all is *Providence*."

I confess I felt rather sceptical on the subject; there seemed so little of a heavenly dispensation in being planted in his peculiar situation. I could not help thinking, that if one might desire a blessing, ten thousand worldly advantages were preferable to the doubtful one of sitting in a chaise, without a horse, in such a vicinity. In the mean time, the Quaker resumed his reading; and gave me leisure to look all

round, with the inward conviction of seeing some stout, sedate, elderly nag grazing soberly, by permission, on the abundant herbage. I was still mistaken; there was nothing to be seen, excepting a few sheep, within the whole range of the horizon. My curiosity increased; I could neither make up my mind to ride off, nor to again accost the taciturn Quaker, who seemed more deeply absorbed than ever in his tract. At last, as he paused, apparently to digest the contents of the last page he had been reading, I ventured on a fresh attack.

"I am afraid, sir, that while you have been engaged with your book, your horse has strayed farther off than you are aware of."

"I thank thee, friend," said the man of few words, turning over a new leaf,—“my horse is in sure hands;” and again he buried his mind in the pamphlet. Quaker as he was, I felt somewhat piqued at his

quietism, and accordingly determined to oblige him to speak to the matter in hand.

"Possibly, sir," said I, "your horse has cast a shoe, and you have sent him to the next blacksmith's?"

The Quaker read on.

"If so," I continued, "I congratulate you on possessing a book to amuse your leisure."

No answer.

"I wish,"—raising my voice—"that I could anticipate better weather for you, sir, than the clouds seem to threaten. I'm very much afraid we shall have a storm."

Still mute as a fish.

"It was once my misfortune," said I, getting

quite provoked, "to be caught in one, just about this very spot:—and I assure you, sir, it was very far from pleasant."

Mum as ever.

"What was worse, sir, I got benighted;—and there can't be a wretcheder place in all England for such a dilemma. I was six hours adrift, at the very least, on this infernal waste."

I might as well have talked to Stonehenge itself. The perverse Foxite kept his lips hermetically sealed; and I had gathered up the reins, turned my horse's head, and was about to ride off in a huff, when his voice unexpectedly saluted me



THE CORN QUESTION

"Friend, I wish thee a good journey."

It was on the tip of my tongue, according to the common rejoinder, to "wish him the same;" but the absurdity was too palpable, considering his means of travelling; and as it was a question of some difficulty what aspiration to offer, under such circumstances, I found myself reduced to a very awkward silence. In the days or realms of enchantment, it would have been otherwise; for instance, one might have wished him a pair of flying dragons, or a team of peacocks, or turned half a dozen of the field-mice into as many cream-coloured Arabians;—but as wishing has lost all magical power, I was just on the point of merely lifting my hat, as a farewell courtesy, when he again addressed me.

"Friend, shouldst thou meet the man who hath my horse, I will thank thee to bid him make good speed with the work in hand."

"With the greatest pleasure, sir, provided you will favour me with the means of recognising them."

"Friend, thou canst not err. The brute creature hath three white legs,—with what is called a blaze on his forehead,—and a long tail, undocked by the cruel abomination of shears. Respecting the rider, I cannot speak, seeing that I did not take the particulars of his outward man."

"I think, sir, I should know your horse:—but is it possible, my good sir, you can have entrusted him to an utter stranger?"

"Thou shalt hear, friend,"—and stowing away his book, clasping his hands over his waistcoat, and twirling his thumbs over each other, the Quaker began his relation. The boy Jonathan, he said, had lately been sorely extravagant in the articles of oats and beans for his horse, whereof followed not only waste and cost, but likewise the brute creature, according to the scripture, waxed fat and kicked. Whence it came to pass, amongst other trials and sufferings, for the headstrong spirit of viciousness to possess itself so powerfully of the horse, just at midway of his journey, there or thereabouts, as to be beyond all controlling with the leather contrivances. Whereupon he had resigned himself

inwardly to the power of grace, which had sent present help in need, namely, by raising up a man out of a bush, an utter stranger, indeed, but a Christian, with bowels of mercy, who had grappled the wilful one



THE NIGHT-MARE.

by the head ; moreover, undertaking, before proceeding further, to abate the violent temper thereof, by abundant galloping to and fro upon the plain.

I suppose an involuntary smile must have played across my features at this part of the story, for the worthy Quaker evidently penetrated my thought, and in truth I had my doubts upon the case.

"I perceive, friend, thou thinkest I have entrusted my horse to one of the wicked ones ;—but thou ought to have a more charitable opinion of thy brethren in the flesh. I feel as secure of the brute creature, as if I had him here between my thighs. It would have done thee good to see the honest man, how he wrought with him, at peril of his own life and limb ; as well as to hear his comfortable discourse. I remember his very words. 'Only sit still in the shay,' he saith, 'and keep your mind easy ;—he's wonderful fresh at present, but I'm used to the sort, —and when you get him in the shafts again, you won't know him from a mouse.'"

The mention of a mouse, from some sort of association with smelling a rat, here overcame my risible muscles, and my comment on the story took the form of a violent fit of laughter, in which from mere sympathy the good-humoured Quaker very heartily joined.

"It was, verily," he said, "a ludicrous speech enough, to compare a four-footed animal so large, with one so small :—but nevertheless, friend, the poor honest man was quite in earnest. Sundry times he brought the horse unto me, to show his manner of snorting, and whinnying, and uplifting his heels. 'It's about as peppery a one,' he saith, 'as I ever took in hand : but only sit easy in the shay, and I'll have it all out of him, if I gallop him all down to Salisbury and back.'"

"You are sure, sir, he said back ?"

"Friend, thou art relapsing into thy uncharitableness ;—and if, as St. Paul saith, we lack charity——"

"Excuse me, sir—but I cannot help thinking that a few turns, under your own eye, would have been quite as efficacious, in taking the freshness out of your horse, as a gallop right on end till he was out of sight."

"It is that very argument, friend, which stirs up my concern. I have sore fears that the vicious horse hath run away with the honest man !"

"And for my part, sir, I have fears too,—that the vicious man has run away with the honest horse."

The benevolent Quaker gazed earnestly at me for a minute, shook his head, pulled out the tract again from his pocket, hemmed, put on his spectacles, hemmed again, and forthwith, in a most solemn tone, commenced an extempore sermon on the text of "Judge not, lest ye be judged." As I had lay appointments of some importance, I found myself obliged to interrupt him in the middle of his homily ;—and with an appropriate apology, and a reiteration of the hope which had given occasion to the lecture, I took my leave. To a man of the world, I need not say which of us proved to be in the right ; but for the sake of the children of simplicity, I will give the sequel. About a year after-

wards, I encountered our worthy Quaker at a public meeting in the metropolis ; and he shook his head the moment he saw me.

"Thou wast correct, friend," he said, "alas, too correct, in thy judgment of the honest man upon Salisbury Plain. Of a surety, it was a fresh horse that drew me thither ;—and verily, I was necessitated to buy me a *fresh* horse to draw me back again."



"IT'S NEITHER HERE NOR THERE."

THE DEAD ROBBERY.

"Here's that will sack a city."—*Henry the IVth.*

OF all the causes that induce mankind
To strike against themselves a mortal docket,
Two eminent above the rest we find—
To be in love, or to be out of pocket :
Both have made many melancholy martyrs,
But p'rhaps, of all the felonies de se,
By ponds, and pistols, razors, ropes, and garters,
Two-thirds have been through want of £. s. d. !

Thus happen'd it with Peter Bunce ;
Both in the *dumps* and out of them at once,
From always drawing blanks in Fortune's lottery,
At last, impatient of the light of day,
He made his mind up to return his clay
Back to the pottery.

Feigning a raging tooth that drove him mad,
 From twenty divers druggists' shops
 He begg'd enough of laudanum by drops
 T' effect the fatal purpose that he had ;
 He drank them, died, and while old Charon ferried him,
 The Coroner convened a dozen men,
 Who found his death was *phial*-ent—and then
 The Parish buried him !

Unwatch'd, unwept,
 As commonly a Pauper sleeps, he slept ;
 There could not be a better opportunity
 For bodies to steal a body so ill kept,
 With all impunity :
 In fact, when Night o'er human vice and folly
 Had drawn her very necessary curtains,
 Down came a fellow with a sack and spade,
 Accustom'd many years to drive a trade,
 With that Anatomy more Melancholy
 Than Burton's !

The Watchman in his box was dozing ;
 The Sexton drinking at the Cheshire Cheese ;
 No fear of any creature interposing,
 The human Jackal work'd away at ease :
 He toss'd the mould to left and right,
 The shabby coffin came in sight,
 And soon it open'd to his double-knocks,—
 When lo ! the stiff'un that he thought to meet,
 Starts sudden up, like Jacky-in-a-box,
 Upon his seat !

Awaken'd from his trance,
 For so the laudanum had wrought by chance,
 Bunce stares up at the moon, next looking level,
 He spies a shady Figure, tall and bony,
 Then shudders out these words " Are—you—the—Devil ? "
 " The Devil a bit of him," says Mike Mahoney,
 " I'm only com'd here, hoping no affront,
 To pick up honestly a little blunt—"
 " Blunt ! " echoes Bunce, with a hoarse croak of laughter,—
 " Why, man, I turn'd life's candle in the socket,
 Without a rap in either pocket,
 For want of that same blunt you're looking after ! "
 " That's true," says Mike, " and many a pretty man
 Has cut his stick upon your very plan,
 Not worth a copper, him and all his trumps,
 And yet he's fetch'd a dacent lot of stuff,

Provided he was sound and fresh enough.
And dead as dumps."

"I take," quoth Bunce, with a hard wink, "the fact is,
You mean a subject for a surgeon's practice,—
I hope the question is not out of reason,
But just suppose a lot of flesh and bone,

For instance, like my own,
What might it chance to fetch now, at this season?"
"Fetch is it?" answers Mike, "why prices differ,—
But taking this same small bad job of ours,

I reckon, by the pow'rs!
I've lost ten pound by your not being stiffer!"



ACTIVE AND PASSIVE STOCK.

Ten pounds!" Bunce echoes in a sort of flurry,

"Odd zounds!

Ten pounds,

How sweet it sounds,

Ten pounds!"

And on his feet upspringing in a hurry—
It seem'd the operation of a minute—

A little scuffle—then a whack—'

And then he took the Body Snatcher's sack
And poked him in it!

Such is this life !

A very pantomime for tricks and strife !
 See Bunce, so lately in Death's passive stock,
 Invested, now, as active as a griffin,
 Walking—no ghost—in velveteens and smock,
 To sell a stiff'un !

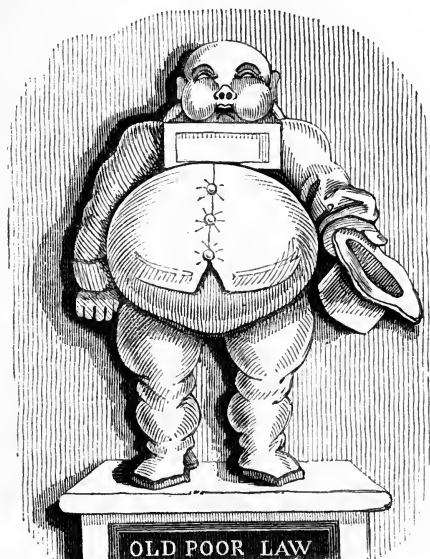
A flash of red, then one of blue,
 At last, like lighthouse, came in view ;
 Bunce rang the nightbell ; wiped his highlows muddy ;
 His errand told ; the sack produced ;
 And by a sleepy boy was introduced
 To Dr. Oddy, writing in his study.
 The bargain did not take long time to settle,
 "Ten pounds
 Odd zounds !
 How well it sounds
 Ten pounds,"
 Chink'd into Bunce's palm in solid metal.

With joy half-crazed,
 It seem'd some trick of sense, some airy gammon,
 He gazed and gazed,
 At last, possess'd with the old lust of Mammon,
 Thought he, " With what a very little trouble,
 This little capital I now might double "—
 Another scuffle of its usual brevity,—
 And Doctor Oddy, in his suit of black,
 Was finishing, within the sack,
 His " Thoughts upon Longevity ! "

The trick was done. Without a doubt,
 The sleepy boy let Bunce and burthen out ;
 Who coming to a lone convenient place,
 The body stripp'd ; hid all the clothes ; and then,
 Still favoured by the luck of evil men,
 Found a new customer in Dr. Case.
 All more minute particulars to smother,

Let it suffice,
 Nine guineas was the price
 For which one doctor bought the other ;
 As once I heard a Preacher say in Guinea,
 " You see how one black sin bring on anudder,
 Like little nigger pickaninny,
 A-riding pick-a-back upon him mudder ! "
 " Humph ! " said the Doctor, with a smile sarcastic,
 Seeming to trace
 Some likeness in the face,

"So death at last has taken old Bombastic!"
 But in the very middle of his joking,—
 The *subject*, still unconscious of the scoff—
 Seized all at once with a bad fit of choking,
 He too was *taken off*!
 Leaving a fragment "On the Hooping Cough."



A PAUPER IN HIGH RELIEF.

Satan still sending luck,
 Another body found another buyer:
 For ten pounds ten the bargain next was struck,
 Dead doctors going higher.
 "Here," said the purchaser, with smile quite pleasant,
 Taking a glimpse at his departed brother,
 "Here's half a guinea in the way of present,—
 Subjects are scarce, and when you get another,
 Let *me* be first."—Bunce took him at his word,
 And suddenly his old atrocious trick did,
 Sacking M.D. the third,
 Ere he could furnish "Hints to the Afflicted."

Flush'd with success,
 Beyond all hope or guess,
 His new dead robbery upon his back,
 Bunce plotted—such high flights ambition takes,—

To treat the Faculty like ducks and drakes,
 And sell them all ere they could utter "Quack!"
 But Fate opposed. According to the schools,
 When men become insufferably bad,
 The gods confer to drive them mad;
 March hairs upon the heads of April fools!



A LAY IMPROPRIATOR.

Tempted by the old demon avaricious,
 Bunce traded on too far into the morning;
 Till nods, and winks, and looks, and signs suspicious
 Ev'n words malicious,
 Forced on him rather an unpleasant warning.
 Glad was he to perceive, beside a wicket,
 A porter, ornamented with a ticket,
 Who did not seem to be at all too busy—
 "Here, my good man,
 Just show me, if you can,
 A doctor's—if you want to earn a tizzy!"

Away the porter marches,
 And with grave face, obsequious precedes him,
 Down crooked lanes, round corners, under arches;
 At last, up an old-fashion'd staircase leads him,
 Almost impervious to the morning ray,
 Then shows a door—"There, that's a doctor's reckon'd,

A rare Top-Sawyer, let who will come second—
Good day."

"I'm right," thought Bunce, "as any trivet ;
Another venture—and then up I give it !"
He rings—the door, just like a fairy portal,
Opens untouch'd by mortal—
He gropes his way into a dingy room,
And hears a voice come growling through the gloom,
"Well—eh?—Who? What?—Speak out at once!"

"I will," says Bunce.
"I've got a sort of article to sell ;
Medical gemmen knows me very well—"
But think Imagination how it shock'd her
To hear the voice roar out, "Death! Devil! d—n
Confound the vagabond, he thinks I am
A rhubarb-and-magnesia Doctor!"
"No Doctor!" exclaim'd Bunce, and dropp'd his jaw,
But louder still the voice began to bellow,
"Yes,—yes,—odd zounds!—I *am* a Doctor, fellow,
At law!"

The word suffic'd.—Of things Bunce feared the most
(Next to a ghost)
Was law,—or any of the legal corps,—
He dropp'd at once his load of flesh and bone,
And, caring for no body, save his own,
Bolted,—and lived securely till fourscore,
From never troubling Doctors any more!



APPROPRIATION CLAWS.

SPANISH PRIDE.

A YARN.

It was in the year 1812,—there or thereabouts,—for I can't be more particular, seeing as how I kept no log, except my own head—but we was sent to cruise off the Spanish coast in the Bay of Biscay, with orders to make ourselves as comfortable to the Dons, and as uncomfortable to the Mounseers, as we could. Now the French in their marches was obliged sometimes to tread pretty close to the shore, and then we pelted away at them with our gun-boats, which kept working along with them on a parallel. Well, one day it was my turn to take a spell in the boats; and as no enemy was in sight, our Luff, rather than be idle, takes it in his head to go and overhaul a bit of a castle, about a cable's length from the beach. So we pulls right for the land, and a party of us, myself for one, goes ashore without meeting a soul, good or bad, to help or hinder us. We was soon in the inside of the castle, rummaging the kitchens and cellars in the first place, you may be sure; but without finding the value of a keg of wine, by way of a present for the Admiral, or any body else you like; when all at once we hears Bill Jones hailing us with a "Here you shall see what you shall see!" So we follows the voice, and comes into a biggish room, hung all over with painted pictures of ladies in pillory-ruffs, and men in armours, with a *spare* set of whiskers stowed away between their noses and mouths. The wonder-fullest sight, howsomever, was an old Don, at the further end of the room, sitting in state, with a long straight sword in his fist; the very image of the other old Don, in the picture behind him. At first we took him for a wax-work; till Bill Jones made bold to pint at him with his finger, whereby he let drive with his toasting-iron, and would have run Bill right through his duff, if so be he hadn't jump'd back'ards. You may be sure we jaw'd him well for it; but with no more aggravation to him than if he had been a Chiny-man's Joss: at last, just as we were making up our minds to a spree with him, in comes the Luff, and scrapes a full-grown bow to the old Don, who returned it with the least bit of a nod you ever seed. Finding such a shabby sort of a salute, the Left'nant took a pull, like, at his backstays, and stood up as stiff as he could, which was something more than upright, as much as to say, I perceive none of my betters; but the Don warn't of the same opinion, for he leaned over the back of his chair till it cracked again; while his chin seemed looking over the Left'nant's head. Then the Left'nant slews himself half a turn round to larboard, and pretends to be looking at the pictures, and the Don slews himself half a turn to starboard, pretending to take a pinch of snuff. It was a regular manœuvring to get the weather gauge of each other's dignity;—at last the Left'nant opens with a compliment, and the Don returns it with the biggest words he can pick, for he talked good dictionary English enough. We couldn't entirely make it out, except that he was a Don, two thousand years old,

and sitting there to keep his own castle agin the French:—the more fool he—with as good a chance as a bumboat agin a seventy-four. The Left'nant tried hard to persuade him to go aboard the fleet; but he might have saved his jaw tackle; for it was about as easy as to get a round shot into a Quaker. Well, whilst they were argufying it, somebody sings out, "The French! the French!"—and in course it's cut and run,—except the old Don, who kept sitting, looking as wise as a Solon goose, which, you

know, will sit on its nest, till you come right up and knock it on the head. It showed game in him, howsum-ever, and thinks I to myself, I'll save old Stiff-back without axing his leave. So I contrives to get him on my back, and before he well knew his bearings, I had him down in the fore court, and almost out at a breach in the wall, if he hadn't held on at both sides of it, like a cat with her claws. I'm bound, nōw I thinks of him, it was all along of my not taking him out at the

great gate,—be that as it may, the French come'd on while we were scuffling, and nab'd us both. There was no use in my showing fight agin so many, if they had given me time for it; but the Don rather than surrender his sword, made a sort of a try to shy it up to heaven, whereby, no thanks to him! I got a staggering rap on the pate with the hilt, when it came down again. He was the proudest beggar I ever see, out and out! I took an observation, when they marched us inland, that he always forged a-head of me, if it was only the breadth of your hand: besides cutting through afore me, whenever we came to a narrow wicket or the like. As for talking, he never opened his lips wide enough for a cockroach to squeeze between them, till we came to the prison; and then only to ax for a separate cell all alone to himself. For my own parts, thinks I, the more the merrier, and I was far from consarned to find the old Don locked up along with me—not that he was sociable at all, but quite the reverse; for he always gave me as wide a berth as the walls would let him. He took mighty pains, besides, to squat himself down the same moment that I did, for fear of his standing to my sitting—I can't tell you half his



"TAKE A PINCH FROM MY BOX."

Spanish tricks, to keep up his dignity,—but one was always to keep to starboard; and another to be everlastingly cover'd in my company, whereby he ate, drank, and even slept in his slouch'd hat. It was the most divarting thing in life, if it had only been a stage-play; but I got tired of it in the long run, like salt pork, or any thing else that is constant, and began to wish for my liberty. The Mounseers didn't keep the brightest look out in the world; and so I determined to give them the slip. It was only to work a hole thro' a four-foot wall; and then double the sentry; and then get down a rampart twenty feet deep; and then get across the ditch; and then get to the coast; and then swim off to the fleet. So I set to work with a will, and in less than nine weeks I had picked a hole just under the little window, so that by knocking them both into one, there would be room enough for my body to get through—no thanks to the old Don, who never lent a hand, or even a finger, but looked on as grand as a lord at the lacky that's a-blackening his shoes. Howsumever, as he was only a Spaniard, and it was the fault of his bad bringing up, I overlooked it for once, and let him into all my plans; and by way of a return, to show gratitude, what does he do, when the time comes, but refuses to shake hands by way of swearing to stand by each other! Well, I overlooked that too, in con-



IMMEASURABLY SUPERIOR.

sideration of his ignorance—and what comes of it?—Why he hustles me away from my own hole, that I had picked with my own hands, to get out first. As soon as we were both outside, “Now, Cavaliero,” says I, squeezing my voice into a small whisper, “we must skulk past the sentry;—it’s stoop you must,” said I, “and come under the shadow,” but the devil a bit he’d stoop, but stalked along, bolt upright, like the ghost in the play, with the full moon shining with all its might on his infarnal ruff. Lucky for us, the sentry had got his dead lights up, and

couldn’t see any thing but what he was dreaming of, so we gets undiskivered to the ramparts. I had made a rope of my sheets, and had it fast in no time to one of the guns,—then, manning the gangway, for I knew what sort of a customer I had to deal with, I scraped my best

bow, and invited the old Don to go down afore me. It was doing the handsome thing by him any how;—but after giving a look over, he furls up his arms one within another, and turns his back on my rope, as if it warn't fit to hang a dog. I thought at first as how he fancied it didn't look strong enough; but it was nothing after all but his Spanish pride. What do you think the old stiff-backed beggar said? "I don't object to the rope," says he; "nor I don't object to escape," says he; "but I'll stand here till the day of judgment," says he, "before I'll escape," says he, "by *letting myself down!*"

JOHN JONES.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

"I saw the iron enter into his soul."—STERNE.

JOHN JONES he was a builder's clerk,
 On ninety pounds a year,
 Before his head was engine-turn'd
 To be an engineer!

For, finding that the iron roads
 Were quite the public tale,
 Like Robin Redbreast, all his heart
 Was set upon a rail.

But oh! his schemes all ended ill,
 As schemes must come to nought,
 With men who try to make short cuts,
 When cut with something short.

His altitudes he did not take,
 Like any other elf;
 But first a spirit-level took,
 That levelled him, himself.

Then getting up, from left to right
 So many tacks he made,
 The ground he meant to go upon
 Got very well survey'd.

How crows may fly he did not care
 A single fig to know;—
 He wish'd to make an iron road,
 And not an iron crow.

So, going to the Rose and Crown,
 To cut his studies short,
 The nearest way from *pint* to *pint*,
 He found was through a quart.

According to this rule he plann'd
 His railroad o'er a cup;
 But when he came to lay it down,
 No soul would take it up!



"PARLIAMENT REJECTS MY LINE!"

Alas! not his the wily arts
 Of men as shrewd as rats,
 Who out of one sole *level* make
 A precious lot of *flats*!

In vain from Z to crooked S,
 His devious line he show'd;
 Directors even seem'd to wish
 For some directer road.

The writers of the public press
 All sneered at his design;
 And penny-a-liners wouldn't give
 A penny for his line.

Yet still he urged his darling scheme,
 In spite of all the fates ;
 Until at last his zigzag ways
 Quite brought him into *straits*.

His money gone, of course he sank
 In debt from day to day,—
 His way would not pay *him*—and so
 He could not pay his way.

Said he, " All parties run me down—
 How bitter is my cup !
 My landlord is the only man
 That ever runs me up !

" And he begins to talk of scores,
 And will not draw a cork ;"—
 And then he rail'd at Fortune, since
 He could not rail at York !

The morrow, in a fatal noose
 They found him hanging fast ;
 This sentence scribbled on the wall,—
 " I've got my line at last ! "

Twelve men upon the body sate,
 And thus, on oath, did say,
 " We find he got his *gruel*, 'cause
 He couldn't have his *way* ! "



TRAINS ARE COMING IN.

AN IRISHMAN

Is a Man with two Ideas—no better than one: to wit, a right one and a wrong one, between which, like two Stools, his Wit comes constantly to the Ground. Thus it is as natural for Him to blunder as to breathe: his Sign is Taurus: for he is constantly uttering dilemmas



A FRESCO OF THE SUB-LIME MICHAEL.

with horns to them. Verily the expertest Matador of Seville would be sorely tasked to encounter all the Bulls which come out of his Mouth.

Hence is he a Catholic by nationality; for the Pope makes Bulls likewise; and is therefore a mere Irishman, born at Rome. For the rest of his Religion, he confesses to at least nine of the Seven Mortal Sins; and above all, Sabbath-Breaking, by which he understands eating Flesh of a Friday.

In his Politics he is commonly a Partisan; his main Aversion being a Trimmer, or, as he describeth him, a Man who

sits on both Sides of the House at once. He holds the Emerald Isle to be the brightest Ruby in the British Crown; and recommends England and Ireland to unite in repealing the Union. He hath a Scheme for reducing Tithes from a Tenth to a Fifth; and another for furthering the Education of the Poor, by means of Sunday Schools twice a Week.

In Hospitality he is Prince-like, for he giveth all he hath, though it be but a Potato. "It is not much," he saith, "but you are as welcome as the flowers in May, if it was twice as little."

In Amicality, he will stick to his friend so long as he hath a stick to do it withal; for he is not so much a Member of a Club, as a Club is a Member of him; to wit, his Shillelagh, which, as it cannot write written Hand, makes always its Mark.—To see him in his Glory, as the Fidas Achates of all Mankind, you must behold him at the Fair of Donnybrook, where the Heads look up at the Cudgels, like a Scottish Man at an auld Acquaintance, when he says unto him, "Come, gie's yer cracks!"

Next to Donnybrook, his Delight is a Duel, or Pistol-Duet; wherein he prefers to play First rather than Second;—but he takes it amiss if

there be not a Hit, even on his own side. Rather than fail of a Challenge, he would call out a deaf Man to a ball in his ear; nay, he hath been known, for want of other satisfaction, to fly to Self-Satisfaction, by blowing out his own proper Brains. Hence, War, which is the Multiplication of a Duel, is quite his Element; only that he is far more fierce in multifarious fight, his least Threat to his Enemy being that he will "Cut off his Head and throw it in his face."

In Love, his Flame is like unto a Kitchen Fire, which requireth a wide Range; for he is a Sexagenarian, or in Love with some sixty of the Sex at once. Yet, for all this Special Licence, he doth not incline to marry; for "it is better," he saith, "to be a-walking with a darling Jewel of a Girl, by the sweet light of the Young May Moon, in the beautiful Groves of Blarney, than to be the Man in the Honey-Moon, looking about for Himself with a Lantern."

Sometimes, however, he will hunt a Fortune, by way of Chance, but he is apt to outrun it as well as his own; whereupon he betakes himself to Potheen, which consoles him for his Single Blessedness, by making it seem double. To conclude, he ends, as he had lived, with Spirit; for, taking a Drop of the Creature, he dies like a Creature of the Drop; to wit, in a Rope; for why? as he saith,—“It is better to hang than to be dependent.”



REGISTRATION.—A VOTE FOR CORK.



"HOW NEAT SHE SPREADS THE WHACKS!"

DOMESTIC POEMS.

"It's hame, hame, hame."—A. CUNNINGHAM.

"There's no place like home."—CLARI.

It has often been remarked—and never more likely than after hearing "John Anderson, my Jo," sung by Broadhurst, at a public dinner—that there is a species of Poetry, indigenous to Scotland, which might emphatically be called Domestic. The Land of Cakes is, indeed, peculiarly rich in songs and ballads of household interest, which, like their stock Tragedy of Douglas, may be said to be Home-made. The Caledonian Muse does not merely take a walk round the premises, speculating on the domestic comforts, or discomforts, the household affections, or disaffections, within; but she is invited and goes *ben*, far *ben*; makes herself quite at home; and is "treated as one of the family." She sits down, like a gossip as she is, at the ingle side; takes a peep into the muckle pat; pries into the cradle; and does not hesitate to spier into the dubious parentage of "young wee Donald." She gauges the meal-tub; and informs herself of the stock of siller in hand. There are no secrets with her. The gude wife and gude man unfold to her their most private affairs. They describe to her how they sleep, with a pint stoup at their bed feet; and confide to her all their particular gratifica-

tions and grievances. Johnny complains of a weary pound of tow,—that his wife does not drink hooly and fairly,—and hints that he should not

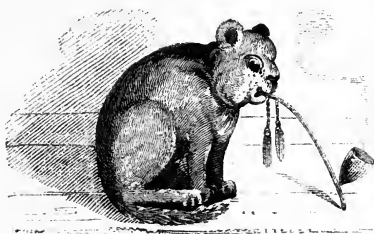
be sorry to see the termagant dished up in her winding-sheet:—Jeanie tells of his extravagance, in not wanting to take his old cloak about him; and asks counsel on the state of his grey breeks. The Daughter, if she be at home, gets the Muse in a corner, lets her into the names and number of her lovers; describes the modes and freedoms of their wooings; and repeats all their love-nonsense verbatim. In short, a Familiar of the Inquisition could not be more familiar with all the recesses of their



A STEP-MOTHER.

private life: only what the Muse knows she publishes; and, in the shape of ballads and songs, spreads her home news, scandal and all, throughout the parishes.

The English, on the contrary, have few Poems of this nature. The Muse does not sing like a cricket from our hearths; and with an abundance of home-made wines, we have scarcely a home-made song. This is a gap in our literature, a vacant shelf in our Family Library, that ought to be filled up. I cannot suppose that we are nationally deficient in the fireside feelings and homely affections which inspire a domestic ditty;—but take it for granted that the vein exists, though it has not been worked. In the hope of drawing the attention of our Bards to the subject, I venture to offer a few specimens of Domestic Poems, “such as”—to use the words of Doctor Watts—“I wish some happy and condescending Genius would undertake and perform much better.”



TOM PIPES.

I.

HYMENEAL RETROSPECTIONS.

O Kate! my dear Partner, through joy and through strife,
 When I look back at Hymen's dear day,
 Not a lovelier bride ever chang'd to a wife,
 Though you 're now so old, wizen'd, and grey!

Those eyes, then, were stars, shining rulers of fate!
 But as liquid as stars in a pool;
 Though now they 're so dim, they appear, my dear Kate,
 Just like gooseberries boil'd for a fool!

That brow was like marble, so smooth and so fair;
 Though it's wrinkled so crookedly now,
 As if Time, when those furrows were made by the share,
 Had been tipsy whilst driving his plough!



FANCY PORTRAIT—ALMA MATER.

Your nose, it was such as the sculptors all chose,
 When a Venus demanded their skill;
 Though now it can hardly be reckon'd a nose,
 But a sort of Poll-Parrotty bill!

Your mouth, it was then quite a bait for the bees,
 Such a nectar there hung on each lip;
 Though now it has taken that lemon-like squeeze,
 Not a blue-bottle comes for a sip!

Your chin, it was one of Love's favourite haunts,
 From its dimple he could not get loose;
 Though now the neat hand of a barber it wants,
 Or a singe, like the breast of a goose!

How rich were those locks, so abundant and full,
 With their ringlets of auburn so deep!
 Though now they look only like frizzles of wool,
 By a bramble torn off from a sheep!

That neck, not a swan could excel it in grace,
 While in whiteness it vied with your arms;
 Though now a grave 'kerchief you properly place,
 To conceal that scrag-end of your charms!

Your figure was tall, then, and perfectly straight,
 Though it now has two twists from upright—
 But bless you! still bless you! my Partner! my Kate!
 Though you be such a perfect old fright!

. 11.

The sun was slumbering in the West,
 My daily labours past;
 On Anna's soft and gentle breast
 My head reclined at last;—
 The darkness clos'd around, so dear
 To fond congenial souls,
 And thus she murmur'd at my ear,
 "My love, we're out of coals!"—

"That Mister Bond has call'd again,
 Insisting on his rent;
 And all the Todds are coming up
 To see us, out of Kent;—
 I quite forgot to tell you John
 Has had a tipsy fall;—
 I'm sure there's something going on
 With that vile Mary Hall!"—

“ Miss Bell has bought the sweetest silk,
And I have bought the rest—
Of course, if we go out of town,
Southend will be the best.—
I really think the Jones's house
Would be the thing for us ;—
I think I told you Mrs. Pope
Had parted with her *nus*—— ”

“ Cook, by the way, came up to-day,
To bid me suit myself—
And what d'ye think? the rats have gnawed
The victuals on the shelf.—
And, Lord ! there's such a letter come,
Inviting you to fight !
Of course you don't intend to go—
God bless you, dear, good night ! ”



‘ WE ARE SEVEN. ’

III.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON, AGED THREE YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS.

Thou happy, happy elf!
 (But stop,—first let me kiss away that tear)—
 Thou tiny image of myself!
 (My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
 Thou merry, laughing sprite!
 With spirits feather-light,
 Untouch'd by sorrow, and unsoil'd by sin—
 (Good heav'ns! the child is swallowing a pin!)



ARTHUR'S SEAT.

Thou little tricky Puck!
 With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
 Light as the singing bird that wings the air—
 (The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
 Thou darling of thy sire!
 (Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore a-fire!)
 Thou imp of mirth and joy!
 In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
 Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy!
 There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth;
 Fit playfellow for Fays, by moonlight pale,
 In harmless sport and mirth,
 (That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)

Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
 From ev'ry blossom in the world that blows,
 Singing in Youth's Elysium ever sunny,
 (Another tumble!—that's his precious nose!)

Thy father's pride and hope!
 (He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope)
 With pure heart newly stamp'd from Nature's mint—
 (Where *did* he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!
 (He'll have that jug off, with another shove!)
 Dear nurseling of the hymeneal nest
 (Are those torn clothes his best?)

Little epitome of man!
 (He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
 Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life—
 (He's got a knife!)

Thou enviable being!
 No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
 Play on, play on,
 My elfin John!

Toss the light ball—bestride the stick—
 (I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
 With fancies, buoyant as the thistle-down,
 Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
 With many a lamb-like frisk,
 (He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose!
 (Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
 Balmy and breathing music like the South,
 (He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
 Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,—
 (I wish that window had an iron bar!)
 Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,—
 (I tell you what, my love,
 I cannot write unless he's sent above!)



HAIR AND GERMAN BRISTLES.



A TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SON.

IV.

A SERENADE.

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!"
 Thus I heard a father cry,
 "Lullaby, oh, lullaby!"
 The brat will never shut an eye;
 Hither come, some power divine!
 Close his lids or open mine!"

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!"
 What the devil makes him cry?
 Lullaby, oh, lullaby!"
 Still he stares—I wonder why?
 Why are not the sons of earth
 Blind, like puppies, from the birth?"

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!"
 Thus I heard the father cry;
 "Lullaby, oh, lullaby!"
 Mary, you must come and try!—
 Hush, oh, hush, for mercy's sake—
 The more I sing, the more you wake!"

“Lullaby, oh, lullaby !
 Fie, you little creature, fie !
 Lullaby, oh, lullaby !
 Is no poppy-syrup nigh ?
 Give him some, or give him all,
 I am nodding to his fall ! ”

“Lullaby, oh, lullaby !
 Two such nights, and I shall die !
 Lullaby, oh, lullaby !
 He'll be bruised, and so shall I,—
 How can I from bedposts keep,
 When I'm walking in my sleep ? ”

“Lullaby, oh, lullaby !
 Sleep his very looks deny—
 Lullaby, oh, lullaby !
 Nature soon will stupify—
 My nerves relax,—my eyes grow dim—
 Who's that fallen—me or him ? ”



“I CANNOT WALK ABOUT WITH HIM ANY LONGER.”



EYE-ON A TRAGEDY.

THE CORRESPONDING CLUB.

MORE TROUBLES AT STOKE POGIS—TREASONABLE LETTERS—NOCTURNAL ASSEMBLAGES—AND CONSPIRACY AGAINST AN ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGE.

THE friends of social order will be grieved to learn that Peace cannot keep herself on the peace establishment; but that fresh disturbances have broken out in what may now be called the plague-spot of Her Majesty's dominions. The particulars have not transpired; but it is too certain that the chief magistrate of Stoke Pogis arrived last night by express, in his slippers, and without his hat. Fears are entertained by some persons for the safety of the capital; and the Lumber Troop has offered to march against the insurgents to Knightsbridge and back. The Common Council has been summoned; and the boys at the Military Asylum have received orders to hold themselves in readiness. The barometer has fallen to 19.58.

From an Official Organ.

Despatches supposed to be of utmost importance have been received in Downing Street; but in a cipher which as yet it has been impossible to decipher. Only two words have been made out, and they are at the very end of the document, viz. "Excuse haste."

From the "True News."

We have it from the best possible authority, that a discovery of an important nature has been made in a certain part of the kingdom, which some years back acquired for itself an unenviable notoriety. Under the peculiar circumstances, it would be improper to be more explicit; but our readers may rely on the accuracy as well as earliness of this intelligence.

From "The Seer."

Our unequivocal opinion has been often expressed, that the political weather would never remain eternally at Set Fair, but would retrograde sooner or later to Changeable, if not to Stormy, with the usual latitude as to locality; and our prediction is fulfilled to the letter. Without referring to Belgium, or France, or Russia, or Canada, or Mexico, or Jericho, we may triumphantly point nearer home, in proof that we have not "wasted our wind." There is a breeze at Stoke Pogis; and we only wait for the details to continue our prophecies. It will be remembered, that of all our contemporaries this journal was the only one that announced a great fall in potatoes simultaneously with a shower of Murphy's.

Extract from a Private Letter.

Their is sad wurk hear. The Inflammatory have been gitting the Steem up for sum time past, and the report says the hole Biling is explodid among the Stokers. It is said no too members of the Corporation hang together, and the Hed is blowd all the way up to Lonnnon.

From a Correspondent.

At a time when the news from Stoke Pogis is adapted to every voice, but with so many variations, every authentic note must be acceptable; and the following letter was kindly placed at our service by a gentleman who has a friend who has an acquaintance who has a relative in the disturbed district:—

MY DEAR CHARLES,

It is with a throbbing pen and a reluctant heart, that I sit down to inform you of the probable recurrence of those afflicting scenes which took place in the year '31. Our Village, though strictly a minor, appears to be getting up a tragedy more fit for the theatre of war than our very limited stage; but it is the unhappy effect of popular commotions to inflate the localities where they take place into a pernicious self importance; and Stoke Pogis having once attracted the eyes of all Europe, seems unwilling to return to its primitive obscurity. If you have ever visited any remote insignificant country hamlet, only remarkable for a Shocking Murder, but where the rustics are more conceited, the children more familiar, the young women more forward,

and the ale dearer than common, you will know what I mean. However, I did hope that the reign of law and subordination and property was set in sufficiently to last my time; but alas! it is ordered otherwise, and as Pope or somebody says, 'Chaos is come again.' It is, perhaps, too late when we are in the very vortex of an earthquake, to inquire by what false step we have arrived at such a precipice; but I cannot help thinking that the strong arm of the law, if called in earlier, might have crushed the embers under its foot. The exact extent of the danger is not known; but it is pretty certain that some Hampden, or Thistlewood, or Cromwell, or Coriolanus, or some such character, has sprung up; and, unless nipped in the focus, may explode into ramifications that no conciliation will eradicate. In the mean time, fear magnifies every thing; and, like Carpenter's celebrated Solar Microscope, produces the most terrific Bugbears out of next to nothing, till you almost expect that mite will overcome right. As a sample of these provincial rumours, it is currently believed here that we are threatened with a descent by a Russian Armada, which has already seized upon our whalers, with all their oil and blubber, to serve as tenders in carrying provisions for their fleet. Time will show, and in the meanwhile



"WE SHALL HAVE A FALL OF SOME KIND."

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A TALE-BEARER.

I remain, dear Charles, &c.

H. J. P.

P.S.—I send you a copy of the 'Pogian Argus.' It is a week old, but will serve to show the incipient turbulence that smoothed the way to the present crisis.

From the "Pogian Argus."

Although no alarmists, we cannot help calling the attention of our local authorities to the threatening posture and decidedly serious aspect of a certain party in this place. We flattered ourselves that the *cordon sanitaire* of sound and loyal principles we had drawn round the neighbourhood would protect it effectually from contagion; and that Stoke Pogis, so much smaller than Birmingham, and so much quieter



A RADICAL DEMON-STRATION.

than Sheffield, would be secure from political disturbance. We have been deceived. On Saturday night last, what is called a "Demonstration" took place at the Pig and Puncheon, the notorious Timothy Gubbins, of Guy Fox celebrity, in the chair. The taproom was crowded to excess; and many speeches were delivered, the sentiments of which, and a great deal of the language, were anything but English. After some preliminaries had been gone through,

The Chairman said, he hoped every gentleman would make him-

self comfortable. They was met there for the good of the nation, including the good of the house; and he hoped, in calling for reform, every gentleman would call for what he liked best. Nobody was tied to nothing, either in spouting or drinking. He trusted as how there would be an impartial hearing, and that no gentleman's mouth would be stopped, so long as he drank his own beer.

Reuben Taylor said he riz early to recommend an early rising. The people had laid down long enough. There was no sort of use in getting up petitions—they ought to get up themselves. If they loved the country they would rise betimes. It was a great point to be wide awake and up to everything. He would repeat to them a line from the immortal and patriotic Burns:—

"Now's the time, and now's the hour,"

namely, four o'clock in summer, and six in winter.

Philip Grumpage was for all sorts of equality. All men was born

little at first, and no human being had a right to be more shorter or taller, or fatter, or thinner, or richer, or poorer, or wiser, or unwiser than another. In New Harmony there was no first fiddles.

Jacob Parish stood up for the poor. Short Commons and Universal Suffrage was the birthrights of the poorest pauper on earth. He recommended their all signing the Beggar's Petition, and getting it presented to the House of Lords.

Didimus Tibbs was for any strong proceeding that had no spirit in it. They were more tyrannised over by Gin, Brandy, and Rum, than by King, Lords, and Commons. Some said measures not men, but he said vice varsy. All measures was bad, from a gill to a gallon. Our public Houses wanted reforming. There was no fair representation; for whatever other pumps there might be, there was no member for Aldgate. He differed with Mr. Hume. The total of the whole ought to be tea—it agreed with the chest. If they were resolved on a strike, he should vote as an amendment Tea and Turn-out.

Peter Plumridge went along with the speaker as went afore. The best way to get at the Exchequer, was through the excise-office. Let them leave off every thing as was taxed, direct or indirect. A man might have consequentially to go unshod, unkiver'd, unwashed, unhoused, unfed, untaught, undrest, unwatered, unlighted, unwatch'd, unattended, unphysicked, unburied, and untestate, but it would be for the public good. Self-denial was a virtue. He had practised it a little himself, and had left off soap.



COMING TO THE POINT.

Ebenezer Snuggles was all for 'tineranting. He had 'tineranted all over the country, and it did him good. The last place he preached at was Smithfield, and he always had a flock. He did not like the present ministry, and was always preaching at them to resign. It was a powerful instrument. He had preached to a Cripplegit widow till she was as resigned as a lamb.

The Reverend Stephen Leech said he didn't mind a sight of blood. It always came eagerly, as if it enjoyed being let out. He had been accused of liking brute force. So did Barclay and Perkins, for it drew all their drays. Nothing could be moved or carried without physical power—not even a parcel. As for arms, the working classes could not work without 'em. Petitioning was a farce. He wanted to bring down the quartern loaf; and, as every sportsman knew, the way to bring down anything was to shoot at it. Give a man a gun; and if he

aimed straight, the game was in his own hands. He advised every poor man to save up three pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence, and take out his certificate. One word about dragooning. There was one thing a man on horseback was very shy of, and that was a pike. He recommended all his hearers to keep a 'pike. A good stick was better than nothing in some cases; and if it came to a battle he meant to cut his stick himself.

Timothy Boltbee prescribed all existing evils to unperfect edication. He had gone among the lower classes on purpose to learn their



THE TRUCK SYSTEM.

ignorance, and they positively knowed nothing. He was for universal schools everywheres on the cheap principle, namely, the ignorant teaching one another. For his own part, he owed all his prominent figure to being a schollard.

An individual, who addressed the meeting with his hat on, deprecated any violence. Things might be done quietly. He belonged to a Friendly Society, which had great objects in view. They had already the command of the Corn Market; and if they could only get hold of the Money Market, and the Cattle Market, the Coal Market, and the rest of the Markets, they might dictate their own terms to Ministers or any one else. He did not object to a little bodily agitation, and advised Quakers' Meetings to be called in every part of the country.

Tobias Hurlin objected to the New Police. He had never been in favour with them from the beginning. He was convinced that raw lobsters did not agree with the Constitution.

William Polterton wanted to associate. He did not care what with. He was for the immediate formation of a Political Burial Society. If they liked they could have a Precursor Society afterwards.

A Mrs. Frisby here presented herself (there were several females present) and expressed herself very strongly. She concurred in all that had been said, and a great deal more. Some people thought females had no right to their rights. Women knew where shoes

pinched as well as men, and could be quite as oratorical. She was always pressing on her daughters to form Unions. There was nothing like agitation. A good deal might be done at home. She had agitated her own husband that very morning, and if every wife did the same they would soon obtain their ends. She argued with him day and night, and was glad to say she had made him an apostate at last. He didn't like to show himself up at a public meeting, having an impediment; but he was putting himself into a pamphlet. She liked cheap prints. Ministries would never have been so badly advised if they had consulted the soft sex. Women could fight too like lions and tigers, when their sperrits were put up. There was Mary Ann Talbot that fit with the French. She wished all the Niggers at Old Nick,



SPIRIT AND WATER.

The humane and pious had been so diverted with African floggings and cruelties they forgot the English ones. She liked white Natives better than black ones. Then there was the Corn Bill. She had never been in a scrimmage, but she thought she could let fly a blunderbuss. Justice wasn't justice any where. What had we done for the Irish, except taking all their pigs and butter from them? Why wasn't there a Poor Law for the rich? She hated taxgatherers, and was always glad when one was a defaulter.

The Chairman begged pardon for interrupting, but mayhap the lady was dry?

Mrs. Frisby said she had tea'd. Thank God, her lungs were very good. She had tried with her own family, and she could lecter three hours on a stretch. There was still the Bastiles and the Tithes, and the Pensioning List, and the Factory Children, and Army Flogging, and 'Resting for Debt, and Law Reform, and Corporation Reform, and Church Reform, and Parliament Reform, and Police Reform, and all sorts of reforms to be gone through. She would talk till her tongue reached to Windsor Castle.

(Left speaking when our Reporter came away.)

(Further Particulars.)

The intelligence last received from Stoke Pogis is of a most distressing nature. The Grand Civic Banquet, which was to have taken place this day, has been postponed *sine die*, on account of the disturbed state of the place. The Aldermen are distracted, and hardly know how to act. They have just called in Dr. Corby, who, from his extensive practice, is supposed to be well acquainted with the state of the public pulse. He says the lower orders want lowering, and recommends a prompt exhibition of physical force, and the Riot Act to be read every three hours. In the meantime, Bundy, our new Head Constable, is very active on his own responsibility, and has arrested two suspicious ballad-singers for chaunting the Canadian Boat-song with an Irish pronunciation of "Row, brothers, row." Alas! we have row enough!

10 o'Clock.

The ferment increases. Mr. Higginbottom, who was never popular, has just been mobbed to his own door. There is an awful crowd round the Post Office, and another at the door of the Town Hall, endeavouring to read a hand-bill, which, in the agitation of the moment, has been pasted upside down. With some difficulty we have obtained a copy.

"CONSPIRACY. £50 REWARD.

"WHEREAS a certain treasonable letter or letters have been instilled into the box of the Post Office of this place which is filled with seditious practises the above Reward is hereby offered on conviction for the Writer or Writers thereof.

"JOHN OSLER, Clerk.

BOULTER, Mayor."

12 o'Clock.

It is ascertained beyond doubt, that the recent Demonstration at the Pig and Puncheon has led to the organisation of a secret association similar to the famous "Corresponding Society," in the time of the earlier French Revolution. Several treasonable letters have been intercepted. Warrants are out against the whole of the parties implicated in the above meeting, but hitherto nobody is apprehended, except Mrs. Frisby, who is committed to the new Cage.

(Private Letter.)

DEER MRS. HUMPHRIS,

I am going to brake bad news Wen I rit formally that our erupshuns was all over, I was no better than a spurus Profit in the Pockrifer. Stock Poggis is in a relaps! I did hop having the revolushin once wood seacure us to eternity, but alass, it may be had twice as well as the Small Pock. I regret to add a more milignint sort than afore. Praps if it had been took in tim—but its no yuse antissipatting wat is past and gon. Here we are agin in civil convulshuns, with all sorts of revolting, risings up of the verry dregs of the populus! But

oh! Mrs. Humphris, wat could be lucked for but sich reversals wen the hole Wurld is gone topsy turvy, and femails of our own Sects, for I won't call them Wimmin, go making themselves promminant at Pig and Punchings! Wat do you think of Mrs. Frisby sitting up for Demy Gog, and mixing promiscusly in a Tap-rum, and spowting out her inflameable sentimints like a fiery Draggon on the top of a table? I only wish I was a Mare for her sack and she should Duck in a horspond. Howsumever, I have had the comfit to see her collapsed between two pelises, and pully-hald thro' the publick streets with a hole tote of tag-ragging and bob-tale to her desserts, namely, the New Cage wear she is instelling her pisonus Docterings thro' the Bars to a complete rotundity of littel Boys. Thank Gudness Mr. J. is not obligated to partake in the crisus, but is handy to purtect me from any personable danger. As sich I am quite collectid in the parler without locking in, and my riting is more composd. Their is nothing in tribbleation and travel like having a Mail within screech.

As yusual our leader as ort to be has took frite and run away down every rode except the propper. No won can be more official and pumpusly fussy when their is nothin to do; but the moment the minit cums for acting, hes off with the Stage. To be shure he is allmost a second child for gray-hares; but, as Mr. J. says, wen activity is most requird mere experence is my Granmuther. Sumthing precoshus ort to have bean dun more prematurely. Wen it was too late a well-afectid meating was called, but it did not anser. All the wust sentimints had the best spekers on their side, till at long and last Dr. Corby lost patients and pitcht the grate Hink Stand at won of the factishus party, but mist his ame and blackt the pore Beadle all over. Unluckly we have lost a rite harm in pore Wagstaff the Hi Constabil, who desist sudenly as he allways apprehended, and I trust was taken up. But the suckseeding won does

his best, and is warranting every suspishus character he can find. As for Mr. Tuder, he is more balder and short-sited and deffer then ever, besides a paradoxical stroak, but he does all the good he can with his circumbendibus. I ort to have rit circumstaneis, but the holly below in the street quite transmigrates ones idears. That dredful Wigsby had imperial



GETTING A HOLE HOLIDAY.

orders to confine all his Schollards in the Free School under lock and key, but he was allways on the libberty taking side, and giv them a hole hollyday insted; and wenever Mrs. Frisby's vocative pours cums

to a stand, the paws is filled with a hooray from the most cheering wretches in the place. A fine dangerous noys for a gentilman to cum riding by on an incumpattable horse.

I expect every minuit to hear poppin and explodding, and sit tremblin in my skin for fear of a discharge. Fir-arms is my horror! I reely



GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE!

think any spontanous combusting wood kill me out rite! But lord help us if it cums to shutting up and down the streets like Parris or Brussles! In sich a case Mr. J. says, all you can do is to make yureself bumb-proof and trust the rest to Providins. Thank heven he volunteard out of the army just wen it was wantid, and need not be exposd. But I do think it was precipitus to dissolve the Yomanry in spit of all the Cavilry on the subject. Nothing can be more unparshal then horsis in dispersin a mob, and as for the riders I will say they never seamed to no witch side they wear on or off.

The wust of our sitation is we have not the most distant prospect of wat is threttening. Sum say we ar to be powder plotted over agin by Gy Fox, and others say we are to be infernaly shot at like the French King by Alibi. The Town Crier is as tottley hignorant as anny boddy, and Mr. Barber is equally unintelligent. Even our forin comunicashuns seems to be circumventid. The Carryer ort to have cum in too hours ago.

Def Gorge has jist returnd from his errants and Grashus Pours! wat a wicked self-committing story he tells! Mr. Skultz the Germin French bred backer has been rashly diskivered suspended in his own bakus! The very last man alive too as won wood suspect of sich an extravagans for he was as sobber and stedly and ploddy and drugging as any mil horse in his bisness and had maid out all his customery bills and postid his legger up to the fattle act. And then to dress himself in all his best close as if for a Weding or Chrisning with sich a last dying speach as follow in his pockit "Forety year I have side for libbertis rising and he is cum at last—The world is now wurth livin in and I quit him, with plesure." Oh Mrs. Humphris! to leave the World behind markt with sich a roddimantade! But Ingland is not wat it was.

Volluntary departers are as common as the mizzles. To my mind its all owin to the long piece that interduces forin fashuns even in sewy side. I allude to charecolling. Theirs Miss Creasy the dress maker after having the fashuns reglarly from Parris for some months was indust in a luv tif to shut her self up solus with the prevailing mode, but luckily the charcole went out fust. To giv her dew she is very pennytenshus for trying to put a wrong end to herself but dreadful lo in sperrits as she cant be reckonsild to make a shew of herself as is expectid with other rekivered peple at the Rial Human Anyversenary by marchin processhunally round the table a carrying her pan. Praps she is rite. I have objexshuns meself to defunked objex wauking after their deths.

News at last! Mrs. Fips the post Masters Wif has jist faverd me with a caul. She is verry misterous, and difficult to be got out of as our pump till its fetcht. Theres an awful plot and privycumspiracy been laid and all but hatcht at our verry dores:—but she declines menshunning the particularities. She found it all out she says most provedently by means of a letter that cum unseald of its own accord. Howsumever on other matters she opend herself without reserve and wat an exposhure it is! Oh Mrs. Humphris! the hole place will be discomfitted for ever! It seems Mr. Higginbottom considerd it his public dewty to inspect into all the privit letters at the office witch to be sure might be interrupted into a motive of curosity and has led to a deal of warm argy bargy pro and con on both sides. For my own parts I cannot say confidenshally I should prefer to have my own hed and hart laid open to the public eye. However pore sole if he was blammable

he has been maid an instrument of punishment by falling on his own head. Mrs. Fips says he had bearly red abuv a dozzin singles and doubles wen behold all at once he maid a rush out of her shop taring and swaring like a Bedlam and was mobbed and bullick hunted home by the blaggards and boys. Wat past inside the house has not cum round yet but of corse it will thro the servants and when the quarril transpires she will let me no. But that is only a begining of a chapter. Only think if all the domesticle secrises

of a place was to be learnd from its postesses! Wat divorcis and dewils there will be. She wont name names but Mrs. Fips says more than



MORE BILLING THAN COOING.

one femail karacter has calld express alreddy to inquier if it had been looked into. But sich is a revilushun! Even without blud shed it cuts off members from one annother and throws half the heds of fammilis into biling water!



A DETACHMENT OF INFANTRY.

As Mrs. Fips says sich evils make one allmost dubbius whether scooling is more a blessin or a cus to the lour orders Lord nose. Praps without going so fir as setting a forbid-din face agin all larning it woud be prudential to confine that spear of life to wurds of one sillabus and then they could not meddle with pollytix or infiddlety, or seadition and sich like harrystocraticle studdis abuv their ranks. For sartin a deal of mischef cums of pen and inkin. Their is pore Mary Griggs whose husbund has been set agin her by an anonimus litter. Its expected they will part and

wat on erth can becum of them if him an her and all the five or six pore childering is to be two for the futer? What can cum but rack and manger—I should say rack and ruing—Drat that Mrs. Frisby! The hubbub is wus and wus with something like a clatterin of horsis. Grashus Pours! Mr. Blagg the Church Warding says in at the win-der the Draggons has been detacht for and is jist gallupin in with naked sords. Mercy on us wat hawful groning and wimmins skreeks! I do hop and pray the populus will not stay to be overcharged. Oh Mrs. Humphris you must excuse moor at present. I am half kild alreddy—and my husbund will finish it.

* * * * *

From Mr. J.

DEAR MRS. H.,

It is my unpleasant duty to have to corobborate every word my wife has said. The troops is drawn up in the High Street, and Marshal Law is expected to act as soon as any Justice can be found to go along with him. By favour of Mr. Osler, the Town Clerk, I have just had the pleasure of perusing one of the most diabolical seditious letters ever wrote. He has kindly allowed a copy, which I enclose for your

gratification, and that of your friends, and remain with my wife's best sentiments including my own,

Yours, &c. &c.,

NATHANIEL JONES.

(Copy.)

BROTHER GRAND,

This is to inform the Club held its Meeting last nite at the old Place, with a full attending. The old Bisness were brought forrard and went the way it oughted to. Sneak Home wanted more milder proceeding. But it was no go. Radicle Jack spoke up like a Trump. He said noboddy was satisfide with the Mesures brought in. They had been put of with prommises long enow the last Bill was shameful and ought to be resisted to the last Drop. If they submitted aney longer they was not Men. Every boddy knew what privit resons Sneak Home had, but he would get verry Few to jine him in sticking up for the Crown. Great Chearing at that. The time was come for a decisive movement. It would be all verry well if so be the Queen's head were left to itself. But there was another Party behind as cared for anything but the good of the Public. More chears. As for Old Prime, they had stuck by him too long Alredy all he wanted was to defraud them off their rites and give us as littel as he could. But the day of Reckning would come and then he would see what he add got by his half mesures. More chearing. In the mean wile to act effective there must be Munny in hand And a good many out standing Subscriptions was earnestly invited to Walk in. Famous chearing. Twenty four new Members was voted in and took the Oths—and several Officers chose and appointed to Duties.

F. VICE.



"CHAIR, CHAIR! ORDER, ORDER!"

From the Pogian Argus. (By Express.)

AN atrocious document, of which the following is a copy, has just been intercepted. We offer no comment—it speaks for itself. Some of the words, it will be perceived, are illegible in the original.

(Copy.)

DEAR DICK,

About nite Wurk we was on Sundy nite—and got on midling well But should hav dun better with Guns apeace. That must be * * * * sum hows. Club met last Nite and it was Movd and Carrid to * * * * off the Queens hed.

DARKY.

P.S. Yure Plan is a good move But yew must make shure of the Gard,

From the "Exclusive."

A GENTLEMAN just arrived from the Neighbourhood of Stoke Pogis, where he collected everything he could hear from any body he met. The reports were very serious indeed. An infatuated mob with a banner inscribed "Bred for Ever" had burned every baker's shop in the place, and was proceeding avowedly to set fire to Mrs. Griggs's water mill and throw all the flour into the dam. Another band also bearing a flag with the motto "Vurk and Vages" had destroyed Mr. Grubbin's extensive manufactory, and great fears were entertained for Mr. Trotter's. The Dragoons had been ordered to charge in the High Street, and had gone over to the other side. Mr. Higginbottom was killed by a brick-bat, and Mr. Wigsby had elected himself Dictator. The Church of St. Magnum Bonus alone was left standing. All the other public buildings were burned down, and the once elegant Town Hall, containing the invaluable portraits of the successive Mayors, since 1450, was a heap of ruins.

(Private Letter.)

MY DEAR CHARLES,

I resume my pen to give you the consoling and yet displeasing intelligence that our Riots are at an end. To speak more correctly they have never begun—however the dragoons are at this moment trotting out of the town, and my opposite neighbour Mrs. Faddy and her daughters are alighting from the carriage-and-four in which they have been sitting all the morning, to fly from the Revolution when it came. The mobs have dispersed—the prisoners are released and the streets are quiet, with the exception that one of the liberated, a Mrs. Frisby, is complaining somewhat loudly of the violated liberties of a subject during her walk home. If you ask me how this blessed calm was effected, what hand poured the oil, or what Xerxes chastised the refractory wave, truth compels me to say we are not indebted to magisterial firmness and sagacity, or constabulary activity, or even the presence of the military, for this desirable result. Peace has not been restored like Louis the XVIII. by any foreign interference,—She has literally restored herself. The writers of what have been denominated the diabolical, seditious, and highly treasonable letters, have been discovered, or rather they have discovered themselves, and it turns out that, like other pseudo Tragedies,

our provincial Drama of Domestic Interest has failed only for want of a plot. I feel almost ashamed to expose to you the flimsy materials of which the truly imposing fabric was constructed, that has just tumbled about the ears of its architects. But the explanation which has been given is too clear and consistent to be questioned. The formidable "Corresponding Club" is simply what is vulgarly called a Free and Easy, and the discontents of its members are confined to the badness of the beer, the shortness of the measures, the dearness of the charges, and certain irksome regulations of the landlord's at the public-house they frequent. Being what is termed a brewer's house, the influence in the background, which one of the letters alludes to, will be easily understood. The master, one Prime, is to my own knowledge not over courteous to his customers, nor particularly honest; and under such circumstances it is very natural to come to a resolution of "*leaving off the 'Queen's Head.'*" For the night work, and the armed meetings, the game-keepers in the neighbourhood could probably find a solution, and furnish moreover, a very satisfactory reason for forming an acquaintance with the Guard of the Mail. In short, to use a classical allusion, our Volcanic Mountain has brought forth a most ridiculous mouse!



"THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUERED."

Accustomed to venerate all constituted authorities, I cannot reflect without pain and humiliation on the very absurd figures, if I may say so, which the Supreme Functionaries of my dear and native Village must now present to the rest of the world. It is equally distressing and ludicrous to see one of them pass by, like Alderman Chowder, just now, with a look which I can only compare to that of an individual who has hanged himself and been cut down—ashamed of what he had done and ashamed of what he had not. To add to the annoyance of the discomfited Corporation, the writers of the letters have claimed the reward so rashly offered, and which will probably have to be paid out of their own pockets—the opposition party declaring loudly that the sum shall never be allowed in the municipal accounts.

I am,
My dear Charles, &c. &c.

H. J. P.

P.S.—I enclose a curious document: a copy of verses which, perhaps very naturally under the circumstances of the times, our Recorder mistook for an incendiary song.

COME, all conflagrating fellows,
Let us have a glorious rig:
Sing old Rose, and burn the bellows!
Burn me, but I'll burn my wig!

Christmas time is all before us:
Burn all puddings, north and south.
Burn the Turkey—Burn the Devil!
Burn snap-dragon! burn your mouth!

Burn the coals! they're up at sixty!
Burn Burn's Justice—burn Old Coke.
Burn the chestnuts. Burn the shovel!
Burn a fire, and burn the smoke!

Burn burnt almonds. Burn burnt brandy.
Let all burnings have a turn.
Burn Chabert, the Salamander,—
Burn the man that wouldn't burn!

Burn the old year out, don't ring it;
Burn the one that must begin.
Burn Lang Syne; and, whilst you're burning,
Burn the burn he paidled in.

Burn the boxing! Burn the Beadle!
Burn the baker! Burn his man!
Burn the butcher—Burn the dustman.
Burn the sweeper, if you can!

Burn the Postman! burn the postage!
Burn the knocker—burn the bell!
Burn the folks that come for money!
Burn the bills—and burn 'em well.

Burn the Parish! Burn the rating!
Burn all taxes in a mass.
Burn the Paving! Burn the Lighting!
Burn the burners! Burn the gas!

Burn all candles, white or yellow—
Burn for war, and not for peace;
Burn the Czar of all the Tallow!
Burn the King of all the Greece!

Burn all canters—burn in Smithfield,
 Burn Tea-Total hum and bug;
 Burn his kettle, burn his water,
 Burn his muffin, burn his mug!

Burn the breeks of meddling vicars,
 Picking holes in Anna's Urns!
 Burn all Steers's Opodeldoc,
 Just for being good for burns.

Burn all swindlers! Burn Asphaltum!
 Burn the money-lenders down—
 Burn all schemes that burn one's fingers!
 Burn the Cheapest House in town!



THE DEVIL TO PAY, AND NO PITCH HOT.

Burn all bores and boring topics;
 Burn Brunel—aye, in his hole!
 Burn all *subjects* that are Irish!
 Burn the niggers black as coal!

Burn all Boz's imitators!
 Burn all tales without a head!
 Burn a candle near the curtain
 Burn your Burns, and burn your bed!

Burn all wrongs that won't be righted,
Poor poor Soup, and Spanish claims—
Burn that Bell, and burn his Vixen!
Burn all sorts of burning shames!

Burn the Whigs! and burn the Tories!
Burn all parties, great and small!
Burn that everlasting Poynder—
Burn his Suttees once for all!

Burn the fop that burns tobacco.
Burn a Critic that condemns.—
Burn Lucifer and all his matches!
Burn the fool that burns the Thames!

Burn all burning agitators—
Burn all torch-parading elves!
And oh! burn Parson Stephen's speeches,
If they haven't burnt themselves.



BURNT OUT FROM OVER THE WAY.



"ALL IN ONE DAY."

QUERIES IN NATURAL HISTORY,

I.

ARE Fish Deaf as well as Dumb?

Certainly not; or why should there be a picture in a certain Catholic Church of an Apostle preaching to a scaly congregation, with their heads and shoulders attentively lifted out of the water? Besides, Izaak Walton gives an instance of Carp which were regularly collected at feeding time, like human creatures, by the sound of a dinner-bell. It is established then that they hear with their outward ears; but do they do it with understanding? Passing over as fabulous the fishes of four colours in the Arabian Nights, which heard and comprehended the Fairy's address to them, and even answered it from the pan—I think it may be predicated of a Brill. A few days back I saw a fish of this description offered for sale at the door of the house opposite to my own. —“Will you buy a fine Brill, Ma'am—quite fresh—only caught this



FLYING FISH.

morning—leaping alive?" The Brill on the contrary lay, dab, on the board, as "stale, flat, and unprofitable," as a fish could look. "Why no—not to-day," was the answer of Mrs. Cook. The board was caught up again, and with the woman had just cleared the door, when, behold! the Brill threw as much of a somerset as any fish out of water could be expected to perform. Could a Christian—supposing we bought and boiled Christians and ate them with anchovy sauce—could a Christian have behaved more brilliantly under such an emergency?

II.

Can a Fly read in a book?

"Yes," answers a Punster; "all the *fly-leaf*." But the question is intended seriously. Can the insect read—read like a child that runs—read like a reader in a printing office? Not to enumerate the quantity



TAKING A FLY AT A WATERING-PLACE.

of Fugitive—or flying—Poems, the Flying Post, and other works which seem expressly addressed to a Blue Bottle's perusal, I flatter myself that the question in question can be provided with a settler. I happened to be reading one day near the open window, when a Fly came and settled on the open page; it then began to run backward and forward along the lines in such a very suspicious manner, as to induce me to watch its motions. And very curious they were! The book was the Eccentric Mirror, and the chapter an account of one Mr. Joseph Capper, a whim-

sical character, who used to live at the Horns at Kennington. We—for I must include the other—had read on very comfortably through several sentences, till coming to the mention of a strong fly-killing propensity, which procured for Mr. Capper the nickname of Domitian—judge of my astonishment when I saw the insect jump up as if it had burnt its feet, and fly rapidly away! The following little anecdote appears to confirm my theory. When I was last in Dublin, I was struck by seeing over a shop an inscription strangely at variance with the trade carried on within. After making some trifling purchase, I ven-

tured to ask the proprietor for the reason of this discrepancy. "Sure, thin," said he, "it was to spare the sugar. There was **GROCEER** at first there up over the winder, but it brought so many of the flies, bad luck to them! that I have had **TOBACCONIST** put up instead."

III.

Has a cat nine lives?

A cat, it is said, has nine lives; but on what authority is unknown. Perhaps Julius Cæsar, or Seizer, or Seize-her, whose bitter warfare against the *Cattii* is well known, invented the fatal saying. Possibly it came from Catiline, who, amongst his other conspiracies, entertained one against the whole feline race. At all events it was the invention of an enemy. The nine lives were cunningly set up, like nine pins, to invite the knocking of them down again. Hence an Inquisition, which,

instead of sharing the fate of the other so called tribunal, is still in active existence, and numerous are the victims, tabby and tortoiseshell, that have perished under its examinations. At the first hint of the ninefold tenure, every boy of an inquiring turn feels inclined to look into such an extraordinary dispensation; and though it should be his own aunt's cat—which is always half a relation—the young Cateran does not hesitate to test its



TRAGIC MEWS.

imputed vitality. Indeed, all classes seem to feel themselves catcalled to decide upon the point; and the result is, that Grimalkin is not only as easily brought to her catastrophe as any other animal, but has actually above nine modes of death (any one of them a dose) distinctly addressed to her. Here is the Catalogue:—

1. By a Catapult—or Cat-pelting engine for throwing stones, &c.
2. By Catarrh—a rosy disease of the throat.
3. By a Cataclysm or Cataract—*vulgo* drowning.
4. By Cat o' ninetails—or flogging to death.
5. By Catacombing—or premature interment.
6. By Catalepsy—or cat's fits.
7. By the Catling—or surgeon's knife for dissection.

8. By Catsup—made with toadstools in lieu of mushrooms.
9. By Catamaran—or exposure on a raft in a pond.
10. By Catechising dogmatically with terriers.
11. By Care—which proverbially kills cats.

To which might be added felis de se, or cattish suicide. When I resided in chambers in the Adelphi, a strange cat by some accident got shut up in a back room, four stories from the ground. Unluckily she had kittens at home, and being separated from her brood, and anxious for her offspring, she made a spring off the window to the yard, where, as a sailor would say, she stove in her cat-head.

Talking of Cats, the following characteristic anecdote of an eminent but eccentric surgeon has never before appeared in print. A poor woman went to him to enquire what was the proper treatment for some bodily wound. "Put on a Cataplasm," was the answer. "But, Doctor, its for a little child. 'Then put on a Kittenplasm.'"

LORD DURHAM'S RETURN.

"On revient toujours."—*French Song.*

"And will I see his face again,
And will I hear him speak?"

There's nae Luck about the House.

"THE Inconstant is come!"
It's in every man's mouth;
From the East to the West,
From the North to the South;
With a flag at her head,
And a flag at her stern;
Whilst the Telegraph hints
At Lord Durham's return.

Turn wherever you will,
It's the great talk and small;
Going up to Cornhill,
Going down to Whitehall;
If you ask for the news,
It's the first you will learn,
And the last you will lose,
My Lord Durham's return.

The fat pig in the sty,
And the ox in the stall,
The old dog at the door,
And the cat on the wall;
The wild bird in the bush,
And the hare in the fern,
All appear to have heard
Of Lord Durham's return.

It has flown all abroad,
It is known to goose-pens,
It is bray'd by the ass,
It is cackled by hens:
The Pintadas, indeed,
Make it quite their concern,
All exclaiming, "Come back!"
At Lord Durham's return.

It's the text over wine,
And the talk after tea;
All are singing one tune,
Though not set in one key.
E'en the Barbers unite
Other gossip to spurn,
Whilst they lather away
At Lord Durham's return.

All the Painters leave off,
And the Carpenters go,
And the Tailor above
Joins the Cobbler below,
In whole gallons of beer
To expend what they earn,
While discussing one pint,—
My Lord Durham's return.

It is timed in the Times,
 With the News has a run,
 Goes the round of the Globe,
 And is writ in the Sun.
 Like the Warren on walls,
 Fancy seems to discern,
 In great letters of chalk,
 "Try Lord Durham's return!"

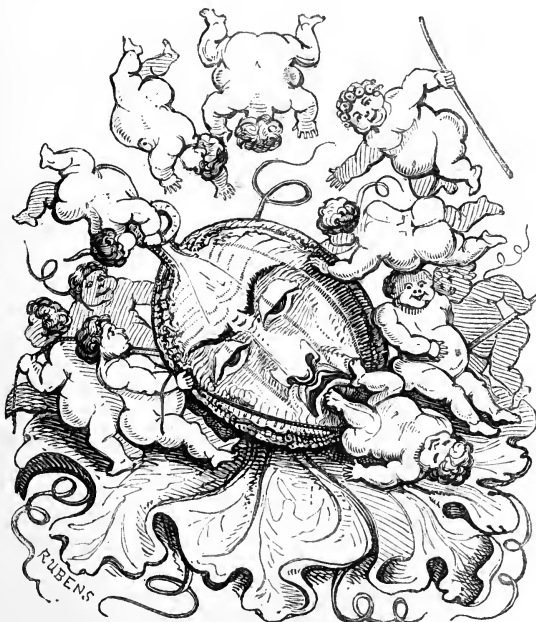
Not a murder comes out;
 The reporters repine;
 And a hanging is scarce
 Worth a penny a line.
 If a Ghost reappeared
 With his funeral urn,
 He'd be thrown in the shade
 By Lord Durham's return.

No arrival could raise
 Such a fever in town;
 There's a talk about 'Change
 Of the Stocks going down;
 But the Butter gets up
 Just as if in the churn,
 It forgot it should come
 In Lord Durham's return.

The most silent are loud;
 The most sleepy awake;
 Very odd that one man
 Such a bustle can make!
 But the schools all break up,
 And both Houses adjourn,
 To debate more at ease
 On Lord Durham's return.

Is he well? is he ill?
 Is he cheerful or sad?
 Has he spoken his mind
 Of the breeze that he had?
 It was rather too soon
 With home-sickness to yearn;
 There will come something yet
 Of Lord Durham's return.

There's a sound in the wind
 Since that ship is come home;
 There are signs in the air
 Like the omens of Rome;
 And the lamps in the street,
 And the stars as they burn,
 Seem to give a flare-up
 At Lord Durham's return!



"AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY!"



A MAN-EATER.

THE CHARACTER.

"I would give ten thousand pounds for a character."

COLONEL CHARTRES.

"IF you please, Ma'am," said Betty, wiping her steaming arms on her apron as she entered the room, "if you please, Ma'am, here's the lady for the character."

Mrs. Dowdum immediately jumped up from her chair, and with a little run, no faster than a walk, proceeded from the window to the fireplace, and consulted an old-fashioned watch which stood on the mantelshelf.

"Bless me! it is twelve o'clock sure enough!"

Now, considering that the visit was by appointment, and had been expected for the last hour, it will be thought remarkable that Mrs. Dowdum should be so apparently unprepared; but persons who move in the higher circles within the vortex of what is called a perpetual round of pleasure, where visits, welcome or unwelcome, circulate with proportionate rapidity, can hardly estimate the importance of an interview in those lower spheres which, comparatively, scarcely revolve at all. Thus for the last hour Mrs. Dowdum had been looking for the promised call, and listening with all her might for the sound of the knocker; and yet when it did come, she was as much flurried as people commonly are by what is denominated a drop in. Accordingly, after consulting the watch, she found it necessary to refer to the looking-glass which hung above it, and to make an extempore toilet. First, she laid hold of her cap with both hands, and gave it—her flaxen wig following the impulse—what sailors term a half turn to the right, after which she repeated the same manœuvre towards the left; and then, as if by this operation she had discovered the *juste milieu*, she left matters as they were. Her shawl was next treated in the same fashion, first being lapped over one way, and then lapped over the other, and carefully pinned. Finally she

gathered up a handful of the front of her gown below the waist, and gave it a smart tug downwards; and then having stroked it with both hands to make it "sit flat," if possible, instead of round, the costume was considered as quite correct. The truth is, the giving a character is an important business to all parties concerned: to the subject who is about to be blazoned or branded as good for everything or good for nothing—to the inquirer, who is on the eve of adopting a Pamela or a Jezabel—and last, not least, to the referee herself, who must show that she has a character to preserve, as well as one to give away. There are certain standard questions always asked on such occasions, against one of which, "Is she clean and neat in her habits?" Mrs. Dowdum had already provided. "Is she sober?" and Mrs. Dowdum thrust a bottle of catsup, but which might have been taken for ratifia, into the corner cupboard. "Is she honest?" and Mrs. Dowdum poked the Newgate Calendar she had been reading under the sofa bolster. An extra query will occasionally be put—"Is she decidedly pious?" and Mrs. Dowdum took up "Pilgrim's Progress." Lastly, two chairs were placed near the window, as chairs always are placed when the respective sitters are to give and take a character. The reader will perhaps smile here; but in reality there is a great deal of expression about those rose-wood or mahogany conveniences. A close observer who enters a parlour or drawing-room, and finds a parcel of empty seats away from the wall, can judge pretty shrewdly, from the area of the circle and other circumstances, of the nature of the foregone visit. Should the ring be large, and the seats far apart, the visit has been formal. A closer circuit implies familiarity. Two chairs side by side in front of the fender are strictly confidential—one on each side of the rug hints a *tête-à-tête* matrimonial. A chair which presents an angle to its companions, has been occupied by a young lady from a boarding-school, who always sits at one corner. Two chairs placed back to back need not speak—they are not upon speaking terms; and a chair thrown down, especially if broken, is equally significant. A creditor's seat is invariably beside the door; and should you meet with a chair which is neither near the fire, nor near the table, nor near any wooden companion, be sure that it has been the resting-place of a poor relation. In the present case, Mrs. Dowdum's two chairs were placed square, and dead opposite to each other, as if the parties who were to occupy them were expected to look straight into each other's faces. It might be called the categorical position.

"Now then, Betty, I am ready; show the lady up."

The lady was accordingly ushered up by Betty, who then retired, closing the door behind her, as slowly as servants always do, when they are shutting the curiosity without and the news within. After the usual compliments, the lady then opened the business, and the parties fell into dialogue.

"I am informed, Madam, by Ann Gale, that she lived with you three years?"

"Certainly, Ma'am—last Martinmas; which made it a month over, all but two days."

"She is sober, of course?"

"As a judge, Ma'am—wouldn't touch a drop of spirits for the world. Many's the good glass of g— I have offered her of a washer day, for we washes at home, Ma'am; but she always declined."

"And she is steady otherwise—for instance, as to followers?"

"Followers, Ma'am! nothing in the shape, Ma'am; it would not be allowed *here*:" and Mrs. Dowdum drew herself up till her gown wanted smoothing down again.

"And her temper?"

"Remarkable mild, Ma'am. Can't be a sweeter. I've tried on purpose to try it, and couldn't put her out."



CONFIRMATION STRONG.

"I beg pardon, Madam, for asking such a question in such a house; but she is clean in her habits of course?"

"Of course, as you say, Ma'am; else she wouldn't have stayed so long here:" and Mrs. Dowdum looked round her tidy apartments with great complacency.

"So far so good," said the lady, fixing her large dark eyes intently on the little grey ones opposite. "And now, Madam, let me ask you the most important question of all. IS—SHE—HONEST?"

"As the day, Ma'am—you might trust her with untold goold!"

"Excuse me, Madam, but have you ever trusted her with it yourself?"

"Lord, Ma'am, scores and scores of times! She used to pay my bills, and always brought me the receipts as regular as clock-work."

"I am afraid, Madam, that circumstance is hardly decisive. Could she be trusted, do you think, in a house where there is a great deal of

property—the mistress a little careless perhaps—and gold and bank-notes and loose change often lying about—to say nothing of the plate and my own jewels?”

“All I can say is, Ma’am, I never missed anything—never! And not for want of opportunity—there’s that watch, Ma’am, over the fire-place, it’s a gold one, and a repeater, Ma’am; she might have took it over and over, and me no wiser for I’m apt to be absent. Then as for plate, there’s always my best silver tea-pot in that corner cupboard—”

“That may be all very true, Madam, and yet not very satisfactory. It’s the principle, Madam, it’s the principle. Have you ever found her making free with trifles—tea for instance, or your needles and pins?”

“Why, Ma’am, I can’t say exactly, not having watched such trifles on purpose—but certainly I have not lost more that way than by servants in general.”

“Ah, there it is!” exclaimed the lady, casting up her hands and eyes. “Nobody thinks of crime in its infancy—as if it would not

grow up like everything else! We begin with pins and needles, and get on to brooches and rings. You will excuse, Madam, my being so particular, but nobody has suffered so much by dishonesty. I have been stripped three times.”

“You don’t say so!” exclaimed Mrs. Dowdum with a motion of her chair towards the other, which telegraphically hinted a wish to know all the particulars.

“It is too true, indeed,” said the lady, with a profound sigh, “and always by means of servants. The first time all my plate went—2000 ounces, Madam, with the family crest, a boar’s head—Madam. Then they cleared off all the family linen, a beautiful stock, Madam, just renewed; and the third time I lost all my ornaments, pearls, Madam, emeralds—topazes—and diamonds, Madam, the diamonds I went to Court in.”

“It must have broke your heart, Ma’am,” observed Mrs. Dowdum, finishing with a prolonged and peculiar clucking with her tongue against the roof of her mouth.



MY SERVICE TO YOU.

"It nearly did, Madam," said the lady, pulling out her handkerchief. "Not for my losses, however, although they were sufficiently considerable—but for the degradation of human nature. A girl too, that I had brought up under my own eye, and had impressed, as I thought, with the strictest principles of honesty. Morning, noon, and night, I impressed upon her the same lesson,—whatever you do, I used to say, be honest. It's the fourth of the cardinal virtues—faith, hope, charity, honesty."

"And the best policy, besides," said Mrs. Dowdum.

"The best policy, Madam!—the only policy, here or hereafter! It's one of the first principles of our nature, Madam. The very savages acknowledge it, and recognise the grand distinction of *meum* and *tuum*. As Doctor Watts finely says—

‘Why should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will,
Hands were made for honest labour,
Not to plunder or to steal.’”

"Yes, that's a truism indeed," said Mrs. Dowdum. "And pray what might become of the wicked hussy after all?"

"Ah! there's my trouble, Madam, said the lady, clasping her hands together. "With my own will she should have lived a prey to her own reflections—but my husband would not hear of it. He could forgive anything, he said, but dishonesty. So the Bow-Street runners were sent for,—the unhappy girl was tried—I had to appear against her, and she—she—she—oh, oh!"—and the lady, covering her face with her hands, fell back in her chair.

"Be composed, Ma'am,—pray do—pray do—do, do, do," ejaculated the agitated Mrs. Dowdum. "You must take a sniff of something—or a glass of wine—"

"No—nothing—not for the world," sobbed the fainting lady—"only water—a little water!"

The good-natured Mrs. Dowdum instantly jumped from her chair, and ran down stairs for a tumbler of the fluid—she then rushed up stairs for her own smelling-bottle; and then she returned to the drawing room, where she found her visitor, who eagerly took a long draught of the restorative.

"I am better—indeed I am—only a little faintness"—murmured the reviving patient. "But it is an awful thing—a very awful thing, Madam, to conduce even indirectly to the execution of a human being—for the poor creature was hung."

"Aye, I guessed as much," said Mrs. Dowdum, with a fresh clucking, and a grave shake of the head. "Well, that's just my own feeling to a T. I don't think I could feel delighted at hanging any one, no, not even if they was to steal the house over my head!"

"I honour you for your humanity, Madam," said the lady, warmly pressing Mrs. Dowdum's little fat hand between her own. "I hope you will never find occasion to revoke such sentiments. In the mean-

time I am extremely obliged—extremely. Ann may come when she likes—and I have the honour to wish you a very, very, good morning.”

“And I’m sure, Ma’am, I wish you the same,” replied Mrs. Dowdum, endeavouring to imitate the profound curtsy with which she was favoured, “and I hope and trust you will find poor Ann turn out everything that can be wished. I *do* think you may repose confidently on her honesty, I do, indeed, Ma’am.”

“We shall see, Madam, we shall see,” repeated the Lady as she went down the stairs, whence she was ushered by Betty, who received a piece of money during the passage, to the street door.

“What a nice woman!” soliloquized Mrs. Dowdum, as she watched her visitor across the street and round the corner.

“What a *very* nice woman! Quite a lady too—and how she *have* suffered! I don’t wonder she is so suspicious—but then she is so forgiving along with it! It was quite beautiful to hear her talk about honesty—Faith, Hope, and Honesty,—

‘Why should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will’—

Why indeed! I could have listened to her—but—Mercy on us! Where *is* the goold watch as was on the mantel!—and—O Lord! where *is* the silver teapot I can’t see in the cupboard? Thieves! Thieves! Thieves!”

* * * * *

“And to think,” said Mrs. Dowdum, at her twentieth repetition of the story—“to think that I’ve lost the family goold watch and my silver teapot, by letting of her in!”

“And to think,” said Betty to herself, putting her hand in her pocket, “to think that I only got a bad shilling for letting of her out!”



TAKING THE VAIL.



COUNTER IRRITATION.

THE ASSISTANT DRAPERS' PETITION.

“Now's the time and now's the hour.”—BURNS.

“Seven's the main.”—CROCKFORD.

OF all the agitations of the time—and agitation is useful in disturbing the duckweed that is apt to gather on the surface of human affairs—the ferment of the assistant shopmen in the metropolis is perhaps the most beneficial. Many vital queries have lately disturbed the public mind; for instance, ought the fleet of the Thames Yacht Club to be reinforced, in the event of a war with Russia, or should the Little Peddington Yeomanry be called out, in case of a rupture with Prussia? But these are merely national questions; whereas the Drapers' movement suggests an inquiry of paramount importance to mankind in general—namely, “When ought we to leave off?”

It is the standard complaint against jokers, and whist-players, and children, whether playing or crying—that they “never know when to leave off.”

It is the common charge against English winters and flannel waist-coats—it is occasionally hinted of rich and elderly relations—it is constantly said of snuff-takers, and gentlemen who enjoy a glass of good wine—that they “do not know when to leave off.”

It is the fault oftenest found with certain preachers, sundry poets, and all prozers, scolds, parliamentary orators, superannuated story-tellers, she-gossips, morning callers, and some leave-takers, that they "do not know when to leave off." It is insinuated as to gowns and coats, of which waiting-men and waiting-women have the reversion.

It is the characteristic of a Change Alley speculator—of a beaten boxer—of a builder's row, with his own name to it—of Hollando-Belgic protocols—of German metaphysics—of works in numbers—of buyers and sellers on credit—of a theatrical cadence—of a shocking bad hat—and of the Gentleman's Magazine, that they "do not know when to leave off."

A romp—all Murphy's frosts, showers, storms and hurricanes—and the Wandering Jew, are in the same predicament.

As regards the Assistant Drapers, they appear to have arrived at a very general conclusion, that their proper period for leaving off is at or about seven o'clock in the evening; and it seems by the following poetical address that they have rhyme, as well as reason, to offer in support of their resolution.



HOOK AND EYE.



"LIST, LIST—OH LIST!"

THE DRAPERS' PETITION.

Pity the sorrows of a class of men,

Who, though they bow to fashion and frivolity;

No fancied claims or woes fictitious pen,

But wrongs ell-wide, and of a lasting quality.

Oppress'd and discontented with our lot,
 Amongst the clamorous we take our station ;
 A host of Ribbon Men—yet is there not
 One piece of Irish in our agitation.

We do revere Her Majesty the Queen ;
 We venerate our Glorious Constitution ;
 We joy King William's advent should have been,
 And only want a Counter Revolution.

'Tis not Lord Russell and his final measure,
 'Tis not Lord Melbourne's counsel to the throne,
 'Tis not this Bill, or that, gives us displeasure,
 The measures we dislike are all our own.

The Cash Law the "Great Western" loves to name,
 The tone our foreign policy pervading ;
 The Corn Laws—none of these we care to blame,——
 Our evils we refer to over-trading.

By Tax or Tithe our murmurs are not drawn ;
 We reverence the Church—but hang the cloth !
 We love her ministers—but curse the lawn !
 We have, alas ! too much to do with both !

We love the sex :—to serve them is a bliss !
 We trust they find us civil, never surly ;
 All that we hope of female friends is this,
 That their last linen may be wanted early.

Ah ! who can tell the miseries of men
 That serve the very cheapest shops in town ?
 Till faint and weary, they leave off at ten,
 Knock'd up by ladies beating of 'em down !

But has not Hamlet his opinion given—
 O Hamlet had a heart for Drapers' servants !
 "That custom is"—say custom after seven—
 "More honour'd in the breach than the observance."

O come then, gentle ladies, come in time,
 O'erwhelm our counters, and unload our shelves ;
 Torment us all until the seventh chime,
 But let us have the remnant to ourselves !

We wish of knowledge to lay in a stock,
 And not remain in ignorance incurable ;—
 To study Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Locke,
 And other fabrics that have proved so durable.

We long for thoughts of intellectual kind,
 And not to go bewilder'd to our beds ;
 With stuff and fustian taking up the mind,
 And pins and needles running in our heads !

For oh ! the brain gets very dull and dry,
 Selling from morn till night for cash or credit ;
 Or with a vacant face and vacant eye,
 Watching cheap prints that Knight did never edit.

Till sick with toil, and lassitude extreme,
 We often think, when we are dull and vapoury,
 The bliss of Paradise was so supreme,
 Because that Adam did not deal in drapery.



"FROM GRAVE TO GAY."



ALLEGORY.—FORTUNE AND MISFORTUNE.

SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

THE RAILWAY.

My acquaintance with railways commenced on the Belgian line, at the quaint, ancient, and picturesque city of Bruges. The carriages were all full, except the one nearest the engine, against which there is some prejudice, as being the vehicle that “must bust fast.” There was only one other passenger, a lady, in the opposite seat; and, as far as the time allowed, we entered into conversation.

“This is a quick mode of travelling, Madam, compared with the old horse-powers.”

“I really wish I could think so, Sir,” replied the lady; “but it is far from the saving, either in time or expense, that I was led to anticipate. I am going to Ostend, and, according to my own highly-raised expectations, I ought to have dined there yesterday. What is more provoking, I brought some cold provision along with me, but it was deposited by mistake amongst the luggage, and I am informed that I cannot get at either till the end of my journey.”

There was no time to answer; Chak! chak! chakkery-chit-chittery-churr! talked the engine, increasing in velocity every minute. Houses flew past—then cottages and little gardens, with groups of children’s

faces, all looking alike, and all going to cheer, but we left the voices behind. The pace was certainly good; however, it relaxed after a while and at last we stopped.

"There is a great sameness about this country," I remarked, pointing to a stagnant piece of water beside the road, something between a ditch and a canal, half water and half bulrushes. On the other side of the ditch there was a row of stunted willows, bearing the same proportion to trees as Brussels sprouts to cabbages; beyond, by way of distance, stretched a vast dingy flat, with a church steeple on the horizon, a real land-mark, no doubt, to the mariner, to inform him that the flat afore-said was land and not sea.

"A great sameness, indeed," said the lady. "Look on either side, and you would almost swear you had seen the same dull uninteresting level before."

Chak! chak! chakkery-chit-chit churrrr! Being somewhat hard of hearing, the rumble caused by the friction of the wheels and rails, however slight, was sufficient to disconcert my organ. The lady's lips kept moving, but I could not distinguish a syllable. There was no alternative but to watch the moving diorama that was gliding past the window. The staple article of the view was a mud bank, which seemed being reeled off like a long broad drab watered ribbon. Now and then came a workman, with difficulty distinguished from his barrow, his red nightcap flashing by like a fiery meteor. The willows which bordered the road, or marked the boundaries of a field, coalesced into a stream of foliage. The peasant, who stood to stare at us, seemed to be enjoying a rapid slide in the opposite direction, whilst occasionally a cur would dart out of a cottage to bark at the train, and by running parallel with us, with all his might, contrived to appear stationary, violently lifting up his legs and putting them down again to no purpose. Fresh editions of the broad ditches, and the scrubby trees, and the gloomy flats, kept whirling past.

"A great sameness indeed," said the lady, availing herself of a temporary halt to resume the subject; "and as if to render the uniformity still more intolerable, Art imitating Nature, the inhabitants have made duplicates of their principal towns, as like each other as two peas—for instance, two Ghents and two Bruges."

Chak, chak, chakkery, &c.—away we went faster than ever. The steam was up. We seemed to have become aware of the earth's motion instead of our own. In the meantime I turned over in my mind the lady's extraordinary information, which certainly did not agree with any I had derived from my Belgian Guide Book. The engine, however, was soon eased again, to enable us to get safely over a dangerous bridge.

"Did I understand you, Madam, to say *two* Bruges?"

"*Certainly*, Sir, and as like each other as the two Dromios. It seems to be characteristic of the people, as well as the carillons, which, by the way, I observed at both the Ghents."

"*Both* the Ghents, Madam?"

"It is a fact, I assure you, Sir. These unimaginative people have

really two Ghents. I do not pretend to much antiquarian or architectural knowledge, but the two cities appeared to me to have been built about the same age, and in nearly the same style, as if in absurd rivalry of each other."

"But, my dear Madam ——"

Chak, chak, chakkery-churr, &c. &c. "The woman's mad," I said to myself. Who ever heard of two Ghents—and who the devil could ever

find a second Bruges! But my meditations were here interrupted by the caperings of some horses at plough, which had evidently taken fright, and had probably run away, though they seemed as usual, in spite of a violent show of galloping, to remain in the original spot.

"And if anything," bawled the lady, so as to make herself heard even above the murmur of the railway, "I like the second Bruges best. It looked quieter and quainter, and more outlandish, than the other; and the tower, if anything, was rather higher."



"SPEED THE PLOUGH."

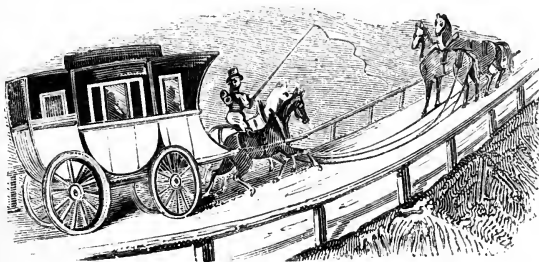
"Excuse me, Madam, but it really appears to me that you must have taken the wrong train, and returned, as our capital criminals are sentenced, to the place from whence you came."

"The wrong train!" shouted the lady rather indignantly. "O Sir, that's impossible! Nobody can be so careful as I am,—for I know neither French nor Flemish, and accordingly am personally on my guard. Instead of sauntering about every place I arrive at, like other travellers, I make it a rule to remain invariably on the spot (the station I believe it is called), ready to set out with the very next train."

"But, my dear Madam, the next train——"

"But, my dear Sir—excuse me. If not the very next train, you can be at no loss to know when to start. The railway people take care of that. For instance, here at the *last* Bruges, you pay for your ticket to Ostend—mark me, Sir, to Ostend—and you are retained in a sitting-room, the back door of which is kept locked. When that door is opened you are admitted into the station-yard—and you find a train ready to start—your own train of course. You get in and——"

A loud indescribable screech, called whistling, intended to give warning of our approach, here interrupted the argument. We were going at a pace which threatened to soon bring us to our destination. In fact, I had hardly made up my mind as to the inconveniences of certain females travelling alone—the awkwardness of not knowing the current language of the country, and the rawness of the arrangements on a new line, when we arrived at the station a few hundred yards from Ostend. The spires, the lighthouse, and the masts of the shipping, were so distinctly visible that I could not anticipate any blunder. I supposed, therefore, that the lady might be safely left to her own circumspection, and was doubly occupied in the collection of my luggage, and the conversation of some friends who had awaited my arrival,—when suddenly I heard the voice of my quondam fellow traveller—"O Lord! I shall be too late!" and before I could recover from my astonishment, I saw her precipitately jump into a *char-à-banc*, and whirl off with the inland train on a *third* visit to the quaint, ancient, and picturesque city of Bruges!



FOUR IN HAND.

SECOND NATURE.

PHYSICAL Force, Moral Force, and the Police Force, are all very powerful things; and so is the Force of Habit. It killed a Young Gentleman last week at Spring Vale Academy. He was the only boy left at school in the holidays; and the very first walk he took, he split himself, poor fellow! in trying to walk two and two.

EPIGRAM.

AFTER such years of dissension and strife,
 Some wonder that Peter should weep for his wife:
 But his tears on her grave are nothing surprising,—
 He's laying her dust, for fear of its rising.



LAMBTON'S MANE.

ALI BEN NOUS.

A FABLE.

MEN and monkeys are equally prone to imitation; only that the Brutes prefer to ape mankind, whereas the human animals delight in copying each other. Nor do they always choose the best models, and even when they do so, they imitate them so abominably that the worst originals would be infinitely better. A pest on all such serviles! and may they meet with the fate of the followers of Ali Ben Nous! a personage not mentioned by Mr. Lane in his splendid edition of the "Arabian Nights," and of which by the way he has made One Thousand and Two, by the addition of one Knight as the publisher.

Ali Ben Nous, according to the Eastern chronicle, was a Philosopher of the sect of Diogenes—an old Boy, it will be remembered, who lived in a sugar hogshead, without getting any sweeter in his temper. The whole ambition of our Cynic was to resemble as little as possible the race he despised, and as a matter of course, nothing so aggravated his natural spleen as to find himself copied by any human being. Nevertheless, such is the apishness of our nature, that in spite of the repulsiveness of his doctrine, and the austerities of his practice, he soon found himself getting too popular for his peace. Many old men, and even some young ones, affected to call themselves disciples of Nous: one copied the uncut of his beard, another the lisp in his speech, and a third the limp in his gait; till finding his very identity in danger, the Cynic, in disgust, determined to travel in search of some happy country, where he could keep his originality to himself. To this end, having consulted his geographical books, he openly declared his intention of setting out for the city of Yad. In vain he was told that he would infallibly be devoured by the Great Serpent which notoriously infested the country he would have to traverse; he made no answer, except by bestowing an abundance of ironical blessings on his advisers,—but cursing

the whole of his fellow citizens inwardly as a parcel of Apes and Parodists,—prepared for his departure. His very disciples, however, refused to copy him any farther, when they beheld him setting out without any weapon or provision, except a great bottle of oil—by way of dressing perhaps, when he came to live upon salad.

As might be expected, Ali did not escape the standard danger of the route. He had scarcely accomplished half the distance to the desired city, when all at once he heard a dreadful hissing, of which none but a condemned Dramatist can form any conception ;—and lo, from a neighbouring thicket there darted an enormous serpent, making as straight towards the traveller, as a reptile could, by dint of sinuosities. It was an awkward predicament enough : but Nous was not disconcerted. Looking out for a tall tree, not encumbered with branches, and finding one suited to his purpose, he was soon,—having let his nails grow, till they resembled the claws of a cat,—at the very top, where he posted himself like a capital prize, or what the French call a *Mât de Cocagne*. But the *Mât de Cocagne* is well greased ; whereas Ali having no tallow about him, was fain to anoint the stem with the contents of his bottle, and only in good time, for the snake and the oil arrived together at the foot of the tree. And now those who have witnessed that amusing operation, the climbing up a greasy pole, for a pair of velvetens at the top, may form a tolerable notion of the fun. The Snake made many trials, but was always oil'd and foil'd. Again and again he wound his folds upwards, as if saying to himself, "Now for a good twist ;" but the meal was beyond his reach : there is many a slip, says the proverb, between the cup and the lip, and so there was between the Serpent and the Philosopher, who enjoyed the joke amazingly, and chuckled and rubbed his hands with all the glee in the world. At last, finding that he took nothing by his motion, the "spirited sly Snake" grew dispirited, and made off again hissing louder than ever, as if hissing at himself and his own failure. What a pity of pities, muttered Ali, as he descended from his perch, that our Mother Eve did not climb up the Tree of Knowledge with a bottle of palm oil !—with which conceit he merrily resumed his journey, and arrived without further adventure at the city of Yad.

The sensation his arrival produced among the inhabitants was intense. Nobody within the memory of man had made the passage. "In the name of all that is wonderful, how did you get here ? Why did you venture ? What did you see ? Where did you encounter the snake ? How *did* you manage ?"—To all of which Nous replied by relating his adventure in as few words as possible.



‘ THE SPIRITED SLY SNAKE.

"Bismallah Inshallah! Fallallah! Was such a miracle ever heard of! A mere bottle of oil! And we who have Magistrates, and Wise Men, and Conjurors, and Naturalists, and Zoologists, and Projectors, and a Faculty of Doctors, and a Committee of Public Safety, and a Society of Snake Charmers—and yet they never thought of a bottle of oil!" And the authorities wished to present the freedom of the city to Nous; but he declined the honour. "I am free of the whole country," said he, "whereas you dare not show your noses beyond your walls for fear of the snake. Go and present your freedom to him; for my part I am bound to the city of Guz."—"You will at least permit us," said the Corporation, "to accompany you in procession to the gates?" But Ali watched his opportunity, and departed without any ceremony at all.

In the mean time the Spirit of Imitation, who had a temple within the city, began to inspire his votaries. Palm oil and bottles rose fifty per cent.; and before Ali had gone a league he was joined by a dozen companions, and not a man of them but was prepared to mount a tree, and anoint the stem *à-la-Mât-de-Cocagne*. So much society was far from agreeable to the Cynic; who consoled himself, however, by sneering in his sleeve at their folly, which he foresaw would seat them sooner or later on their stool of repentance. And the matter fell out to his most cynical wish. They had travelled but about six leagues on their way, when a dark speck appeared on the horizon; at first only as big as a fly, but progressively increasing in dimensions to a chafer, a wren, a sparrow, a hawk, an eagle, and lastly, what indeed it was, a full-grown Rok! O, ye imitative crew, what a rok to split upon! For a while he hovered dark and vast, like the Cloud of Destiny, over their devoted heads:—he had only to stoop and conquer, and he soon stooped with a vengeance. In vain the infatuated climbed the nearest trees, and emptied their bottles of oil. Souse came the enemy, off went their turbans, and out came their brains, such as they were, which the winged Heliogabalus devoured as greedily as if they had come out of the skulls of peacocks. As for Nous, he had provided himself with a huge umbrella, made very stout and stiff, with a long sharp spike at the top, under which he took shelter; and having a good *Fence* was enabled to set the *Beak* at defiance. In fact, after several attacks, in which the bird suffered the most, the Rok gave up the point, and flying away, left Ali to pursue his journey.

As usual, it excited the utmost amazement in the people of Guz when the Cynic entered their city; and they fell one and all into the old chorus—"How *did* you get here? Did you see the Rok?" &c. &c. Whereupon Nous told his story as briefly as before, saying as little as possible, which was nothing at all, about his late associates. "Holy Prophet!" cried the people, "and yet we have Councillors, and Elders, and Tacticians, and Ornithologists, and Bird Catchers, and Prognosticators of Rain, and nobody ever thought of an umbrella!" And the King wished to confer on the long-bearded Stranger the ancient Order of the Ass of the First Class; but Nous declined the distinction,

modestly observing that he had done nothing to deserve it. However, the Authorities resolved on getting up a Grand Banquet; but it being against etiquette to accept an invitation under a month to run, the Philosopher in the mean time got out of patience, and after dining by himself at three farthings a-head, set out for the city of Jug.

He had gone but a little way when he turned to look behind him, and exactly as he anticipated, he beheld a company of Imitators running after him with just as many umbrellas. They soon came up, and began all at once bawling into his ears, and displaying their contrivances to the imminent danger of his eyes. "Look at this spike," said one, "it is three spans in length." "Feel mine," said another, "it is as sharp as a needle." "As for mine," said a third, running it as near as might be into Ali's ear, "it is not only sharp, but envenomed to boot." "May you kill all the roks between this and Jug," muttered the Cynic, and it was not long before the merits of their weapons were put to the test.



TOO POINTED AN APPLICATION.

"Allah preserve us!" exclaimed Nous, looking anxiously towards the East, at which warning the rest of the company precipitately unfurled their umbrellas, under which they squatted down, and with closed eyes awaited the descent of the rok. In the mean time the peril rapidly approached. At first,

it looked only like a pillar of smoke or dust, but as it came nearer, the column evidently had a revolving motion, and whirled round with it certain dark objects like sticks and stones. It was indeed a whirlwind of dangerous violence, and the spot the travellers occupied was



NECK OR NOTHING.

exactly in the line of its career. But Nous was already prepared. He was sitting on a sort of cushion, made of a native wax, so tenacious, that the tornado might as well have tried to root up a tree; all it could do, therefore, was to unwind and carry off his turban, which

happened to have been twisted in the contrary direction. It fared much worse, however, with his comrades—for no sooner did the tornado get them within its vortex, than up they went with their umbrellas, as fast as aeronauts come down with their parachutes. An amusing spectacle, you may be sure, to the Cynic, who watched them corkscrewing spirally up to the clouds, never to come down again till



FANCY PORTRAIT.—PROFESSOR SILLIMAN.

there was a shower of ninnies. For his own part, he suffered no other loss than his turban, and his trousers, which he was obliged to leave sticking to the cushion,—but having a pair in reserve, he speedily made his toilet and proceeded to his destination.

The city of Jug, like the others, was thrown into commotion by his arrival;—and with the same reservation as to his comrades, he again told his story, which was received by the inhabitants with the usual comments. “We that have a May’r and a Corporation, and learned Bodies, and Scientifics, and a Company of Wax Chandlers, and Mechanics’ Institutions, and Utilitarians, and nobody ever hit upon the waxen cushion!” And twelve waxen cushions were ordered that very morning. And the King wished to create Ali a Grand Goose, which would entitle him to stand at Court upon one leg; but the

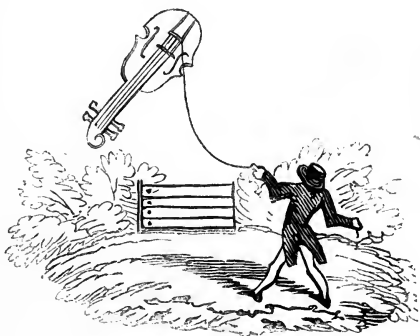
Cynic declared very humbly that his low birth entitled him only to stand upon two—and moreover, that he had to walk all the way to the city of Buz. Whereupon, his Majesty being displeased, the stranger was ordered to quit the place in an hour—but which he did with ease, thirty minutes under the time.

“It is very hard,” said Ali, “that a man cannot enjoy his own ways and his own thoughts, without a parcel of silly Jugites dogging his heels,”—and lo! as he said, a dozen of the town’s-people came running after him shouting with all their might. Then there was the old plague to endure with their life-preservers.—“Look at my cushion,” said one. “Try mine,” said a second, “it hath two parts wax and one of pitch,” &c., &c. “May you stick to them to all eternity,” grumbled Ali, mending his pace almost to a run, yet without shaking off his tormentors. But the time came at last to part company; for arriving just at the skirts of a forest, they suddenly heard a noise that was too loud to be taken for the murmuring of the wind. “Allah Kerim!” ejaculated Nous. Down plumped his companions on their cushions, and in a minute were as fast to the earth as if they had grown from it; having taken especial care to strap, tie, and buckle their trousers so

securely that no tornado that ever waltzed could pluck them out of them. In which posture, conceive them sitting and smirking with all the complacency of self-conceit, when suddenly, with frightful roar, there issued forth the most terrible big Bear that was ever cubbed, to the infinite dismay of the seated members, who would willingly have accepted any equivalent to the Chiltern Hundreds. Never was there a set of simpletons so sold and pounded by their own act and deed! There they were—all waxed by their wax ends—with their last before their eyes in the shape of raging Bruin, for whom, by their own contrivance, they were compelled to sit as passively as if he had only been going to paint their portraits. One or two, indeed, endeavoured to escape when it was too late, but before they could get rid of their trammels the Bear came bearing down upon them, and killed them on the spot. During this massacre, Ali had gained a considerable start, yet not so far but that the beast at length overtook him and put him to his last shift. This was a small fiddle or kit, upon which he no sooner began to play than the Bear, rising uncouthly on his hind legs, began to cut capers to the great delight of the Cynic, to whom it was precisely the reverse of the Dance of Death. The faster one played the faster the other jigged—the musician purposely getting from presto to prestissimo, till the fascinated brute began to pant and puff, and besought the performer, with the most plaintive moans and imploring glances, and supplicatory gestures, to desist. But Ali knew better, and only plied the bow more rapidly, till after a waltz the eye could scarcely follow, the Bear reeled off in an involuntary pirouette and fell dead-beaten on his face. “Heaven reward the man,” exclaimed Ali, as he gazed on his prostrate enemy, “Heaven reward the man who first hit upon the very original notion of sawing the inside of a cat with the tail of a horse!” and without further obstacle he arrived at the city of Buz.

And now, quoth the Chronicler, it would be tedious to pursue indivi-

dually the fortunes of the imitators of Ali Ben Nous; for instance, how foolishly the travellers from Buz essayed with their kits and fiddles to provoke to a hornpipe the great crocodile of the Lake of Jad. Suffice it, they perished miserably one and all. As for the Cynic, he discovered that wherever he came he was as far as before from the haven he sought. However fantastically extravagant and repulsively absurd the doctrines and habits he wilfully professed and practised, he invariably found himself more or less at the head of a sect. At



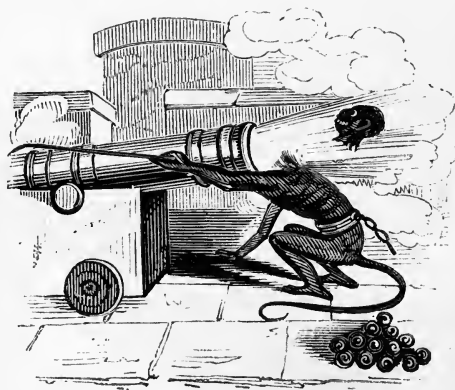
THE AIR ADAPTED TO THE VIOLIN.

length, a pseudo Cynic appeared, who, by help of nature and art, so closely personated the original, as to acquire the surname of the Double. This, to Ali, was the drop that overbrimmed his cup: and in a paroxysm of spleen including himself in his anathema against mankind in general, he resolved to perish by his own hand. To this end,—and a bad end it was, he repaired to a certain solitary spot, on the verge of a wood with a large phial, or rather family bottle, of mortal poison in his pocket. “Now then,” exclaimed Ali, taking off half the fatal liquid at a gulp—“now then for an act at last in which I shall not be copied,”—when suddenly an Orang Outang, who had been watching the operation from a neighbouring tree, sprang down to the ground, snatched up the bottle, and before Nous could interfere, drank off the remainder of the poison. This untoward event, and the scene of mockery that ensued, seemed to pang the dying Cynic even more than the draught he had swallowed. “Alas!” he cried, already writhing under the effects of the potion, “alas, it is in vain

to struggle with fate! I fled from my own species to avoid their imitation—and lo! yonder sits a brute beast poisoned out of the same bottle, suffering the same pains, making the same grimaces, no doubt, and the same contortions, and even composing himself—confound the son of a Monkey!—to die in the same attitude.”



A BLACK DOSE.



OFF BY MUTUAL CONSENT.



"DOES YOUR FATHER KNOW YOU'RE IN?"

THE NEW LODGER.

POOR Miss Hopkinson! She had been ill for a fortnight, of a disorder which especially affected the nerves; and quiet, as Dr. Boreham declared, was indispensably necessary for her recovery. So the servants wore list shoes, and the knocker was tied up, and the street in front of number four was covered with straw.

In the mean while, the invalid derived great comfort from the unremitting attentions of her friends and acquaintance; but she was particularly gratified by the constant kind inquiries of Mr. Tweedy, the new lodger, who occupied the apartments immediately over her head.

"If you please, ma'am," said Mary, for the hundredth time, "it's Mr. Tweedy's compliments, and begs to know if you feel any better?"

"I am infinitely obliged to Mr. Tweedy, I'm sure," whispered the sufferer,—"I am a leetle easier—with my best thanks and compliments."

Now, Miss Hopkinson was a spinster lady of a certain age, and she was not a little flattered by the uncommon interest the gentleman above stairs seemed to take in her state of health. She could not help recollecting that the new lodger and a very smart new cap had entered the house on the same day.—She had fortunately worn the novel article on her accidental encounter with the stranger; and, as she used to say, a great deal depended on first impressions.

"What a very nice gentleman!" remarked the nurse, as Mary closed the bed-room door.

"What an uncommon nice man!" cried Miss Filby, an old familiar

gossip, who had come to cheer up the invalid with all the scandal of the neighbourhood.

"And he will send, ma'am," said the nurse to the visitor, "to ask after us a matter of five or six times in a day."

"It is really extraordinary," said Miss Filby, "and especially in quite a stranger!"

"No, not quite," whispered the invalid. "I met him twice upon the stairs."

"Indeed!" said Miss Filby. "It's like a little romance. Who knows what may come of it? I have known as sudden things come to pass before now!"

"There *is* summut in it *surely*," said the nurse; "I only wish, ma'am, you could hear how warm and pressing he is in asking after her, whoever comes in his way. There was this morning, on the landing—'Nurse,' says he, quite earnest-like,—'nurse, *do* tell me how she is.' 'Why then, sir,' says I, 'she is as well as can be expected.' 'Ah!' said he, 'that's the old answer, but it won't satisfy *me*. Is she better or worse?' 'Well then, sir,' says I, 'she's much the same.' 'Ah,' says he, fetchin' sich a long-winded sigh, 'there's where it is. She may linger in that way for months.' 'Let's hope not,' says I. 'You'll be pleased to hear as how she's going to try to eat a bit o' chicking.' 'Chicking!' says he, saving your presence, ma'am,—'chicking be d——d to you know where—it's her nerves, nurse, her nerves; how are her nerves?' 'To be sure, sir,' says I, 'them's her weak pints, but Dr. Boreham do say, provided they're kept quiet, and not played upon, they'll come round agin in time.' 'Yes,' says he, 'in time, that's the divil on it; and you can't think how feeling he said it.—'What a weary time,' says he, 'she have been!'"

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed Miss Filby, "these are very like love symptoms indeed! However, I'm not jealous, my dear,"—and she shook her head waggishly at the invalid, who replied with a faint smile, that she was a giddy creature, and quite forgot the weak state of her nerves. "But, to be sure, it is odd," said Miss Hopkinson to herself, "and particularly in the present age, when polite gallantry to females is so much gone out of fashion." She then fell into a reverie, which her friend interpreted into an inclination to doze, and accordingly took her leave with a promise of returning in the evening.

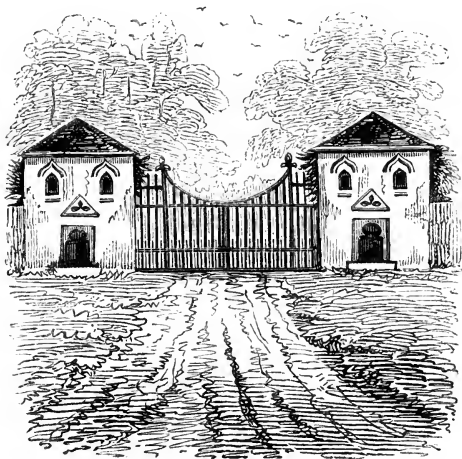
No sooner was her back turned, however, than the invalid called the nurse to her, and after giving sundry directions as to costume, intimated that she had an intention of trying to sit up a bit. So she was dressed and washed and bolstered up in a chair, and having put on a clean cap, she inquired of her attendant, rather anxiously, if she was not dreadfully altered and pulled down, and how she looked. To which the nurse answered, that "except looking a little delicate, she was really charming."

In the evening the doctor repeated his visit, and so did Miss Filby, who could not help rallying the invalid on the sudden recovery of her complexion.

"It's only hectic," said Miss Hopkinson, "the exertion of dressing has given me a colour."

"And somebody else will have a colour too," said the nurse, winking at Miss Filby, "when I tell him how very much some folks are improved."

"By-the-bye," said Dr. Boreham, "it's only fair that people should know their well-wishers: and I ought to tell you, therefore, that the gentleman overhead is very friendly and frequent in his inquiries. We



LODGE'S PORTRAITS.

generally meet on the stairs, and I assure you he expresses very great solicitude—very much so indeed!"

Miss Hopkinson gave a short husky cough, and the nurse and Miss Filby nodded significantly at each other.

"Ho! ho! the wind sits in that quarter, does it?" said the doctor. "I may expect, then, to have another patient. 'He grew sick as she grew well,' as the old song says," and chuckling at the aptness of his own quotation, the facetious mediciner took his leave.

"There he is again, I declare," exclaimed the nurse, who had listened as she closed the door. "He has cotched the doctor on the stairs, and I'll warrant he'll have the whole particulars before he let's him go."

"Very devoted, indeed!" said Miss Filby. "We must make haste, and get you about again, my dear, for his poor sake as well as your own."

At this juncture Mrs. Huckins, the landlady, entered the room to ask after her lodger, and was not a little bewildered by a cross-fire of inuendoes from the nurse and the visitor. The strange behaviour of

the sick lady herself helped besides to disconcert the worthy woman, across whose mind a suspicion glanced that the nasty laudanum, or something, had made the patient a little off her head. However, Mrs. Huckins got through her compliments and her curtsies, and would finally perhaps have tittered too, but that her attention was suddenly diverted by that most awful of intrusions, a troublesome child in a sick room.

"Why, Billy, you little plague—why, Billy, what do you do in here? Where have you come from, sir?—I've been looking for you this half hour."

"I've been up with Mr. Tweedy, the new lodger," said Billy, standing very erect, and speaking rather proudly. "We've been a-playing the flute."

"The WHAT!" cried all the female voices in a breath.

"A-playing the flute," repeated the undaunted Billy. "Mr. Tweedy only whispers a toon into it now, but he says he'll play out loud as soon as ever the old"—here Billy looked at the invalid, and then at his mother—"he says he'll play out loud as soon as ever Miss Hopkinson is well, or else dead!"

* * * * *

"Pray how did you leave Miss Hopkinson, ma'am?" inquired Mr. Tweedy, about an hour afterwards, of a female whom he met at the foot of the stairs.

"Miss Hopkinson, sir!—oh, you horrid wicked wretch! you unfeeling monster!"—and totally forgetting the weak nerves of her friend, the indignant Miss Filby rushed past the New Lodger, darted along the passage, let herself out, and slammed the street-door behind her with a bang, that shook Miss Hopkinson in her chair.



BOARDED, LODGED, AND DONE FOR.



OVERTAKER AND UNDERTAKER,

POMPEY'S GHOST.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

"Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same."—COWPER.

'Twas twelve o'clock, not twelve at night,
But twelve o'clock at noon,
Because the sun was shining bright,
And not the silver moon :
A proper time for friends to call,
Or Pots, or Penny Post ;
When, lo ! as Phœbe sat at work,
She saw her Pompey's Ghost !

Now when a female has a call
From people that are dead,
Like Paris ladies, she receives
Her visitors in bed :
But Pompey's Spirit could not come
Like spirits that are white,
Because he was a Blackamoor,
And wouldn't show at night !

But of all unexpected things
That happen to us here,
The most unpleasant is a rise
In what is very dear :

So Phœbe scream'd an awful scream,
To prove the seaman's text,
That after black appearances,
White squalls will follow next.

“ Oh, Phœbe dear ! oh, Phœbe dear !
Don't go to scream or faint ;
You think because I'm black I am
The Devil, but I ain't !
Behind the heels of Lady Lambe
I walk'd whilst I had breath ;
But that is past, and I am now
A-walking after Death !

“ No murder, though, I come to tell,
By base and bloody crime ;
So, Phœbe dear, put off your fits
Till some more fitting time ;
No Crowner, like a boatswain's mate,
My body need attack,
With his round dozen to find out
Why I have died so black.

“ One Sunday, shortly after tea,
My skin began to burn,
As if I had in my inside
A heater, like the urn.
Delirious in the night I grew,
And as I lay in bed,
They say I gather'd all the wool
You see upon my head.

“ His Lordship for his doctor sent,
My treatment to begin—
I wish that he had call'd him out,
Before he call'd him in !
For though to physic he was bred,
And pass'd at Surgeons' Hall,
To make his post a sinecure
He never cured at all !

“ The doctor look'd about my breast,
And then about my back,
And then he shook his head and said,
' Your case looks very black.'
And first he sent me hot cayenne,
And then gamboge to swallow,—
But still my fever would not turn
To Scarlet or to Yellow !

“ With madder and with turmeric
 He made his next attack ;
 But neither he nor all his drugs
 Could stop my dying black.
 At last I got so sick of life,
 And sick of being dosed,
 One Monday morning I gave up
 My physic and the ghost !



A HIGH FEVER.

“ Oh, Phœbe dear, what pain it was
 To sever every tie !
 You know black beetles feel as much
 As giants when they die—
 And if there is a bridal bed,
 Or bride of little worth,
 It's lying in a bed of mould,
 Along with Mother Earth.

“ Alas ! some happy, happy day,
 In church I hoped to stand,
 And like a muff of sable skin
 Receive your lily hand ;
 But sternly with that piebald match
 My fate untimely clashes—
 For now, like Pompe-double-i,
 I'm sleeping in my ashes !

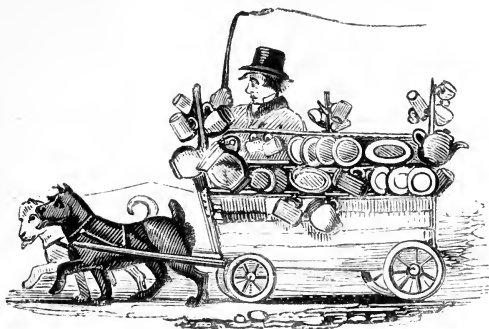
“ And now farewell !—a last farewell !
 I'm wanted down below,
 And have but time enough to add
 One word before I go,—
 In mourning crape and bombazine
 Ne'er spend your precious pelf—
 Don't go in black for me,—for I
 Can do it for myself.

“ Henceforth within my grave I rest,
 But Death who there inherits,
 Allow'd my spirit leave to come,
 You seem'd so out of spirits ;
 But do not sigh, and do not cry,
 By grief too much engross'd—
 Nor, for a ghost of colour, turn
 The colour of a ghost !

“ Again farewell, my Phœbe dear !
 Once more a last adieu !
 For I must make myself as scarce
 As swans of sable hue.”
 From black to grey, from grey to nought,
 The Shape began to fade,—
 And, like an egg, though not so white,
 The Ghost was newly laid !



IN BLACK FOR A FRIEND.



TRAVELS IN CHINA.

THE WAR WITH CHINA.

“Mistress of herself, tho’ China fall.”—POPE.

“I CAN’T understand it,” said my Uncle, throwing down on the table the pamphlet he had been reading, and looking up over the fireplace, at the great picture of Canton, painted by his elder brother, when he was mate of an East Indiaman. My Aunt was seated beside my Uncle, with her cotton-box, playing at working; and Cousin Tom was working at playing, in a corner. As for my father and myself, we had dropped in as usual after a walk, to take our tea, which through an old connexion with Cathay, was certain to be first-rate at the cottage. “Why on earth,” continued my Uncle,—“why on earth we should go to war about the Opium business quite passes my comprehension.”

“And mine too,” chimed in my Aunt, whose bent it was to put in a word, and put out an argument, as often as she had an opportunity; “I always thought opium was a lulling, soothing sort of thing, more likely to compose people’s passions than to stir them up.”

My Uncle looked at the speaker with much the same expression as that of the great girl in Wilkie’s picture, who is at once frowning and smiling at the boy’s grotesque mockery of the Blind Fiddler—for my Aunt’s allusion to the sedative qualities of opium was amusing in itself, but provoking, as interrupting the discourse.

“The Sulphur question,” she continued, “is quite a different thing. That’s all about brimstone and combustibles; and it would only be of a piece if we were to send our men-of-war, and frigates, and fireships, to bombard Mount Vesuvius.”

“I should like to see it,” said my Father, in his quietest tone, and with his gravest face, for he was laughing inwardly at the proposed Grand Display of Pyrotechnics!

"To go back," resumed my Uncle, "to the very beginning of the business; first, we have Captain Elliot, who wishes to give the Chinese admiral a chop——"

"And a very civil thing of him, too," remarked my Aunt.

"Eh!—what?" exploded my Uncle, as snappishly as a Waterloo cracker.

"To be sure," said my Aunt, in a deprecating tone, "it might be a Friday, and a fast day, as to meat——"

"As to what?"

"As to meat," repeated my Aunt, resolutely, "I have always understood that the Catholic priests and the Jesuits were the first to go converting the Chinese."

"Phoo! nonsense!" ejaculated my Uncle. "A chop is a document."

"Well, it's not my fault," retorted my Aunt, "if things abroad are called by their wrong names. What is a chop, then, in Chinese—I mean a pork or mutton one—is it called a document?"

My Uncle gave a look upwards, worthy of Job himself. He was sorely tempted—but he translated the rising English oath into a French shrug and grimace. My Father tried to mend matters as usual. "After all, brother," he said, "my sister's mistake was natural and womanly—especially in a mistress of a house, who has to think occasionally of chops and steaks. Besides, she has had greater blunderers to keep her in countenance—you remember the needless resentment there was about the 'Barbarian Eye.'"

"To be sure he does," said my Aunt; "and why should I be expected to know Chinese any more than Lord Melbourne, or Lord Palmerston, or Lord-Knows-Who,—especially when it's such a difficult language besides, and a single letter stands for a whole chapter, like the Egyptian hieroglyphics?"

"But what says the pamphleteer?" said my Father, deliberately putting on his spectacles, and taking up the brochure from the table.

"Why, he says," replied my Uncle, "that opium is a baneful drug, that it produces the most demoralising effects on the consumers; and that we have no right to go to war to force a noxious article down the throats of our fellow-creatures."

"No, nor a wholesome one, neither," returned my Father, "as the judge said to the woman when she killed her child for not taking its physic. But what have we here—a return of our exports to the Celestial Empire?"

"The author means to imply," said my Uncle, "that if the Chinese did not chew and smoke so much opium, they would have more money to lay out on our Birmingham and Manchester manufactures."

"Pretty nonsense, indeed!" exclaimed my Aunt. "As if the Chinese could smoke printed cottons and calicoes, and chew Brummagen hardware and cutlery, like the ostriches!"

"I believe it is but a Brummagem argument after all," said my Father, "a mercantile interest plated over with morality. It's the old story in the spelling-book—'There's nothing like leather.' The

pamphleteer and Commissioner Lin are both of a mind in condemning a drug in which they are not druggists; but how comes it that the deleterious, demoralising effects of the article are found out only in 1840?—The opium trade with China is of long standing—it is as old as——”

“Robinson Crusoe,” cried a small voice from the corner of the room, where Cousin Tom had been listening to the discourse and making a paper-kite at the same time.

“Robinson Fiddlesticks!” cried my Aunt: “boys oughtn’t to talk about politics. What in the world has opium-chewing to do with a desert island?”

“He had a whole cargo of it,” muttered Tom, “when he went on his voyage to China.”

“The lad’s right,” said my Father. “Go, Tom, and fetch the book,”—and Defoe’s novel was produced in a twinkling. “The lad’s right,” repeated my Father, reading aloud from the book,—“here’s the very passage. ‘From Sumatra,’ says Crusoe, ‘we went to Siam, where we exchanged some of our wares for opium and some arrack—the first a commodity which bears a great price amongst the Chinese, and which at that time was much wanted there.’”

“That’s to the point, at any rate,” said my Uncle, with a nod of approbation to the boy.

But my Aunt did not so much relish Tom’s victory, and on some household pretence took herself out of the room.

“It is a sad job this war, and I am sorry for it,” said my Father, with a serious shake of his head. “I have always had a sneaking kindness for the Chinese, as an intelligent and ingenious people. We have outrun them now in the race of civilisation; but, no doubt, there was a time when comparatively they were refined, and we were the barbarians.”

“It is impossible to doubt it,” said my Uncle, with great animation. “To say nothing of their invention of gunpowder, and their discovery of the mariner’s compass, look at their earthenware. For my own part, I am particularly fond of old china. It is, I may say, quite a passion—inherited perhaps from my grandmother, with several closets full of the antique Oriental porcelain. She used to say it was a genteel taste.”



COCHIN CHINESE.

"And she had Horace Walpole," said my Father, "to back her opinion."

"To be sure she had," replied my Uncle, eagerly; "and the Chinese must be a genteel people. It is sufficient to look at their elegant tea-services, to convince one that they are not made any more than their vessels of the commoner earth. You feel at once——"

"That Slang Whang is a gentleman," said my Father, "and Nan King a lady, in spite of their names."

My Uncle paid no attention to the joke, but went on in a strain to have delighted Father Mathew. "To look at a Chinese service," he



A TEE-TOTALLER.

said, "is enough of itself to make one a teetotalter. It inspires one—at least it does me—with the Exquisite's horror of malt liquor and such gross beverages. Indeed, to compare our drinking-vessels with the Chinese, they are like horse-buckets to bird-glasses; and, remembering their huge flagons, and black-

jacks and wassail-bowls, our Gothic and Saxon ancestors must have been a little coarse, not to say hoggish, in their draughts."

"They must, indeed," said my Father.

"Now here is a delicate drinking-vessel," continued my Uncle, taking up from a side-table a cup hardly large enough for a fairy to get into. "What sort of liquor ought one to expect from such a pretty little chalice?"

"At a guess," replied my Father, very gravely, "nothing coarser than mountain-dew."

"Yes," said my Uncle, with enthusiasm; "to drink out of such a diminutive calyx, all enamelled with blossoms, is indeed like to the poetical fancy of sipping dew out of a flower! And then the Sylph to whom only such a cup could belong!——"

"She must have had thinner lips than a Negro," said my Father.

"And what a ladylike hand!" exclaimed my Uncle; "for such a Lilliputian utensil would escape from any but the most feminine fingers."

"Her hand must be like her foot," said my Father, "which is never bigger than a child's."

"And here, again, we have a proof of refinement," said my Uncle. "Walking is generally considered in Europe as a vulgar and common exercise for a lady, and it shows the extreme delicacy of the well-bred Chinese female, that as far as possible she makes a conventional impropriety a physical impossibility."

"And it is somewhat remarkable," said my Father, "that the Chinese gentlemen have an appendage, formerly indispensable with the politest nation in the world in its politest time—the pigtail."

"Exactly," said my Uncle, "But here is the lady," and he took up another of his grandmother's brittle legacies, "on a plate that ought to be a plate to Moore's 'Paradise and the Peri.' Just hold it up towards the window, and observe its transparency, softening down the sunshine, you observe, to a sort of moonlight."

"Very transparent, indeed," said my Father. "And yonder is Nan King herself, fetching a walk by that blue river."

"Yes, bluer than the Rhine," said my Uncle, "though it has not been put into poetry. And look at the birds, and fruits, and flowers! And then that pretty rural temple!"

"Is it on the earth or in the sky?" asked my Father.

"Whichever you please," said my Uncle: "and the garden is all the more Edenlike for that ingenious equivocation. There is no horizon, you observe, but a sort of blending, as we may suppose there was in Paradise, of earth and heaven."

"Very poetical, indeed," said my Father. "And those curly-tailed swallows, and those crooked gudgeons may be flying or swimming at the option of the spectator."

"Exactly so," said my Uncle; "and there you have the superior fancy of the Chinese. A Staffordshire potter would leave nothing to the imagination. He would never dream of building a castle in the air, or throwing a bridge over nothing."

"He would not indeed," said my Father, "even if he could get an act of parliament for it."

"Not he," cried my Uncle. "All must be fact with him—no fiction. But it is otherwise with the Chinese. They have been called servile and literal copyists—but, on the contrary, they have more boldness and originality than all our Royal Academy put together. For instance, here is a road, the farther end of which is lost in that white blank, which may or may not stand for the atmosphere——"

"And yet," said my Father, "that little man in petticoats is walking up it as if he had an errand at the other end."

"For aught we know," said my Uncle, "it may be an allegory—and I have often fancied that the paintings on their vessels were scenes from their tales or poems. In the meantime we may gather some hints of the character of the people from their porcelain,—that they are literary and musical, and from the frequent occurrence of figures of children, that they are of affectionate and domestic habits. And, above all, that they are eminently unwarlike, and inclined only to peaceful and pastoral pursuits. I do not recollect ever seeing an armed figure, weapons, or any allusions to war, and its attributes, in any of their enamels."

"So much the worse for them," said my Father; "for they are threatened with something more than a tempest in a teapot. It will be like the china vessel in the old fable, coming in contact with the

brazen one. There will be a fine smash, brother, of your favourite ware ! ”

“ A smash ! where ? ” inquired my Aunt, who had just entered the room, and imperfectly overheard the last sentence. “ What are you talking of ? ”

“ Of a Bull in a China Shop,” said my Father, with a hard wink at my Uncle.

“ Yes, that’s a dreadful smash, sure enough,” said my Aunt. “ There was Mrs. Starkey, who keeps the great Staffordshire warehouse at



A RUM CUSTOMER.

Smithfield Bars — she had an overdriven beast run into her shop only last week. At first, she says, he was quiet enough, for besides racing up and down St. John Street, he had been bullock-hunted all over Islington and Hoxton fields, and that had taken the wildness out of him. So at first he only stood staring at the jugs, and mugs, and things, as if admiring the patterns.”

“ And pray,” inquired my Uncle, “ where was Mrs. Starkey in the meantime ? ”

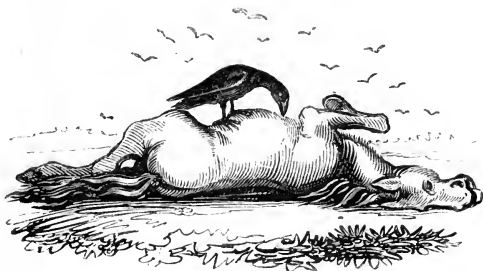
“ Why, the shopman, you see, had crept under the counter for safety, and Mrs. Starkey was in

the back-parlour, and saw everything by peeping through a crack of the green curtain over the glass-door. So the mad Bull stood staring at the crockery, quiet enough ; when, unluckily, with a swish of his tail, he brought down on his back a whole row of pipkins that hung over head. I suppose he remembered being pelted about the streets ; for the clatter of the earthenware about his ears seemed to put him up afresh, for he gave a stamp and a bellow that made the whole shop shake again, and down rattled a great jug on his hind quarters Well, round turns the Bull, quite savage, with another loud bellow, as much as to say, ‘ I should like to know who did that ? ’ when what should he see by bad luck but a china figure of a Mandarin, as big as our Tom there, a-grinning and nodding at him with its head.”

“ Commissioner Lin,” said my Father, with a significant nod at my Uncle.

"Mrs. Starkey thinks," continued my Aunt, "that the mad Bull took the china figure for a human creature, and particularly as its motions made it look so lifelike,—however, the more the Bull stamped and bellowed, the more the Mandarin grinned and nodded his head, till at long and at last, the Bull got so aggravated, that sticking his tail upright, Mrs. Starkey says, as stiff as the kitchen poker, he made but one rush at the china Mandarin, and smashed him all into shivers."

"And there you have the whole history," said my Father, with another nod to my Uncle, "of a War with China."



A RAVENOUS APPETITE.

A POPULAR FALLACY.

"When you are eating, leave off hungry."

Do no such thing. Supposing your Appetite to be honest and hearty—no pampered craving for delicacies, but a natural demand for wholesome food—why then, no shabby instalments, no ounce-in-the-pound compositions with Hunger. Pay in full. The claim of the stomach is a just one; and let it be handsomely satisfied. The constitution, physical or moral, must be peculiar that can derive either comfort or benefit from perpetual dunning.

Leave off hungry!—Pshaw!—as well say, when you are washing yourself, leave off dirty. There is only one reasonable reason that can be urged in favour of thus bringing a Meal to an "untimely end"—namely, that you cannot get enough to eat. In such a case Necessity makes the rule absolute, and you may leave off as hungry as a hunter, who has not caught his hare. But with the whole joint before you, eat your fill. As for the rule, there is only one maxim of the kind that is worth any thing—viz. *when you are dying, leave off alive.*



A SPARE BED ON THE RHINE.

“UP THE RHINE.”

Why, Tourist, why
 With Passports have to do?
 Pr'ythee stay at home and pass
 The Port and Sherry too.

Why, Tourist, why
 Embark for Rotterdam?
 Pr'ythee stay at home and take
 Thy Hollands in a dram.

Why, Tourist, why
 To foreign climes repair?
 Pr'ythee take thy German Flute,
 And breathe a German air.

Why, Tourist, why
 The Seven Mountains view?
 Any one at home can tint
 A hill with Prussian Blue.

Why, Tourist, why
 To old Colonia's walls?
 Sure, to see a *Wrenish* Dome,
 One needn't leave St. Paul's.

NOT IN "BOZ."

"I'LL tell you what it is," said Mr. Weller to Mr. Hatband; "there's no doubt in the world that the Railways will prove very injurious to Coaches, and Coachmen, and to Horses in partickler, by throwing so many hanimals out o' work, and by consekens out o' bread, or at least hoats. But that's nothing to the ruination that will be inflicted on Gen'l'men in your own line—namely, the Undertakers. And for this reason, that the more the popperlation is brought to untimely ends by them destructive engines, the less demand there will be for shells or coffins. For, you see, between their Up and Down Trains, and their violent collusions agin each other, the poor relicts of mortality will be smashed to sich a flat compass, that there will be no berrying on 'em, except in portfolios."

A BULL.

ONE day, no matter where or when,
 Except 'twas after some Hibernian revel,
 For why? an Irishman is ready then
 "To play the Devil"—
 A Pat, whose surname has escaped the Bards,
 Agreed to play with Nick a game at cards.

The stake, the same that the old Source of Sin
 From German Faustus and his German Cousins
 Had won by dozens;
 The only one, in fact, he cares a pin
 To win.

By luck or roguery of course Old Nick
 Won ev'ry trick:
 The score was full, the last turn-up had done it—
 "Your soul—I've won it!"

"It's true for you, I've lost that same,"
 Said Pat a little hazy in his wits—
 "My soul is yours—but come, another game—
 Double, or quits!"



OPEN TO OBJECTION.

SPECULATIONS OF A NATURALIST.

“Can an oyster think?”

OF all things living—if it can be called living, never to see life,—there is none so inanimate as an Oyster. Confined to its *native* spot,—literally bedridden, and knowing no change, but the opening and shutting of its chamber-door—a fixture in its own house—always at home, like the grate—no squatter, but a decided settler,—it is, as the Americans say, in an “eternal fix.”

It was once thought impossible that a horse could come to be shaved, which however has since happened; but a similar prediction may safely be made concerning an oyster. The barber must come to the beard, or the oyster must live everlastingly unshorn like the Wandering Jew, but without his wandering. It can no more leave its shell than a corpse its coffin. All the divisions of New Police, with all their Sergeants and Superintendants, might order it in vain to move on—it is “*no go*” personified.

Primâ facie it seems impossible that such a squab should cogitate. In spite of Spurzheim, who affirms that the substance of the human brain resembles that of an oyster, it is difficult to believe that there is any intellectual faculty in such a lump of animal blanc-mange—that it ever even thinks of thinking. Is it so much as aware metaphysically of

its own existence—*Cogito, ergo sum?* Can it entertain an idea, natural or acquired—by intuition, which is a sort “of private tuition,”—or otherwise? Has it any little notions—except material ones—of anything at all from the cosmogony of the world downwards? Can it meditate—put this and that together—reflect—or perform any mental act whatever? Does it ever theorise—for example, as to the tides! Or ever draw an inference,—*e. g.* that a cathedral-stall must be better than a stall in the street? Can it draw a comparison—as between itself and a rolling-stone? Or form a notion of motion? Or of a locomotive machine,—for example, the Colchester Coach? Can it muse, or compose a Psychological Curiosity? Can it go wool-gathering—or into a brown study—or into a fit of abstraction—without the help of a knife? Does it ever get to its wits’ end—or even to their beginning? In short, has it a mind of its own?

These are difficult queries; and the more so, that the dumb shell-fish, if it have any thinkings, whether poetical Night Thoughts or prosaical day ones, such as Thoughts on the Currency—Thoughts on the Corn laws;—or still more cogent Thoughts on the Corporation and Testaceous Acts—is inevitably condemned to keep its Thoughts to itself.

In the meantime, our servant, this morning, has brought from the fish-market a fine living Crab, with an oyster, by way of rider, sticking right and tight on the back shell. Here, then, appears something like a glimmering of reason and foresight; for if the Bivalve had fastened on any common scaly fish, it might easily have been rubbed off, wilfully or accidentally; whereas from the hard crust of Cancer it was as difficult to dislodge as the Old Man of the Sea. Again, there is much seeming sagacity in the selection of the Amphibious reptile; for supposing an Oyster to indulge a wish for seeing the world, where could it have chosen a better Conveyancer, than one accustomed, besides sea voyages, to occasional travels on land?

This certainly resembles the exercise of a reasoning faculty; however opposed certain analogies may be to such a conclusion. But an Oyster is very anomalous—and for example in this:—*That you must take it out of its bed before you can tuck it in!*

A REFLECTION.

WHEN Eve upon the first of Men
 The apple press'd with specious cant,
 Oh! what a thousand pities then
 That Adam was not Adamant!



THE PHANTOM SHIP.

A SKETCH OFF THE ROAD.

“Whatever is, is right.”—POPE.

“Laissez aller.”—IVANHOE.

“ADIEU, mes amis!—I am gone down below. Mais, tout doucement, Monsieur Jacques—you will break your head!”

The language was doubtful: but the accent and tone were so decidedly French, that the pictorial faculty immediately presented a meagre, sallow-faced figure,—a sort of Monsieur Mallet or Morbleu—as the next addition to the company in the crowded cabin of the Lord Melville. Thanks to National Prejudice, fostered by State Policy, and confirmed by our Anti-Gallican Dramatists and Caricaturists, it has always been the popular notion that le Bœuf Gras was the only fat animal in France. Indeed, some thirty or forty years ago,—“when George the Third was King,”—the celebrated Living Skeleton would have been considered as a fair average specimen of his countrymen. A Frenchman any stouter than Romeo’s starved Apothecary was a physical impossibility:—at the utmost, like his own Mât de Cocagne, he might become greasy, but not fat. Such was, in reality, my own impression in early life; and hence the Eidolon my fancy had conjured up of a foreigner.

“As long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribb'd sea-sand !”

It was, however, a very different Personage who came stooping and labouring through the narrow aperture, which he quite filled up—like a pig squeezing into a hen-house. As the Man-Mountain entered *backwards*, and almost bent double, the mind unavoidably recurred to the Stout Gentleman of Washington Irving: whom the new-comer quite equalled in bulk, and rather exceeded in boisterousness: for he had taken his wine on board before embarking; and a little Achates who came with him had no small trouble in checking, or rather trying to check, the Big Man's exuberant gaiety. It would have been as easy to persuade Falstaff into Quakerism.

In the meantime the old Prejudice set to work, and I could not help thinking—in common, perhaps, with two-thirds of the passengers then present—that so hearty and well-fed a fellow—big enough for a Small farmer—ruddy enough for a butcher—and jolly enough for a Jack Tar—ought to have been an Englishman: and, as if to countenance this theory, the Stranger not only had some knowledge of our language, but exhibited very decided symptoms of Anglomania. He had travelled somewhere—perhaps between Paris and Calais—by an English Stage-Coach; and struck, no doubt, by the superiority of whip, drag, and team, the beautiful turn-out, and the admirable performance of horse and man, compared with the foreign Diligence and its cattle, had imbibed the fancy for the “Road” so prevalent among ourselves. In particular, one of the phrases of the craft had burnt itself into his heart like a love-posy. It haunted him like a tune. In season or out of season, and intertwined with the most opposite topics, it was continually dropping from his lips, or rather rattling with a strong guttural emphasis from his throat, as thus: “All r-r-r-right,—let them go!”

The night was close and sultry, the passengers were numerous, and the cabin was, of course, none the cooler for the arrival of such a huge warm, breathing body, displacing an equal bulk of air.

“Sapperment! qu'il fait chaud!” ejaculated the fat Frenchman, as he seated himself next his friend, at the end of one of the long tables. “Allons, mon ami—we must drink;” and, as he spoke, he intercepted the steward's mate, “Hold, boy! garçon,—bring here some grogs.”

His companion vainly remonstrated against this order, alleging that the other had already drunk more than enough; but the Frenchman was resolute.

“Bah! ce n'est rien—I am not bottlesome—du tout! du tout! All r-r-r-r-right—soyez tranquille. Ah! ah! here come the grogs—let them go!”

A glass of rum-and-water was mixed and swallowed in a twinkling; and a second was about to follow, when the friend anxiously interfered, and at last, by signs, desired the boy to take away the bottle and glass.

“All r-r-r-r-right—let them go!” said the Frenchman; but meaning quite the reverse, for unsuited the action to the word, he made a

snatch at the departing spirit. "Diable! stop! halte là!—give me my grogs."

"No, no; take it away."

"Mais, non—donnez-moi, vous dis-je!—give it to me!"

"But, my dear fellow——"

"Chut, chut! vous êtes ivre. You see me drink two glasses for one."

"But the passengers want to go to sleep."

"All r-r-right—let them go!" said the Frenchman. "Ah! là voilà!" and he replaced the rum-bottle on the table: "à présent—tenez, la vie est courte—il faut boire. Your good healths, gentlemen.



A WORK OF SUPEREROGATION.

Vive l'Angleterre! I am going to ride all over you in a coach—ah, si beaux chevaux! all r-r-right—st-st—peste! I have broke the bottle all to bits!—hollo, boy!—more grogs."

"My good fellow, do be quiet; you had better get into bed."

"A la bonne heure,—get into it yourself—go inside; pour moi, non. I shall drink a bit more. Hola, boy! steward! come! vite! quick! the grogs—the grogs—the grogs! Bon: c'est un brave garçon! Now then, sir, all r-r-right—bon voyage—let them go!"

"Pray don't drink any more."

"Mon ami, à votre santé. It is good stuff!

Encore un coup,—trink, boys, trink—grogs for ever!—Allons, chantons un peu,—La, la, la, lira la——"

"Hush! hush! they are all in bed."

"No such thing: there are two misters at the other table. Mais, non, he is only one. Never mind. Ah! ah,—voici le Capitaine—My friend, will you not have some grogs? Allons—goutez—where do you change your horses? Allons!—ha! ha!—all r-r-right—let them go! n'est-ce-pas?—Attendez,—one day I will be a whip—parbleu, je les ferai trotter—comme quatre!—eh, mon ami? Mais voyez donc, il est malade—c'est sa faute—he would not take some grogs!—Oui, c'est ça—I must take warning of him—Hola! boy!—some more—some more grogs. Quick! fast!—or else I shall be sick. Look at my old fellow—ah le pauvre!—there he goes into his bed. Adieu, mon cher—dormez bien. A present—allons—buons nous autres—bu-bu-bu-buons

—” and so forth, till the jovial Frenchman, dropping his head on the table, fairly muttered himself into a doze. Sleep could now go to sleep; and snorings, pitched in various keys, began to sound from the different sides of the cabin.

The calm, however, was short: all at once there was a tremendous bounce that shook the very timbers of the vessel as if she had touched on a sand-bank. The Man Mountain had tumbled from his seat, and was rolling and talking on the floor.

“Mon Dieu! qu'y-a-t-il?—I have falled off the coach—oui, c'est ça—here is some bags and boxes—no, it is the ship!—Help—hola! Boy! garçon!—ha! ha! ha!—c'est bien drôle!—Bon! here is the boy!—tenez—tout doucement—all r-r-right—pick up my head and my legs—let them go!”

The boy heaved and hauled, as the sailors say, “with a will” at the prostrate carcase; but to raise such a body on its legs was no easy task, and to keep it perpendicular was still more difficult. Long and ludicrous was the struggle, till even Sleep, who had waked in a cross temper, was compelled to smile at the awkwardness of the scramble. At last, by dint of hugging and tugging, and heaving and twisting, the good-humoured Monster, who had never ceased talking, was propped up in a corner of the cabin.

“Bon! all r-r-right!—je vous remercie infiniment—come, you shall drink some—mais, regardez—quel dommage!—there has been one—how do you call it?—quite a spill.”

“Have you hurt yourself?” inquired the friend from the bed.

“Not a morsel!—Dieu merci!—sound wind and sound limb. Some grogs will make all well. Mais, parbleu, il fait grand vent!” and the speaker gave a tremendous stagger, and then a plunge over the opposite table.

“By Jove, I can't stand it!” exclaimed the friend, bolting feet foremost from his berth. “He'll dash out his brains!”

“All r-r-right!” muttered the fat Frenchman,—“let them go!”

* * * * *

The morning after my arrival in London, my fortune afforded me another glimpse of the Jolly Foreigner. He was occupying rather more than his share of the box-seat of a long stage. The coach was on the point of starting,—the driver was buckling his reins,—and the helpers



AMOUNT CARRIED OVER.

stood ready to snatch the cloths from the wheelers ;—the Fat Frenchman, with his lips moving, as if silently rehearsing the favourite phrase, was intently watching the progress of the buckling ; and no sooner was it completed, than—anticipating the coachman, and with a gusto not to be described in print—forth rattled, as guttural as ever, the appropriate sentence—“ All r-r-r-r-right—let them go ! ”



THE BOTTLE IMP.

ANACREONTIC.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

COME, fill up the Bowl, for if ever the glass
 Found a proper excuse or fit season,
 For toasts to be honour'd, or pledges to pass,
 Sure, this hour brings an exquisite reason :
 For hark ! the last chime of the dial has ceased,
 And Old Time, who his leisure to cozen,
 Had finish'd the Months, like the flasks at a feast,
 Is preparing to tap a fresh dozen !
 Hip ! Hip ! and Hurrah !

Then fill, all ye Happy and Free, unto whom
 The past Year has been pleasant and sunny ;
 Its months each as sweet as if made of the bloom
 Of the *thyme* whence the bee gathers honey—
 Days usher'd by dew-drops, instead of the tears,
 May be wrung from some wretcheder cousin—
 Then fill, and with gratitude join in the cheers
 That triumphantly hail a fresh dozen !
 Hip ! Hip ! and Hurrah !

And ye, who have met with Adversity's blast,
 And been bow'd to the earth by its fury ;
 To whom the Twelve Months, that have recently pass'd,
 Were as harsh as a prejudiced jury,—
 Still, fill to the Future ! and join in our chime,
 The regrets of remembrance to cozen,
 And having obtained a New Trial of Time,
 Shout in hopes of a kindlier dozen !
 Hip ! Hip ! and Hurrah !

A CAUTION.

BEWARE of angering a Blind Man. For he will strike you *as soon as look at you.*

A POPULAR FALLACY.

It is dishonest to deprive me of my goods "against my will." It is a dead robbery to make free with my live-stock. It is felony to abstract from my dwelling-house. It is larceny to take my purse or my handkerchief, my watch or my snuff-box. It is picking and stealing to thin my apples. It is theft to walk off with my shoes or stockings. It is priggging to sneak away with a tea-spoon. It is pilfering to appropriate my toothpick or my loose change. It is filching to convey my hat from its peg, or my cloak from the hall. It is breach of trust to abscond with a few of my pounds, though I may have thousands still left at my banker's. But it is only a joke, forsooth, to run away with my knocker, and leave me *without a rap.*

THE PURSUIT OF LETTERS.

THE Germans for Learning enjoy great repute ;
 But the English make *Letters* still more a pursuit ;
 For a Cockney will go from the banks of the Thames
 To Cologne for an *O*, and to Nassau for *M's*.

RIDDLE.

WHY is a shepherd like an unfortunate man?—Because he always has "a crook in his lot."



AN AIR PUMP.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

SOME time ago a Professional Friend, who was engaged in the study of Comparative Anatomy, became desirous of dissecting a Monkey. To this end he applied at a certain Menagerie, where he selected and purchased an animal of the required species, and which he directed to be killed, and then forwarded to his residence. Accordingly the next day he received, per Camberwell carrier, a large basket with the following genuine epistle:—

“Sir,—Wen this cums to Hand the Monkey is in the Hamper. And hope he will give Satisfaxion havin bean carfully Kild without injery to the Carcus so as to be fit for a Specimin in Nateral Histry or anytomical purpus as may be preferd.

“Me and Maples had a long consultin as to the puttin on Him to deth, and at last both concludid the most properest Way would be Hangin, becos of his striking resemblans to the Human specius. Witch was dun acording and as like a Man as possibil xcept his repetid climing up the rope with his hind legs as in course a Christian cant no how. Besides being so powerful in his lims, as obleeged me and Maples to pull at his different legs, and even then cut capers astonishin and kickt like fun. Whereby he died very Hard, and witch not bein accompanied with old close and perquisits, like other hangings, we humbly hope will be considerd over and above his price as a Subject, besides the shock

to feelings with a hanimal we'd bean acquainted with for so many years. Poor Jocko! Both on us can shew the old marks of his Bites.

"Sir,—Me and Maples both thort it was a grate pitty you or sum other siantificle Gentleman warnt present yourself at the Execushun to studdy his dying fizzogonomy witch showd to partickler lively effect from not havin any Cap drawed over his face like a feller cretur. Whereby you mite see every Mug he cut agreable to his struggles, and as sich an advantage not to be enjoyed at the Old Bailey. Luckly he settled at last with a plesant sort of grinnin expression on his feturs, and Maples think would stuff lovely, provided you was not bent on his Skelliton. In witch case if it woud not be axing too grate a faver for me and Maples to be present at the cuttin on him up, having knowed him so long at the Menagery it woud be a Pleasure to see the last on him and partikly his Interium wether like our own specius inside as well as out. And excusing the libberty of the hint Maples consider a Monkey must have some uncommon sort of Brains to stand so much swinging with there Heds downwards. With witch I remane Sir

Your very Humble Servant to Command

JAMES BAYCROFT.

"P.S. If you woud like to disect a Kangeroo we have one as is open to Terms."

In spite, however, of "me and Maples," the hamper was no sooner opened than up jumped Jocko as vigorous as ever, and in a trice was jabbering in the Unknown Tongue from the top of the bookcase. In consideration of his past sufferings and his narrow escape, the poor Monkey was allowed by the Doctor to live out his natural term; but like "ill-hangit Maggie" he had always a thraw in his neck, and, from some injury to the glottis, was apt to make what his old keepers would perhaps have called "gallows faces" whilst swallowing his victuals.



"I'D BE A BUTTERFLY."



"AND TELEMACHUS KNEW THAT HE BEHELD MINERVA."

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS ABROAD.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

"She tawght 'hem to sew and marke,
All manner of sylkyn werke,
Of her they were ful fayne."—*Romance of Emare.*

CHAPTER I.

A SCHOOLMISTRESS ought not to travel—

"No, sir!"

No, madam—except on the map. There, indeed, she may skip from a blue continent to a green one—cross a pink isthmus—traverse a Red, Black, or Yellow Sea—land in a purple island, or roam in an orange desert, without danger or indecorum. There she may ascend dotted rivers, sojourn at capital cities, scale alps, and wade through bogs, without soiling her shoe, rumpling her satin, or showing her ankle. But as to practical travelling,—real journeying and voyaging,—oh, never, never, never!

"How, sir! Would you deny to a Preceptress all the excursive pleasures of locomotion?"

By no means, miss. In the summer holidays, when the days are long, and the evenings are light, there is no objection to a little trip by the railway—say to Weybridge or Slough—provided always—

"Well, sir?"

That she goes by a special train, and in a first-class carriage.

“ Ridiculous ! ”

Nay, madam—consider her pretensions. She is little short of a Divinity!—Diana, without the hunting!—a modernized Minerva!—the Representative of Womanhood in all its purity!—Eve, in full dress, with a finished education!—a Model of Morality!—a Pattern of Propriety!—the Fuglewoman of her Sex! As such she must be perfect. No medium performance—no ordinary good-going, like that of an eight-day clock or a Dutch dial—will suffice for the character. She must be as correct as a prize chronometer. She must be her own Prospectus personified. Spotless in reputation, immaculate in her dress, regular in her habits, refined in her manners, elegant in her carriage, nice in her taste, faultless in her phraseology, and in her mind like—like——

“ Pray what, sir ? ”

Why, like your own chimney-ornament, madam—a pure crystal fountain, sipped by little doves of alabaster.

“ A sweet pretty comparison ! Well, go on, sir ! ”

Now, look at travelling. At the best, it is a rambling, scrambling, shift-making, strange-bedding, irregular-mealing, foreign-habiting, helter-skelter, higgledy-piggledy sort of process. At the very least, a female must expect to be rumpled and dusted ; perhaps draggled, drenched, torn and roughcasted—and if not bodily capsized or thrown a summerset, she is likely to have her straitest-laced prejudices upset, and some of her most orthodox opinions turned topsyturvy. An accident of little moment to other women, but to a schoolmistress productive of a professional lameness for life. Then she is certain to be stared at, jabbered at, may be jeered at, and poked, pushed, and hauled at, by curious or officious foreigners—to be accosted by perfect and imperfect strangers—in short, she is liable to be revolted in her taste, shocked in her religious principles, disturbed in her temper, disturbed in her dress, and deranged in her decorum. But you shall hear the sentiments of a Schoolmistress on the subject.

“ Oh ! a made-up letter. ”

No, miss,—a genuine epistle, upon my literary honour. Just look at the writing—the real copybook running-hand—not a *t* uncrossed—not an *i* undotted—not an illegitimate flourish of a letter, but each *j* and *g* and *y* turning up its tail like the pug dogs, after one regular established pattern. And pray observe her capitals. No sprawling K with a kicking leg—no troublesome W making a long arm across its neighbour, and especially no great vulgar D unnecessarily sticking out its stomach. Her H, you see, seems to have stood in the stocks, her I to have worn a backboard, and even her S is hardly allowed to be crooked !

CHAPTER II.

“ Phoo ! phoo ! it’s all banter, ” exclaims the Courteous Reader.

Banter be hanged ! replies the Courteous Writer. But possibly, my good sir, you have never seen that incomparable schoolmistress,

Miss Crane, for a Miss she was, is, and would be, even if Campbell's Last Man were to offer to her for the preservation of the species. One sight of her were, indeed, as good as a thousand, seeing that nightly she retires into some kind of mould, like a jelly shape, and turns out again in the morning the same identical face and figure, the same correct, ceremonious creature, and in the same costume to a crinkle. But no—you never can have seen that She-Mentor, stiff as starch, formal as a Dutch hedge, sensitive as a Daguerreotype, and so tall, thin, and



A NOTE OF ADMIRATION.

upright, that supposing the Tree of Knowledge to have been a poplar, she was the very Dryad to have fitted it! Otherwise, remembering that unique image, all fancy and frost work—so incrustated with crisp and brittle particularities—so bedecked allegorically with the primrose of prudence, the daisy of decorum, the violet of modesty, and the lily of purity, you would confess at once that such a Schoolmistress was as unfit to travel—*unpacked*—as a Dresden China figure!

“Excuse me, sir, but is there actually such a real personage?”

Real! Are there real Natives—Real Blessings to Mothers—Real Del Monte

shares, and Real Water at the Adelphi? Only call her * * * * * instead of Crane, and she is a living, breathing, flesh and blood, skin and bone individual! Why, there are dozens, scores, hundreds of her Ex-Pupils, now grown women, who will instantly recognise their old Governess in the form with which, mixing up Grace and Gracefulness, she daily prefaced their rice-milk, batter puddings; or raspberry-bolsters. As thus:

“For what we are going to receive—elbows, elbows!—the Lord make us—backs in and shoulders down—truly thankful—and no chattering—amen.”

CHAPTER III.

“But the letter, sir, the letter——”

“Oh, I do so long,” exclaims one, who would be a stout young woman, if she did not wear a pinafore, “oh, I do so long to hear how a governess writes home!”

"The professional epistle," adds a tall, thin Instructress, genteelly in at the elbows, but shabbily out at the fingers' ends, for she has only twenty pounds per annum, with five quarters in arrear.

"The schoolmistress's letter," cries a stumpy Teacher—only a helper, but looking as important as if she were an educational coachwoman, with a team of her own, some five-and-twenty skittish young animals, without blinkers, to keep straight in the road of propriety.

"The letter, sir," chimes in a half-boarder, looking, indeed, as if she had only half-dined for the last half-year.

"Come, the letter you promised us from that paragon, Miss Crane."

That's true. Mother of the Muses, forgive me! I had forgotten my promise as utterly as if it had never been made. If any one had furnished the matter with a file and a rope-ladder it could not have escaped more clearly from my remembrance. A loose tooth could not more completely have gone out of my head. A greased eel could not more thoroughly have slipped my memory. But here is the letter, sealed with pale blue wax, and a device of the Schoolmistress's own invention—namely, a note of interrogation (?) with the appropriate motto of "an answer required." And in token of its authenticity, pray observe that the cover is duly stamped, except that of the foreign postmark only the three last letters are legible, and yet even from these one may *swear* that the missive has come from Holland; yes, as certainly as if it smelt of Dutch cheese, pickle-herrings, and Schie * * * ! But hark to Governess!

MY DEAR MISS PARFITT,

Under the protection of a superintending Providence, we have arrived safely at this place, which as you know is a seaport in the Dutch dominions—chief city Amsterdam.

For your amusement and improvement I did hope to compose a journal of our continental progress, with such references to Guthrie and the School Atlas as might enable you to trace our course on the Map of Europe. But unexpected vicissitudes of mind and body have totally incapacitated me for the pleasing task. Some social evening hereafter I may entertain our little juvenile circle with my locomotive miseries and disagreeables; but at present my nerves and feeling are too discomposed for the correct flow of an epistolary correspondence. Indeed, from the Tower-stair to Rotterdam I have been in one universal tremor and perpetual blush. Such shocking scenes and positions, that make one ask twenty times a day, is this decorum?—can this be morals? But I must not anticipate. Suffice it, that as regards foreign travelling it is my painful conviction, founded on personal experience, that a woman of delicacy or refinement cannot go out of England without going out of herself!

The very first step from an open boat up a windy shipside is an alarm to modesty, exposed as one is to the officious but odious attentions of the Tritons of the Thames. Nor is the steamboat itself a

sphere for the preservation of self-respect. If there is any feature on which a British female prides herself, it is a correct and lady-like carriage. In that particular I quite coincide with Mrs. Chapone, Mrs.



A DUTCH STEAMER.

Hannah More, and other writers on the subject. But how—let me ask—how is a dignified deportment to be maintained when one has to skip and straddle over cables, ropes, and other nautical *hors d'œuvres*—to scramble up and down impracticable stairs, and to clamber into inaccessible beds? Not to name the sudden losing one's centre of gravity, and falling in all sorts of unstudied attitudes on a sloppy and slippery deck. An accident that I may say reduces the elegant and the

awkward female to the same level. You will be concerned, therefore, to learn that poor Miss Ruth had a fall, and in an unbecoming posture particularly distressing—namely, by losing her footing on the cabin flight, and coming down with a destructive launch into the steward's pantry.

For my own part, it has never happened to me within my remembrance to make a false step, or to miss a stair: there is a certain guarded carriage that preserves one from such sprawling *denouements*—but of course what the bard calls the “poetry of motion,” is not to be preserved amidst the extempore rollings of an ungovernable ship. Indeed, within the last twenty-four hours, I have had to perform feats of agility more fit for a monkey than one of my own sex and species. Par example: getting down from a bed as high as the copybook-board, and, what really is awful, with the sensation of groping about with your feet and legs for a floor that seems to have no earthly existence. I may add, the cabin-door left ajar and exposing you to the gaze of an obtrusive cabin-boy, as he is called, but quite big enough for a man. Oh, *je ne jamais!*

As to the *Mer Maladie*, delicacy forbids the details; but as Miss Ruth says, it is the height of human degradation; and to add to the climax of our letting down, we had to give way to the most humiliating impulses in the presence of several of the rising generation—dreadfully rude little girls who had too evidently enjoyed a bad bringin-gup.

To tell the truth, your poor Governess was shockingly indisposed. Not that I had indulged my appetite at dinner, being too much

disgusted with a public meal in promiscuous society, and as might be expected, elbows on table, eating with knives, and even picking teeth with forks! And then no grace, which assuredly ought to be said both before and after, whether we are to retain the blessings or not. But a dinner at sea and a school dinner, where we have even our regular beef and batter days, are two very different things. Then to allude to indiscriminate conversation, a great part of which is in a foreign language, and accordingly places one in the cruel position of hearing, without understanding a word of, the most libertine and atheistical sentiments. Indeed, I fear I have too often been smiling complacently, not to say engagingly, when I ought rather to have been flashing with virtuous indignation, or even administering the utmost severity of moral reproof. I did endeavour, in one instance, to rebuke indelicacy! but unfortunately from standing near the funnel, was smutty all the while I was talking, and as school experience confirms, it is impossible to command respect with a black on one's nose.



THE FALLOUT OF CIVILISATION.

Another of our Cardinal Virtues, personal cleanliness, is totally impracticable on ship-board: but without particularising, I will only name a general sense of grubbiness; and as to dress, a rumpled and tumbled *tout ensemble*, strongly indicative of the low and vulgar pastime of rolling down Greenwich-hill! And then, in such a costume to land in Holland, where the natives get up linen with a perfection and purity, as Miss Ruth says, quite worthy of the primeval ages! *That*, surely is bad enough—but to have one's trunks rummaged like a suspected menial—to see all the little secrets of the toilette, and all the mysteries of a female wardrobe exposed to the searching gaze of a male official—Oh, shocking! shocking!

In short, my dear, it is my candid impression, as regards foreign travelling, that except for a masculine tallyhoying female, of the Di Vernon genus, it is hardly adapted to our sex. Of this at least I am certain, that none but a born romp and hoyden, or a girl accustomed to the new-fangled pulley-hauley exercises, the Calisthenics, is fitted for the boisterous evolutions of a sea-voyage. And yet there are creatures calling themselves Women, not to say Ladies, who will undertake such long marine passages as to Bombay in Asia, or New York, in the New World! Consult Arrowsmith for the geographical degrees.

Affection, however, demands the sacrifice of my own personal feelings, as my Reverend Parent and my Sister are still inclined to prosecute a Continental Tour. I forgot to tell you that during the voyage, Miss Ruth endeavoured to *parlez français* with some of the foreign ladies, but as they did not understand her, they must all have been Germans.

My paper warns to conclude. I rely on your superintending vigilance for the preservation of domestic order in my absence. The horticultural department I need not recommend to your care, knowing your innate partiality for the offspring of Flora—and the dusting of the fragile ornaments in the drawing-room you will assuredly not trust to any hands but your own. Blinds down of course—the front-gate locked regularly at 5 P.M.—and I must particularly beg of your musical *penchant* a total abstinence on Sundays from the pianoforte. And now adieu. The Reverend T. C. desires his compliments to you, and Miss Ruth adds her kind regards, with which believe me,

My dear Miss Parfitt,
Your affectionate Friend and Preceptress,
PRISCILLA CRANE.

P.S. I have just overheard a lady describing, with strange levity, an adventure that befell her at Cologne. A foreign postman invading her sleeping-apartment, and not only delivering a letter to her on her pillow, but actually staying to receive his money, and to give her the change! And she laughed and called him her *Bed Post*! *Fi donc*! *Fi donc*!

CHAPTER IV.

WELL—there is the letter—

“And a very proper letter too,” remarks a retired Seminarian, Mrs. Grove House, a faded, demure-looking old lady, with a set face so like wax, that any strong emotion would have cracked it to pieces. And never, except on a doll, was there a face with such a miniature set of features, or so crowned with a chaplet of little string-coloured curls.

“A proper letter!—what with all that fuss about delicacy and decorum!”

Yes, miss. At least proper for the character. A Schoolmistress is a prude by profession. She is bound on her reputation to detect improprieties, even as he is the best lawyer who discovers the most flaws. It is her cue, where she cannot find an indecorum, to imagine it;—just as a paid Spy is compelled, in a dearth of High Treason, to invent a conspiracy. In fact, it was our very Miss Crane who poked out an objection, of which no other woman would have dreamt, to those little button-mushrooms called Pages. She would not keep one, she said, for his weight in gold.

“But they are all the rage,” said Lady A.

“Everybody has one,” said Mrs. B.

"They are so showy!" said Mrs. C.

"And so interesting!" lisped Miss D.

"And so useful," suggested Miss E.

"I would rather part with half my servants," declared Lady A, "than with my handsome Cherubino!"

"Not a doubt of it," replied Miss Crane, with a gesture of the most profound acquiescence. "But if *I* were a married woman, I would not have such a boy about me for the world—no, not for the whole terrestrial globe. A Page is unquestionably very *à la mode*, and very dashing, and very pretty, and may be very useful—but to have a youth about one, so beautifully dressed, and so indulged, not to say pampered, and yet not exactly treated as one of the family—I should certainly expect that every body would take him——"

"For what, pray, what?"

"Why, for a *natural son in disguise*."

CHAPTER V.

(But to return to the Tour.—

It is a statistical fact, that since 1814 an unknown number of persons, bearing an indefinite proportion to the gross total of the population of the British empire, have been more or less "abroad." Not politically, or metaphysically, or figuratively, but literally out of the kingdom, or, as it is called, in foreign parts.

In fact, no sooner was the Continent *opened* to us by the Peace, than there was a general rush towards the mainland. An Alarmist, like old Croaker, might have fancied that some of our disaffected Merthyr Tydvil miners or underminers were scuttling the Island, so many of the natives scuttled out of it. The outlandish secretaries, who sign passports, had hardly leisure to take snuff.

It was good however for trade. Carpet-bags and portmanteaus rose one hundred per cent. All sorts of Guide-books and Journey Works went off like wildfire, and even Sir Humphry Davy's "Consolations in Travel" was in strange request. Servants, who had "no objection to go abroad" were snapped up like fortunes—and as to hard-riding "Curriers,"—there was nothing like leather.



"BIRDS OF A FEATHER"——

It resembled a geographical panic—and of all the Country and Banks in Christendom, never was there such a run as on the Banks of the Rhine. You would have thought that they were going to break all to smash—of course making away beforehand with their splendid furniture, unrivalled pictures, and capital cellar of wines! However, off flew our countrymen and countrywomen, like migrating swallows, but at the wrong time of year; or rather like shoals of salmon, striving up, up, up against the stream, except to spawn Tours and Reminiscences, hard and soft, instead of roe. And would that they were going up, up, up still—for when they came down again, Ods, Jobs, and patent Grizels! how they did *bore* and *Germanize* us, like so many flutes.

It was impossible to go into Society without meeting units, tens, hundreds, thousands of Rhenish Tourists—travellers in Ditchland, and



BARELY CIVIL.

in Deutchland. People who had seen Nimagen and Nim-Again—who had been at Cologne, and at Koëln, and at Colon—at Cob-Longs and Coblence—at Swang Gwar and at Saint Go-er—at Bonn—at Bone—and at Bong!

Then the airs they gave themselves over the untravelled! How they bothered them with Bergs, puzzled them with Bads, deafened them with Dorfs, worried them with Heims, and pelted them with Steins! How they looked down upon them, as if from Ehrenbreitstein, because they had not eaten a German sausage in Germany, sour krout in its own country, and drunk seltzer water at the fountain-head! What a donkey they deemed him who had not been to Assmanshausen—what a cockney

who had not seen a Rat's Castle besides the one in St. Giles's! He was as it were, in the kitchen of society, for to go "up the Rhine," was to go up-stairs!

Now this very humiliation was felt by Miss Crane; and the more that in her establishment for Young Ladies she was the Professor of Geography, and the Use of the Globes. Moreover, several of her pupils had made the trip with their parents during the vacations, and treated the travelling part of the business so lightly, that in a rash hour the Schoolmistress determined to go abroad. Her junior sister, Miss Ruth, gladly acceded to the scheme, and so did their only remaining parent, a little, sickly, querulous man, always in black, being some sort of dissenting minister, as the "young ladies" knew to their cost, for they had always to mark his new shirts, in cross-stitch, with the Reverend T. C. and the number—"the Reverend" at full length.

Accordingly, as soon as the Midsummer holidays set in, there was packed—in I don't know how many trunks, bags, and cap-boxes,—I don't know what luggage, except that for each of the party there was a silver spoon, a knife and fork, and six towels.

"And pray, sir, how far did your Schoolmistress mean to go?"

To Gotha, madam. Not because Bonaparte slept there on his flight from Leipsic—nor yet from any sentimental recollections of Goethe—not to see the palace of Friedenstein and its museum—nor to purchase an "Almanach de Gotha," nor even because His Royal Highness Prince Albert, of Saxe Gotha, was the Husband Elect of our Gracious Queen.

"Then what for, in the name of patience?"

Why, because the Berlin wool was dyed there, and so she could get what colour and shades she pleased.

CHAPTER VI.

"Now of all things," cries a Needlewoman—one of those to whom Parry alludes in his comic song of "Berlin Wool"—"I should like to know what pattern the Schoolmistress meant to work!"

And so would say any one—for no doubt it would have been a pattern for the whole sex. All I know is, that she once worked a hearth-rug, with a yellow animal, couchant, on a green ground, that was intended for a panther in a jungle: and to do justice to the performance, it was really not so very unlike a carrotty-cat in a bed of spinach. But the face was a dead failure. It was not in the gentlewomanly nature, nor indeed consistent with the professional principles of Miss Crane, to let a wild, rude, ungovernable creature go out of her hands; and accordingly the feline physiognomy came from her fingers as round, and mild, and innocent as that of a Baby. In vain she added whiskers to give ferocity—'twas a Baby still—and though she put a circle of fiery red around each staring ball, still it was a mild, innocent Baby—but with very sore eyes.

And besides the hearthrug, she embroidered a chair-cushion, for a

seat devoted to her respectable parent—a pretty, ornithological design—so that when the Reverend T. C. wanted to sit, there was ready for him a little bird's-nest, with a batch of speckled eggs.

And moreover, besides the chair-bottom—but, in short, between ourselves, there was so much *Fancy* work done at Lebanon House, that there was no time for any *real*.

CHAPTER VII.

THERE are two Newingtons, Butts and Stoke ;—but the last has the advantage of a little village-green, on the north side of which stands a large brick-built, substantial mansion, in the comfortable old Elizabethan livery, maroon-colour, picked out with white. It was anciently the residence of a noble family, whose crest, a deer's head, carved in stone, formerly ornamented each pillar of the front gate: but some later proprietor has removed the aristocratical emblems, and substituted two great white balls, that look like petrified Dutch cheeses, or the ghosts of the Celestial and Terrestrial Globes. The house, nevertheless, would still seem venerable enough, but that over the old panelled door, as if taking advantage of the fanlight, there sit, night and day, two very modern plaster of Paris little boys, reading and writing with all their might. Girls, however, would be more appropriate; for, just under the first floor windows, a large board intimates, in tarnished gold letters, that the mansion is “Lebanon House, Establishment for Young Ladies. By the Misses Crane.” Why it should be called Lebanon House appears a mystery, seeing that the building stands not on a mountain, but in a flat: but the truth is, that the name was bestowed in allusion to a remarkably fine Cedar, which traditionally stood in the fore court, though long since cut down as a tree, and cut up in lead pencils.

The front gate is carefully locked, the hour being later than 5 p. m., and the blinds are all down—but if any one could peep through the short Venetians next the door, on the right hand, into the Music Parlour, he would see Miss Parfitt herself stealthily playing on the grand piano (for it is Sunday) but with no more sound than belongs to that tuneful whisper commonly called “the ghost of a whistle.” But let us pull the bell.

“Sally, are the ladies at home?”

“Lawk! sir!—why haven't you heard? Miss Crane and Miss Ruth are a-pleasuring on a Tower up the Rind—and the Reverend Mr. C. is enjoying hisself in Germany along with them.”

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Alas! poor Sally! Alas! for poor short-sighted human nature!

“Why in the name of all that's anonymous, what is the matter?”

Lies! lies! lies! But it is impossible for Truth, the pure Truth, to exist, save with Omnipresence and Omniscience. As for mere mortals,

they must daily vent falsehoods in spite of themselves. Thus at the very moment, while Sally was telling us—but let Truth herself correct the Errata.

For—"The Reverend Mr. C. enjoying himself in Germany—"

Read—"Writhing with spasms in a miserable Prussian inn."

For—"Miss Crane and Miss Ruth a-pleasuring on a Tour up the Rhine—"

Read—"Wishing themselves home again with all their hearts and souls."



"AND BEAUTY DRAWS US WITH A SINGLE HAIR."

CHAPTER VIII.

It was a grievous case!

After all the troubles of the Reverend T. C. by sea and land—his perplexities with the foreign coins at Rotterdam—with the passports at Nimeguen—with the Douane at Arnheim—and with the Speise-Karte at Cologne——

To be taken ill, poor gentleman, with his old spasms, in such a place as the road between Todberg and Grabheim, six good miles at least from each, and not a decent inn at either! And in such weather too—unfit for anything with the semblance of humanity to be abroad—a night in which a Christian farmer would hardly have left out his scarecrow!

The groans of the sufferer were pitiable—but what could be done for his relief? on a blank desolate common without a house in sight—no, not a hut! His afflicted daughters could only try to soothe him with words, vain words—assuasive perhaps of mental pains, but as to any discourse arresting a physical ache,—you might as well take a pin to pin a bull with. Besides the poor women wanted comforting themselves. Gracious Heaven! Think of two single females, with a sick, perhaps an expiring parent—shut up in a hired coach, on a stormy night, in a foreign land—ay, in one of its dreariest places. The sympathy of a third party, even a stranger, would have been some support to them, but all they could get by their most earnest appeals to the driver was a couple of unintelligible syllables.

If they had only possessed a cordial—a flask of *eau de vie*! Such a

thing had indeed been proposed and prepared, but alas! Miss Crane had wilfully left it behind. To think of Propriety producing such a travelling accompaniment as a brandy-bottle was out of the question. You might as well have looked for claret from a pitcher-plant!

In the mean time the sick man continued to sigh and moan—his two girls could feel him twisting about between them.

"Oh, my poor dear papa!" murmured Miss Crane, for she did not "father" him even in that extremity. Then she groped again despairingly in her bag for the smelling-bottle, but only found instead of it an article she had brought along with her, Heaven knows why, into Germany—the French mark!

"Oh—ah—ugh!—hah!" grumbled the sufferer, "Am I—to—die—on—the road!"

"Is he to die on the road!" repeated Miss Crane through the front window to the coachman, but with the same result as before; namely, two words in the unknown tongue.

"Ruth, what is *yar vole*?"

Ruth shook her head in the dark.

"If he would only drive faster!" exclaimed Miss Crane, and again she talked through the front window. "My good man—" (*Gefällig?*)

"Ruth, what's *gefal-ish*?" But Miss Ruth was as much in the dark as ever. "Do, do, do, make haste to somewhere—" (*Ja wohl!*) That phlegmatic driver would drive her crazy!

Poor Miss Crane! Poor Miss Ruth! Poor Reverend T. C.! My heart bleeds for them—and yet they must remain perhaps for a full hour to come in that miserable condition. But no—hark—that guttural sound which like a charm arrests every horse in Germany as soon as uttered—"Burr-r-r-r-r!"



RODE'S VARIATIONS.

The coach stops; and looking out on her own side through the rain Miss Crane perceives a low dingy door, over which by help of a lamp she discovers a white board, with some great black fowl painted on it, and a word underneath that to her English eyes suggests a difficulty in procuring fresh eggs. Whereas the Adler, instead of addling, hatches

brood after brood every year, till the number is quite wonderful, of little red and black eagles.

However, the Royal Bird receives the distressed travellers under its wing; but my pen, though a steel one, shrinks from the labour of scrambling and hoisting them from the Lohn Kutsch into the Gast Haus.

In plump, there they are—in the best inn's best room, yet not a whit preferable to the last chamber that lodged the "great Villiers." But hark, they whisper,

Gracious powers! Ruth! }
Gracious powers! Priscilla! } What a wretched hole!



"O LIST UNTO MY TALE OF WOE!"

CHAPTER IX.

I TAKE it for granted that no English traveller would willingly lay up—unless particularly *inndisposed*—at an Inn. Still less at a German one; and least of all at a Prussian public-house, in a rather private Prussian village. To be far from well, and far from well lodged—to be ill, and ill attended—to be poorly, and poorly fed—to be in a bad way, and a bad bed—But let us pull up, with ideal reins, an imaginary nag, at such an outlandish *Hostelrie*, and take a peep at its "Entertainment for Man and Horse."

Bur-r-r-r-rrrr!

The nag stops as if charmed—and as cool and comfortable as a cucumber—at least till it is peppered—for your German is so tender of his beast that he would hardly allow his greyhound to *turn a hair*—

Now then, for a shout; and remember that in *Kleinewinkel*, it will serve just as well to cry "Boxkeeper!" as "Ostler!" but look, there is some one coming from the inn-door.

'Tis *Katchen* herself—with her bare head, her bright blue gown, her scarlet apron—and a huge rye loaf under her left arm. Her right hand grasps a knife. How plump and pleasant she looks! and how kindly she smiles at every body, including the horse! But see—she stops, and shifts the position of the loaf. She presses it—as if to sweeten its sourness—against her soft palpitating bosom, the very hemisphere that holds her maiden heart. And now she begins to cut—or rather hagggle—for the knife is blunt, and the bread is hard; but she works with good will, and still hugging the loaf closer and closer to her comely self,

at last severs a liberal slice from the mass. Nor is she content to merely give it to her client, but holds it out with her own hand to be eaten, till the last morsel is taken from among her ruddy fingers by the lips—of a sweet little chubby urchin?—no—of our big, bony iron-gray post-horse!

Now then, Courteous Reader, let us step into the Stube, or Travellers' Room; and survey the fare and the accommodation prepared for us bipeds. Look at that bare floor



HEADS OF THE SAXONS.

—and that dreary stove—and those smoky dingy walls—and for a night's lodging, yonder wooden trough—far less desirable than a shake-down of clean straw.

Then for the victualling, pray taste that Pythagorean soup—and that drowned beef—and

the rotten pickle-cabbage—and those terrible Hog-Cartridges—and that lump of white soap, flavoured with caraways, *alias* ewe-milk cheese—

And now just sip that Essigberger, sharp and sour enough to provoke the “*dura ilia Messorum*” into an Iliac Passion—and the terebinthine Krug Bier! Would you not rather dine at the cheapest ordinary at one, with all its niceties and nastities, plain cooked in a London cellar? And for a night's rest would you not sooner seek a bed in the Bedford Nursery? So much for the “Entertainment for Man and Horse”—a clear proof, ay, as clear as the Author's own proof, with the date under his own hand——

Of what, sir?

Why that Dean Swift's visit to Germany—if ever he did visit Germany—must have been prior to his inditing the Fourth Voyage of Captain Lemuel Gulliver,—namely to the Land of the Houyhnhnms and the Yahoos, where the horses were better boarded and lodged than mankind.

CHAPTER X.

To return to the afflicted trio—the horrified Miss Crane, the desolate Ruth, and the writhing Reverend T. C.—in the small, sordid, smoky, dark, dingy, dirty, musty, fusty, dusty best room at the Adler. The most miserable “party in a parlour——”

“’Twas their own faults!” exclaims a shadowy Personage, with peculiarly hard features—and yet not harder than they need to be, considering against how many things, and how violently she sets her face. But when did Prejudice ever look prepossessing? Never—since the French wore shoes *à la Dryade*!

“’Twas their own faults,” she cries, “for going abroad. Why couldn't they stay comfortably at home, at Laburnam House?”

“Lebanon, ma'am.”

"Well, Lebanon. Or they might have gone up the Wye, or up the Thames. I hate the Rhine. What business had they in Prussia? And of course they went through Holland. I hate flats!"

"Nevertheless, madam, I have visited each of those countries, and have found much to admire in both. For example——"

"Oh, pray don't! I hate to hear you say so. I hate every body who doesn't hate every thing foreign."

"Possibly, madam, you have never been abroad?"

"Oh, yes! I once went over to Calais—and have hated myself ever since. I hate the Continent!"

"For what reason, madam?"

"Pshaw! I hate to give reasons. I hate the Continent—because it's so large."

"Then you would, perhaps, like one of the Hebrides?"

"No—I hate the Scotch. But what has that to do with your Schoolmistress abroad?—I hate governesses—and her Reverend sick father with his ridiculous spasms—I hate Dissenters—They're not High Church."

"Nay, my dear madam, you are getting a little uncharitable."

"Charity! I hate its name. It's a mere shield thrown over hateful people. How are we to love those we like properly, if we don't hate the others? As the Corsair says.

'My very love to thee is hate to them.'



BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

But I hate Byron."

"As a man, ma'am, or as an author?"

"Both. But I hate all authors—except Dr. Johnson."

"True—he liked 'a good hater.'"

"Well, sir, and if he did! He was quite in the right, and I hate that Lord Chesterfield for quizzing him. But he was only a Lord among wits. Oh, how I hate the aristocracy!"

"You do, madam!"

"Yes—they have such prejudices. And then they're so fond of going abroad. Nothing but going to Paris, Rome, Naples, Old Jerusalem, and New York—I hate the Americans—don't you?"

"Why, really, madam, your superior discernment and nice taste may discover national bad qualities that escape less vigilant observers."

"Phoo, phoo—I hate flummery. You know as well as I do what an American is called—and if there's one name I hate more than another,

it's Jonathan. But to go back to Germany, and those that go there Talk of Pilgrims of the Rhine!—I hate that Bulwer. Yes, they set out, indeed, like Pilgrim's Progress, and see Lions and Beautiful Houses, and want Interpreters, and spy at Delectable Mountains—but there it ends; for what with queer caps and outlandish blouses—I hate smock-frocks—they come back hardly like Christians. There's my own husband, Mr. P.—I quite hate to see him!"

"Indeed!"

"Yes—I hate to cast my eyes on him. He hasn't had his hair cut these twelvemonths—I hate long hair—and when he shaves he leaves two little black tails on his upper lip, and another on his chin, as if he was real ermine."

"A moustache, madam, is in fashion."

"Yes, and a beard, too, like a Rabbi—but I hate Jews. And then Mr. P. has learnt to smoke—I hate smoke—I hate tobacco—and I hate

to be called a Frow—and to be spun round and round till I am as sick as a dog—for I hate waltzing. Then don't he stink the whole house with decayed cabbage for his sour crout—I hate German cookery—and will have oiled melted butter because they can't help it abroad?—and there's nothing so hateful as oiled butter. What next? Why, he won't drink my home-made wine—at least if I don't call it Hock, or Rude-something, and give it him in a green glass. I hate such nonsense. As for conversing, whatever we begin upon, if it's Harfordshire, he's sure to get at last



CAVALIERS AND ROUNDHEADS.

to the tiptop of Herring-Brightshine—I hate such rambling. But that's not half so hateful as his Monomanium."

"His what, madam?"

"Why his hankering so after suicide (I *do* hate Charlotte and Werter), that one can't indulge in the least tiff but he threatens to blow out his brains!"

"Seriously?"

"Seriously, sir. I hate joking. And then there are his horrid noises; for since he was in Germany he fancies that every body must be musical—I hate such wholesale notions—and so sings all day long, without a good note in his voice. So much for Foreign Touring! But pray go on, sir, with the story of your Schoolmistress Abroad. I hate suspense."

CHAPTER XI

Now the exclamation of Miss Crane—"Gracious heavens, Ruth, what a wretched hole!"—was not a single horse-power too strong for the occasion. Her first glance round the squalid room at the Adler convinced her that whatever might be the geographical distance on the map, she was morally two hundred and thirty-seven thousand miles from Home. That is to say, it was about as distant as the Earth from the Moon. And truly had she been transferred, no matter how, to that Planet, with its no-atmosphere, she could not have been more out of her element. In fact, she felt for some moments as if she must sink on the floor—just as some delicate flower, transplanted into a strange soil, gives way in every green fibre, and droops to the mould in a vegetable fainting-fit, from which only time and the watering-pot can recover it.

Her younger sister, Miss Ruth, was somewhat less disconcerted. She had by her position the greater share in the active duties at Lebanon House: and under ordinary circumstances, would not have been utterly at a loss what to do for the comfort or relief of her parent. But in every direction in which her instinct and habits would have prompted her to look, the materials she sought were deficient. There was no easy-chair—no fire to wheel it to—no cushion to shake up—no cupboard to go to—no female friend to consult—no Miss Parfitt—no Cook—no John to send for the Doctor. No English—no French—nothing but that dreadful "Gefällig" or "Ja Wohl"—and the equally incomprehensible "Gnädige Frau!"

As for the Reverend T. C., he sat twisting about on his hard wooden chair, groaning, and making ugly faces, as much from peevishness and impatience as from pain, and indeed sometimes plainly levelled his grimaces at the simple Germans who stood round, staring at him, it must be confessed, as unceremoniously as if he had been only a great fish, gasping and wriggling on dry land.

In the mean time, his bewildered daughters held him one by the



INN-CURERENCY.

right hand, the other by the left, and earnestly watched his changing countenance, unconsciously imitating some of its most violent contortions. It did no good, of course : but what else was to be done ? In fact, they were as much puzzled with their patient as a certain worthy tradesman, when a poor shattered creature on a shutter was carried into his Floor-cloth Manufactory by mistake for the Hospital. The only thing that occurred to either of the females was to oppose every motion he made,—for fear it should be wrong, and accordingly whenever he attempted to lean towards the right side, they invariably bent him as much to the left.

“Der Herr,” said the German coachman, turning towards Miss Priscilla, with his pipe hanging from his teeth, and venting a puff of smoke that made her recoil three steps backward—“Der Herr ist sehr krank.”



A STITCH IN TIME.

The last word had occurred so frequently, on the organ of the Schoolmistress, that it had acquired in her mind some important significance.

“Ruth, what is krank ?”

“How should I know !” retorted Ruth, with an asperity apt to accompany intense excitement and perplexity. “In English, it’s a thing that helps to pull the bell. But look at papa—do help to support him—you’re good for nothing.”

“I am indeed,” murmured poor Miss Priscilla, with a gentle shake of her head, and a low, slow, sigh of acquiescence. Alas ! as she ran over the catalogue of her accomplishments, the more she remembered what she *could* do for her sick parent, the more helpless and useless she appeared. For instance, she could have embroidered him a night-cap—

Or netted him a silk purse—
Or plaited him a guard-chain—
Or cut him out a watch-paper—
Or ornamented his braces with bead-work—
Or embroidered his waistcoat—
Or worked him a pair of slippers—
Or open-worked his pocket-handkerchief.

She could even—if such an operation would have been comforting or salutary—have rough-casted him with shell-work—

Or coated him with red or black seals—
Or encrusted him with blue alum—
Or stuck him all over with coloured wafers—
Or festooned him—

But alas ! alas ! alas ! what would it have availed her poor dear papa in the spasmodics, if she had even festooned him, from top to toe, with little rice-paper roses !

CHAPTER XII.

"MERCY on me!"

[N.B. Not on Me, the Author, but on a little dwarfish "smooth-legged Bantam" of a woman, with a sharp nose, a shrewish mouth, and a pair of very active black eyes—and withal as brisk and bustling in her movements as any Partlet with ten chicks of her own, and six adopted ones from another hen.]

"Mercy on me! Why the poor gentleman would die while them lumpish foreigners and his two great helpless daughters were looking on! As for that Miss Priscilla—she's like a born idiot. Fancy-work him, indeed! I've no patience—as if with all her Berlin wools and patterns, she could fancy-work him into a picture of health. Why didn't she think of something comforting for his inside, instead of embellishing his out—something as would agree, in lieu of flagree, with his case? A little good hot brandy-and-water with a grate of ginger, or some nice red-wine negus with nutmeg and toast—and then get him to bed, and send off for the doctor. I'll warrant, if I'd been there, I'd have unspasmed him in no time. I'd have whipped off his shoes and stockings, and had his poor feet in hot water afore he knew where he was."

There can be no doubt, ma'am, of the warmth of your humanity.

"Warmth! it's every thing. I'd have just given him a touch of the warming-pan, and then smothered him in blankets. Stick him all over with little roses! stuff and nonsense—stick him into his grave at once! Miss Crane?



A BURGOMASTER.



A BURGOMISTRESS.

Miss Goose, rather. A poor helpless

Sawney! I wonder what women come into the world for, if it isn't to be good nusses. For my part, if he had been my sick father, I'd have had him on his legs again in a jiffy—and then he might have got crusty with blue alum or whatever else he preferred."

"But madam—"

"Such perfect apathy! Needlework and embroidery, forsooth!"

"But madam—"

"To have a dying parent before her eyes—and think of nothing but trimming his jacket!"

"But—"

"A pretty Schoolmistress, truly, to set such an example to the rising generation! As if she couldn't have warmed him a soft flanning! or given him a few Lavender Drops, or even got down a little real Turkey or calcined Henry."

"Of course, madam—or a little Moxon. And in regard to Conchology."

"Conk what?"

"Or as to Chronology. Could you have supplied the Patient with a few prominent dates?"

"Dates! what those stony things—for a spasmodic stomach!"

"Are you really at home in Arrowsmith?"

"You mean Arrow-root."

"Are you an adept in Butler's Exercises?"

"What, drawing o' corks?"

"Could you critically examine him in his parts of speech—the rudiments of his native tongue?"

"To be sure I could. And if it was white and furry, there's fever."

"Are you acquainted, madam, with Lindley Murray?"

"Why no—I can't say I am. My own medical man is Mr. Prodgers."

"In short, could you prepare a mind for refined intellectual intercourse in future life, with a strict attention to religious duties?"

"Prepare his mind—religious duties?—Phoo, phoo! he warn't come to that!"

"Excuse me, I mean to ask, ma'am, whether you consider yourself competent to instruct Young Ladies in all those usual branches of knowledge and female accomplishments——"

"Me! What, me keep a 'Cademy! Why, I've hardly had any edecation myself, but was accomplished in three quarters and a bit over. Lor bless you, sir! I should be as much at sea, as a finishing-off Governess, as a bear in a boat!"

Exactly, madam. And just as helpless, useless, and powerless as you would be in a school-room, even so helpless, useless, and powerless was Miss Crane whenever she happened to be out of one.—Yea, as utterly flabbergasted when out of her own element, as a Jelly Fish on Brighton beach!

CHAPTER XIII.

RELIEF at last!

It was honest Hans the hired Coachman, with a glass of something in his hand, which after a nod towards the Invalid, to signify the destination of the dose, he held out to Miss Priscilla, at the same time uttering certain gutturals, as if asking her approval of the prescription.

"Ruth—what is Snaps?"

"Take it and smell it," replied Miss Ruth, still with some asperity, as if annoyed at the imbecility of her senior: but secretly worried by her own deficiency in the tongues. The truth is, that the native who taught French with the Parisian accent at Lebanon House, the Italian



THE NICK OF TIME.

Mistress in the Prospectus, and Miss Ruth who professed English Grammar and Poetry, were all one and the same person: not to name a lady, not so distinctly put forward, who was supposed to know a little of the language which is spoken at Berlin. Hence her annoyance.

"I think," said Miss Priscilla, holding the wine-glass at a discreet distance from her nose, and rather prudishly sniffing the liquor, "it appears to me that it is some sort of foreign G."

So saying, she prepared to return the dram to the kindly Kutscher, but her professional delicacy instinctively shrinking from too intimate contact with the hand of the strange man, she contrived to let go of the glass a second or two before he got hold of it, and the Schnaps fell, with a crash, to the ground. The introduction of the cordial had, however, served to direct the mind of Miss Ruth to the propriety of procuring some refreshment for the sufferer. He certainly ought to have something, she said, for he was getting quite faint. What the something ought to be was a question of more difficulty—but the scholastic memory of Miss Priscilla at last supplied a suggestion.

"What do you think, Ruth, of a little horehound tea?"

"Well, ask for it," replied Miss Ruth, not indeed from any faith in the efficacy of the article, but because it was as likely to be obtained for the asking for—in English—as anything else. And truly, when Miss Crane made the experiment, the Germans, one and all, man and woman,

shook their heads at the remedy, but seemed unanimously to recommend a certain something else.

"Ruth—what is forstend nix?"

But Ruth was silent.

"They all appear to think very highly of it, however," continued Miss Priscilla, "and I should like to know where to find it."

"It will be in the kitchen, if any where," said Miss Ruth, while the

Invalid—whether from a fresh access of pain, or only at the tantalizing nature of the discussion—gave a low groan.

"My poor dear papa! He will sink—he will perish from exhaustion!" exclaimed the terrified Miss Priscilla; and with a desperate resolution, quite foreign to her nature, she volunteered on the forlorn hope, and snatching up a candle, made her way without thinking of the impropriety into the strange kitchen. The Housewife and her maid slowly followed the Schoolmistress, and whether from national phlegm or in-



"FOR BETTER OR WORSE."

tense curiosity, or both together, offered neither help nor hinderance to the foreign lady, but stood by, and looked on at her operations.

And here be it noted, in order to properly estimate the difficulties which lay in her path, that the Governess had no distinct recollection of having ever been in a kitchen in the course of her life. It was a *Terra Incognita*—a place of which she literally knew less than of Japan. Indeed, the laws, customs, ceremonies, mysteries, and utensils of the kitchen were more strange to her than those of the Chinese. For aught she knew the Cook herself was the dresser; and a rolling-pin might have a head at one end and a sharp point at the other. The Jack, according to Natural History, was a fish. The flour-tub, as Botany suggested, might contain an Orange-tree, and the range might be that of the Barometer. As to the culinary works, in which almost every female dabbles, she had never dipped into one of them, and knew no more how to boil an egg than if she had been the Hen that laid it, or the Cock that cackled over it. Still a natural turn for the art, backed by a good bright fire, might have surmounted her rawness.

But Miss Crane was none of those natural geniuses in the art who can

extemporize Flint Broth—and toss up something out of nothing at the shortest notice. It is doubtful if, with the whole Midsummer holidays before her, she could successfully have undertaken a pancake—or have got up even a hasty-pudding without a quarter's notice. For once, however, she was impelled by the painful exigency of the hour to test her ability, and finding certain ingredients to her hand, and subjecting them to the best or simplest process that occurred to her, in due time she returned, cup in hand, to the sick room, and proffered to her poor dear papa the result of her first maiden effort in cookery.

“What is it?” asked Ruth, naturally curious, as well as anxious as to the nature of so novel an experiment.

“Pah! puh! poof—phew! chut!” spluttered the Reverend T. C., unceremoniously getting rid of the first spoonful of the mixture. It's paste—common paste!”

CHAPTER XIV.

POOR Miss Crane!

The failure of her first little culinary experiment reduced her again to despair. If there be not already a Statue of Disappointment, she would have served for its model. It would have melted an Iron Master to have seen her with her eyes fixed intently on the unfortunate cup of paste, as if asking herself, mentally, was it possible that what she had prepared with such pains for the refreshment of a sick parent, was only fit for what?—Why, for the false tin stomach of a healthy bill sticker!

Dearly as she rated her professional accomplishments and acquirements, I verily believe that at that cruel moment she would have given up all her consummate skill in Fancy Work, to have known how to make a basin of gruel! Proud as she was of her embroidery, she would have exchanged her cunning in it for that of the plainest cook,—for oh! of what avail her Tent Stitch, Chain Stitch, German Stitch, or Satin Stitch, to relieve or soothe a suffering father, afflicted with back stitch, front stitch, side stitch, and cross stitch into the bargain?

Nay, of what use was her solider knowledge?—for example, in History, Geography, Botany, Conchology, Geology, and Astronomy? Of what effect was it that she knew the scientific names for coal and slate,—or what comfort that she could tell him how many stars there are in Cassiopeia's Chair whilst he was twisting with agony on a hard wooden one?

“It's no use *talking!*” exclaimed Miss Ruth, *after a long silence*, “we must have medical advice!”

But how to obtain it? To call in even an apothecary, one must call in his own language, and the two sisters between them did not possess German enough, High or Low, to call for a Doctor's boy. The hint, however, was not lost on the Reverend T. C., who, with a perversity not unusual, seemed to think that he could diminish his own sufferings by inflicting pain on those about him. Accordingly, he no sooner overheard the wish for a Doctor, than with renewed moanings and con-

tortions he muttered the name of a drug that he felt sure would relieve him. But the physic was as difficult to procure as the physician. In vain Miss Ruth turned in succession to the Host, the Hostess, the Maid, the Waiter, and Hans the Coachman, and to each, separately, repeated the word "Ru-bub." The Host, the Hostess, the Maid, the Waiter, and Hans the Coachman, only shook their heads in concert, and uttered in chorus the old "forstend nicht."

"Oh, I *do* wish," exclaimed Miss Crane, with a tone and a gesture of the keenest self-reproach, "how I *do* wish that I had brought Buchan's Domestic Medicine abroad with me, instead of Thomson's Seasons!"

"And of what use would that have been without the medicine-chest?" asked Miss Ruth; "for I don't pretend to write prescriptions in German."

"That's very true," said Miss Crane, with a long deep sigh—whilst the sick man, from pain or wilfulness, Heaven alone knew which—gave a groan, so terrific that it startled even the phlegmatic Germans.

"My papa!—my poor dear papa!" shrieked the agitated governess; and with some confused notions of a fainting-fit—for he had closed his eyes,—and still conscious of a cup in her hand, though not of its contents, she chucked the paste—that twice unfortunate paste!—into the face of her beloved parent!

CHAPTER XV.

"AND serve him right, too!" cries the little smart bantamlike woman already introduced to the Courteous Reader. "An old good-for-



"IN FOR IT!"

nothing! to sham worse than he was, and play on the tender feelings of two affectionate daughters! I'd have pasted him myself if he had been fifty fathers! Not that I think a bit the better of that Miss Crane, who after all, did not do it on purpose. She's as great a gawky as ever. To think with all herschoolingshe couldn't get a doctor fetched for the old gentleman!"

"But, my dear madam, she was ignorant of the language."

"Ignorant of fiddlesticks! How do the deaf and dumb people do? If she couldn't talk to the Germans she might have made signs."

Impossible! Pray remember that Miss Crane was a schoolmistress, and of the *ancien régime*, in whose code all face-making, posturing, and gesticulations, were high crimes and misdemeanors. Many a little Miss

Gubbins or Miss Wiggins she had punished with an extra task, if not with the rod itself, for nodding, winking, or talking with their fingers; and is it likely that she would personally have had recourse to signs and signals for which she had punished her pupils with such severity? Do you think that with *her* rigid notions of propriety, and *her* figure, she would ever have stooped to what she would have called buffoonery?

"Why to be sure, if you haven't high-coloured her picture she is starched and frumpish enough, and only fit for a place among the wax-work!"

And besides, supposing physiognomical expression as well as gesticulation to be included in sign-making, this Silent Art requires study and practice, and a peculiar talent! Pray did you ever see Grimaldi?

"What, Joey? Did I ever see Lonnon! Did I ever go to the Wells!"

O rare Joe Grimaldi! Great as was my admiration of the genius of that inimitable clown, never, never did it rise to its true pitch till I had been cast all abroad in a foreign country without any knowledge of its language! To the richness of his fun—to his wonderful agility—to his unique singing and his grotesque dancing, I perhaps had done ample justice—but never, till I had broken down in fifty pantomimical attempts of my own—nay, in twice fifty experiments in dumb show—did I properly appreciate his extraordinary power of making himself understood without being on speaking terms with his company. His performance was never, like mine, an Acted Riddle. A living Telegraph, he never failed in conveying his intelligence, but signalled it with such distinctness, that his meaning was visible to the dullest capacity.

"And your own attempts in the line, sir?"

Utter failures. Often and often have I gone through as many physical manœuvres as the Englishman in "*Rabelais*," who argued by signs; but constantly without explaining my meaning, and consequently without obtaining my object. From all which, my dear madam, I have derived this moral, that he who visits a foreign country, without knowing the language, ought to be prepared beforehand either to act like a Clown, or to look like a Fool.



TALES FROM THE GERMAN.



THE JUGGLER.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was a good-natured act of honest Hans the Coachman—and especially after the treatment of his Schnapps—but seeing the Englishers at a dead lock, and partly guessing at the cause of their distress—he quietly went to the stable, saddled one of his own horses, and rode off in quest of a medical man. Luckily he soon met with the personage he wanted, whom with great satisfaction he ushered into the little, dim, dirty parlour at the Black Eagle, and introduced, as well as he could, to the Foreigners in Distress.

Now the Physician who regularly visited at Lebanon House was, of course, one of the old school; and in correctness of costume and professional formality was scarcely inferior to the immaculate lady who presided over that establishment. There was no mistaking him, like some modern practitioners, for a merchant or a man about town. He was as carefully made up as a prescription—and between the customary sables, and a Chesterfieldian courtesy, appeared as a Doctor of the old school always used to do—like a piece of sticking-plaster—black, polished, and healing.

Judge then of the horror and amazement of the Schoolmistress, when she saw before her a great clumsy-built M.D., enveloped in a huge gray cloak, with a cape that fell below his elbows, and his head covered with what she had always understood was a jockey-cap!

“Gracious Heaven!—why, he’s a horse-doctor!”

“Doctor?—ja wohl,” said Hans, with a score of affirmative little nods; and then he added the professional grade of the party, which happened to be one of a most uncouth sound to an English ear.

“Ruth, what’s a medicine rat!”

“Lord knows,” answered Miss Ruth, “the language is as barbarous as the people!”

In the mean time the Medicin Rath threw off his huge cloak and displayed a costume equally at variance with Miss Crane’s notions of the proper uniform of his order. No black coat, no black smalls, no black silk stockings—why, any undertaker in London would have looked more like a doctor!



THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

His coat was a bright brown frock, his waistcoat as gay and variegated as her own favourite parterre of larkspurs, and his trowsers of plum

colour! Of her own accord she would not have called him in to a juvenile chicken-pock or a nettlerash—and there he was to treat full-grown spasms in an adult!

"Je suis médecin, monsieur, à votre service," said the stranger, in French more guttural than nasal, and with a bow to the sick gentleman.

"Mais, docteur," hastily interposed Miss Ruth, "vous êtes un docteur à cheval."

This translation of "horse-doctor" being perfectly unintelligible to the German, he again addressed himself to his patient, and proceeded to feel his pulse.

"Papa is subject to spasms in his chest," explained Miss Crane.

"Pshaw—nonsense!" whined the Reverend T. C., "they're in my stomach."

"They're in his stomach," repeated Miss Crane, delicately laying her own hand, by way of explanation, on her sternum.

"Monsieur a mangé du diner?"

"Only a little beef," said Miss Crane, who "understood" French, but "did not speak it."

"Seulement un petit bœuf," translated Miss Ruth, who spoke French, but did not understand it.

"Oui—c'est une indigestion, sans doute," said the Doctor.

CHAPTER XVII.

HARK!—

"It's shameful! abominable! atrocious! It's a skit on all the schoolmistresses—a wicked libel on the whole profession!"

But my dear Mrs.—

"Don't 'dear' me, sir! I consider myself personally insulted. 'Manger un petty boof! As if a governess couldn't speak better French than that! Why, it means eating a little bullock!"

Precisely. *Bœuf*, singular, masculine, a bullock or ox.

"Ridiculous! And from one of the heads of a seminary! Why, sir, not to speak of myself or the teachers, I have a pupil at Prospect House, and only twelve years of age, who speaks French like a native."

Of where, madam?

"Of where, sir?—why, of all France, to be sure, and Paris in particular!"

And with the true accent?

"Yes, sir, with *all* the accents—sharp, grave, and circumbendibus—I should have said circumflex, but you have put me in a fluster. French! why it's the corner-stone of female education. It's universal, sir, from her ladyship down to her cook. We could neither dress ourselves nor our dinners without it! And that the Miss Cranes know French I am morally certain, for I have seen it in their Prospectus."

No doubt of it, madam. But you are of course aware that there are two sorts—French French and English French—and which are as different in quality as the foreign Cognac and the British Brandy.

"I know nothing about ardent spirits, sir. And as to the French language, I am acquainted with only one sort, and that is what is taught at Prospect House—at three guineas a quarter."



WURSTORINE.

And do all your young ladies, ma'am, turn out such proficient in the language as the prodigy you have just mentioned?

"Proficient, sir?—they can't help it in my establishment. Let me see—there's Chambaud on Mondays—Wanostrocht on Wednesdays—Télémaque on Fridays, and the French mark every day in the week."

Madam, I have no doubt of the excellence of your system. Nevertheless it is quite true that the younger Miss Crane made use of the very phrase which I have quoted. And what is more, when the Doctor called on his patient the next morning, he was treated with quite as bad language. For example, when he inquired after her papa—

"Il est très mauvais," replied Miss Ruth with a desponding shake of her head. "Il a avalé son médecin—et il n'est pas mieux."

CHAPTER XVIII.

To return to the sick chamber.

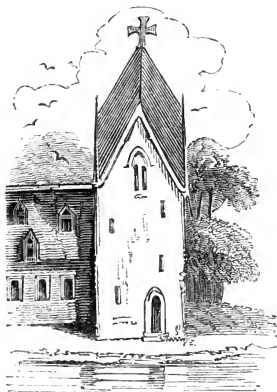
Imagine the Rev. T. C. still sitting and moaning in his uneasy chair, the disconsolate Miss Crane helplessly watching the parental grimaces, and the perplexed Miss Ruth standing in a brown study, with her eyes intently fixed on a sort of overgrown child's crib, which occupied one dark corner of the dingy apartment.

"It's very well," she muttered to herself, "for a foreign doctor to say '*laissez le coucher*,' but where is he to *coucher*?" Not surely in that little crib of a thing, which will only add the cramp in his poor legs to the spasms in his poor stomach! The Mother of Invention was however at her elbow, to suggest an expedient, and in a trice the bedding was dragged from the bedstead and spread upon the floor. During this manœuvre Miss Crane of course only looked on: she had never in her life made a bed, even in the regular way, and the touzling of a shakedown on the bare boards was far too Margery Dawish an operation for her precise nature to be concerned in. Moreover, her thoughts were fully occupied by a question infallibly associated with a strange bed, namely, whether it had been aired. A speculation which had already occurred to her sister, but whose more practical mind was busy in contriving how to get at the warming-pan. But in vain she asked for it by name of every German, male or female, in the room, and as vainly she sought for the utensil in the inn kitchen, and quite

as vainly might she have hunted for it throughout the village, seeing that no such article had ever been met with by the oldest inhabitant. As a last resource she caught up a walking-stick, and thrusting one end



GERMAN CAPTIVATION.



"CHURCH ARCHITECTURE,"—A GERMAN WORK.

under the blanket, endeavoured pantomimically to imitate a chambermaid in the act of warming a bed. But alas! she "took nothing by her motion"—the Germans only turned towards each other, and shrugging their shoulders and grinning, remarked in their own tongue, "What droll people they were those Englishers!"

The sensitive imagination of Miss Crane had in the interim conjured up new and more delicate difficulties and necessities, amongst which the services of a chamberlain were not the least urgent, "Who was to put her papa to bed? Who was to undress him?" But from this perplexity she was unexpectedly delivered by that humble friend in need, honest Hans, who no sooner saw the bed free from the walking-stick, than without any bidding, and in spite of the resistance of the patient, he fairly stripped him to his shirt, and then taking him up in his arms, like a baby, deposited him, willy nilly, in the nest that had been prepared for him.

The females, during the first of these operations, retired to the kitchen—but not without a certain order in their going. Miss Crane went off simultaneously with the coat, her sister with the waistcoat, and the hostess and the maid with the small clothes and the shoes and stockings. And when, after a due and decent interval, the two governesses returned to the sick chamber—for both had resolved on sitting up with the invalid—lo! there lay the Reverend T. C., regularly littered down by the coachman with a truss of clean straw to eke out the bedding,—no longer writhing or moaning, but between surprise and anger as still and silent as if his groans had been astonished away like the "hiccups!"

You may take a horse to the water, however, but you cannot make

him drink,—and even thus, the sick man, though bedded perforce, refused obstinately to go to sleep.

“Et monsieur a bien dormi?” inquired the German doctor the next morning.

“Pas un—” begun Miss Crane, but she ran aground for the next word, and was obliged to appeal to the linguist of Lebanon House.

“Ruth—what’s a wink?”

“I don’t know,” replied Miss Ruth, who was absorbed in some active process. “Do it with your eye.”

The idea of winking at a strange gentleman was however so obnoxious to all the schoolmistress’s notions of propriety that she at once resigned the explanation to her sister, who accordingly informed the physician that her “pauvre père n’avoit pas dormi un morçeau toute la nuit longue.”

CHAPTER XIX.

“STOP, sir! Pray change the subject. By your leave we have had quite enough of bad French.”

As you please, madam—and as the greatest change I can devise, you shall now have a little bad English. Please, then, lend your attention to Monsieur De Bourg—the subject of his discourse ought indeed to be of some interest to you, namely, the education of your own sex in your own country.



THE GERMAN MUSE.

“Well, sir, and what does he say of it?”

Listen, and you shall hear. Proceed, Monsieur.

“Sare, I shall tell you my impressions when I am come first from Paris to London. De English Ladies, I say to myself, must be de most best educate women in de whole world. Dere is schools for dem every wheres—in a hole and in a corner. Let me take some walks in de Fauxbourgs, and what do I see all round myself? When I look dis way I see on a white house’s front a large bord wid some gilded letters, which say Seminary for Young Ladies. When I look dat way, at a big red house, I see anoder bord which say Establishment for Young Ladies by Miss Someones. And when I look up at a little house, at a little window, over a barber-shop, I read on a paper Ladies School. Den I see Prospect House, and Grove House, and de Manor House—so many I cannot call dem names, and also all schools for de young females. Day Schools besides. And in my walks, always I meet some Schools of Young Ladies, eight, nine, ten times in one day, making dere promenades, two and two and two. Den I come home to

my lodging's door, and below the knocker I see one letter—I open it, and I find a Prospectus of a Lady School. By and bye I say to my landlady, where is your oldest of daughters, which used to bring to me my breakfast, and she tell me she is gone out a governess. Next she notice me I must quit my appartement. What for?—I say. What have I done? Do I not pay you all right like a weekly man of honour? O certainly, mounseer, she say, you are a gentleman quite, and no mistakes—but I wants my whole of my house to myself for to set it up for a Lady School. Noting but Lady Schools!—and de widow of de butcher have one more over de street. Bless my soul and my body, I say to myself, dere must be nobody born'd in London except leetle girls!

CHAPTER XX.

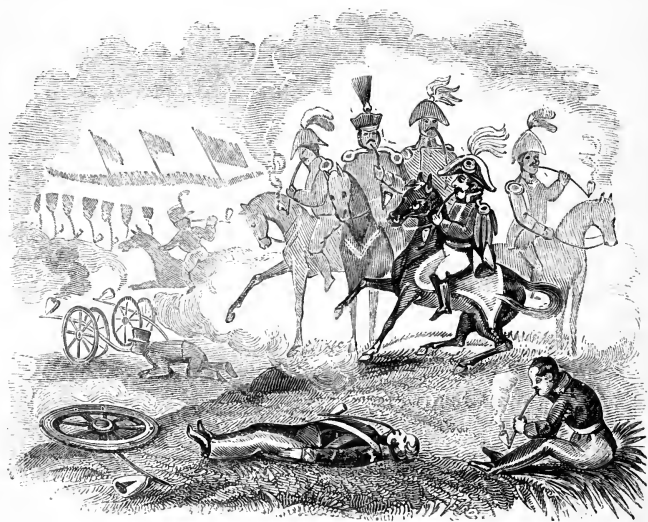
THERE is a certain poor word in the English language which of late years has been exceedingly ill-used—and, it must be said, by those who ought to have known better.

To the disgrace of our colleges, the word in question was first perverted from its real significance at the very head-quarters of learning. The initiated, indeed, are aware of its local sense,—but who knows what cost and inconvenience the duplicity of the term may have caused to the more ignorant members of the community? Just imagine, for instance, a plain, downright Englishman who calls a spade a spade,—induced perhaps by the facilities of the railroads—making a summer holiday, and repairing to Cambridge or Oxford, may be with his whole family, to see he does not exactly know what—whether a Collection of Pictures, Wax-Work, Wild Beasts, Wild Indians, a Fat Ox, or a Fat Child—but at any rate an “*Exhibition*!”

More recently the members of the faculty have taken it into their heads to misuse the unfortunate word, and by help of its misapplication, are continually promising to the ear what the druggists really perform to the eye—namely, to “exhibit” their medicines. If the Doctors talked of hiding them, the phrase would be more germane to the act: for it would be difficult to conceal a little Pulv. Rhei—Magnes. sulphat.—or tinct. jalapæ, more effectually than by throwing it into a man's or woman's stomach. And pity it is that the term has not amongst medical men a more literal significance; for it is certain that in many diseases, and especially of the hypochondriac class—it is certain, I say, that if the practitioner actually made “a show” of his *matériel*, the patient would recover at the mere sight of the “*Exhibition*.”

This was precisely the case with the Rev. T. C. Had he fallen into the hands of a Homœopathist with his infinitesimal doses, only fit to be exhibited like the infinitesimal insects through a solar microscope, his recovery would have been hopeless. But his better fortune provided otherwise. The German Medecin Rath, who prescribed for him, was

in theory diametrically opposed to Hahnemann, and in his tactics he followed Napoleon, whose leading principle was to bring masses of all arms, horse, foot, and artillery to bear on a given point. In accordance



THE BATTLE OF RAUCHEN.

with this system, he therefore prescribed so liberally that the following articles were in a very short time comprised in his "Exhibition: "

A series of powders to be taken every two hours.

A set of draughts to wash down the powders.

A box of pills.

A bag full of certain herbs for fomentations.

A large blister, to be put between the shoulders.

Twenty leeches, to be applied to the stomach.

As *Macheath* sings, "a terrible show!"—but the doctor, in common with his countrymen, entertained some rather exaggerated notions as to English habits, and our general addiction to high feeding and fast living—an impression that materially aggravated the treatment.

"He *must* be a horse-doctor!" thought Miss Crane, as she looked over the above articles; at any rate she resolved—as if governed by the proportion of four legs to two—that her parent should only take one half of each dose that was ordered. But even these reduced quantities were too much for the Rev. T. C. The first instalment he swallowed—the second he smelt, and the third he merely looked at. To tell the truth, he was fast transforming from a *Malade Imaginaire* into a *Malade Malgré Lui*. In short, the cure proceeded with the rapidity of a Hohenlohe miracle—a result the doctor did not fail to attribute to the energy of his measures, at the same time resolving that the next

English patient he might catch should be subjected to the same decisive treatment. Heaven keep the half, three-quarters, and whole lengths of my dear countrymen and countrywomen from his "Exhibitions!"

His third visit to the Englishers at the Adler was his last. He found the Convalescent in his travelling dress,—Miss Ruth engaged in packing,—and the Schoolmistress writing the letter which was to prepare Miss Parfitt for the speedy return of the family party to Lebanon House. It was of course a busy time; and the Medicin Rath speedily took his fees and his leave.

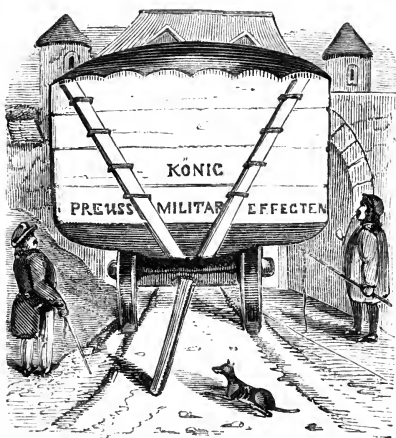
There remained only the account to settle with the landlord of the Adler; and as English families rarely stopped at that wretched inn, the amount of the bill was quite as extraordinary. Never was there such a realisation of the "large reckoning in a little room."

"Well, I must say," murmured the Schoolmistress, as the coach rumbled off towards home, "I do wish we had reached Gotha, that I might have got my shades of wool."

"Humph!" grunted the Rev. T. C., still sore from the recent disbursement. "They went out for wool, and they returned shorn."

"We went abroad for pleasure," grumbled Miss Ruth, "and have met with nothing but pain and trouble."

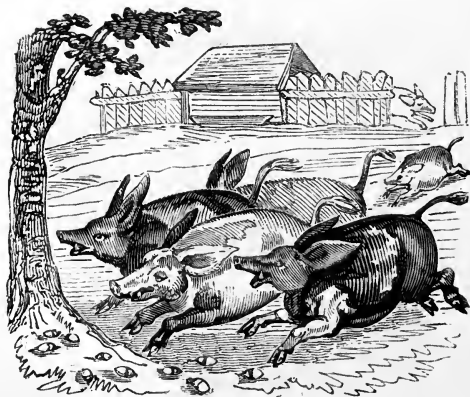
"And some instruction too," said Miss Crane, with even more than her usual gravity. "For my own part I have met with a lesson that has taught me my own unfitness for a Governess. For I cannot think that a style of education which has made me so helpless and useless as a daughter, can be the proper one for young females, who are hereafter to become wives and mothers, a truth that every hour has impressed on me since I have been a Schoolmistress Abroad."



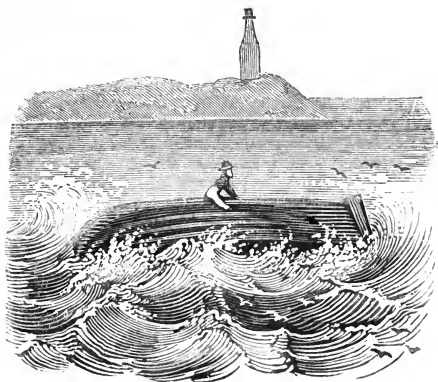
A BROAD JOKE.

NO !

No sun—no moon !
 No morn—no noon—
 No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
 No sky—no earthly view—
 No distance looking blue—
 No road—no street—no “ t’other side the way ”—
 No end to any Row—
 No indications where the Crescents go—
 No top to any steeple—
 No recognitions of familiar people—
 No courtesies for showing ’em—
 No knowing ’em !—
 No travelling at all—no locomotion,
 No inkling of the way—no notion—
 “ No go ”—by land or ocean—
 No mail—no post—
 No news from any foreign coast—
 No Park—no Ring—no afternoon gentility—
 No company—no nobility—
 No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
 No comfortable feel in any member—
 No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
 No fruits, no flow’rs, no leaves, no birds,——
 November !



RUNNING FOR THE OAKS.



SAILING ON TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLES.

A SEA-TOTALLER.

"I 'LL tell you what it is," said the President of the Social Glassites, at the same time mixing a fresh tumbler of grog—rather stiffer than the last—for the subject of Temperance and Teetotalism had turned up, and he could not discuss it with dry lips—"I'll tell you what it is : Temperance is all very well, provided it's indulged in with moderation, and without injury to your health or business ; but when it sets a man spouting, and swaggering, and flag-carrying, and tea-gardening, and dressing himself up like a play-actor, why he might as well have his mind unsobered with anything else."

"That's very true," said the Vice-president,—a gentleman with a remarkably red nose.

"I have seen many Teetotal Processions," continued the President, "and I don't hesitate to say that every man and woman amongst them was more or less intoxicated—"

"Eh, what ?" asked a member, hastily removing his cigar.

"Yes, intoxicated, I say, with pride and vanity—what with the bands of music, and the banners, and the ribbons, and maybe one of their top-sawyers, with his white wand, swaggering along at their head, and looking quite convinced that because he hasn't made a Beast of himself he must be a Beauty. Instead of which, to my mind, there can't be a more pitiful sight than a great hulking fellow all covered with medals and orders, like a Lord Nelson, for only taking care of his own precious health, and trying to live long in the land ; and particularly if he's got a short neck and a full habit. Why, the Royal Humane Society might just as well make a procession of all the people who don't drink water to excess, instead of those objects that do, and with ribbons and medals round their necks, for being their own life-preservers !"

"That's very true," said the Vice. "I've seen a Master Grand of a Teetotaller with as many ornaments about him as a foreign prince!"

"Why, I once stopped my own grog," continued the President, "for twelve months together, of my own accord, because I was a little wheezy; and yet never stuck even a snip of ribbon at my button-hole. But that's modest merit,—whereas a regular Temperance fellow would have put on a broad blue sash, as if he was a Knight of the Bath, and had drunk the bath all up instead of swimming in it."

"That's very true," repeated the Vice.

"Temperance is, no doubt, a virtue," said the President; "but it is not the only one; though, to judge by some of their Tracts and Speeches, you would think that because a Totaller drinks Adam's ale he is as innocent as our first Parents in Paradise, which, begging their pardons, is altogether an error, and no mistake. Sin and strong drink are not born relations; though they often come together. The first murderer in the world was a water-drinker, and when he killed his poor brother was as sober as a judge."



ROUGH RIDING.

"If that arn't true," exclaimed the red-nosed Vice, "I'll be pounded!"

"It was intemperance, however," said the President; "because why? It was indulging in ardent passions and fermented feelings, agin which, in my humble opinion, we ought to take Long and Short Pledges, as much as agin spirituous liquors. Not to mention the strong things that come out of people's mouths, and are quite as deleterious as any that go into them—for example, profane swearing, and lying, and slandering, and foul language, and which, not to name names, are dealt in by parties who would not even look at Fine Old Pineapple Rum, or Cream of the Valley."

"That's correct, anyhow," said the Vice; and he replenished his tumbler.

"To be sure, Temperance has done wonders in Ireland," continued the President, "and to my mind, little short of a miracle—namely, repealing the Old Union of Whisky-and-Water,—and which would have seemed a much tougher job than O'Connell's. However, Father Mathew has accomplished it, and instead of a Parliament in College Green, we are likely to see a far stranger sight, and that's a whole County of Cork without a bottle to it."

"Humph!" ejaculated the Vice, and took a liberal draught of his mixture. "But they'll take to party spirit in loo."

"Like enough," said the President; "for when once we get accustomed to strong stimuluses, we find it hard to go without 'em; and

they do say, that many of those parties who have left off liquor, have taken to opium. But the greatest danger with new converts and proselytes, is of their rushing into another extreme—and that reminds me of a story to the point."

"Now then," said the member with the cigar.

"It was last September," said the President, "when I owned The Rose in June, and a sweet pretty craft she was. I had bought a lot of lines and a trawling net along with her; and besides cruising for pleasure, we used now and then to cast about for a bit of fresh fish for my missus, or by way of present to a friend. Well, one day, just below Gravesend, we had fished all the morning, but without any luck at all, except one poor little skate that lay on the deck making faces at us like a dying Christian, first pouting out its lips, and then drawing them in again with a long suck of its breath, for all the world like a fellow creature with a stitch in the side, or a spasm in his chest. The next haul we got nothing but lots of mud, a bit of seaweed, a lump of coal, a rotten bung, and an old shoe. However, the third time the net felt heavy enough for a porpus, and sure enough on hauling it up to the top of the water, we saw some very large fish a-flopping about in it, quite as big as a grampus, only nothing like the species. Well, we pulled and hauled, Jack and I—(you remember Jack)—till we got the creature aboard over the bulwarks, and there it rolled on the deck, such a Sea Monster as never was seen afore nor since. It was full six feet long, with a round head like a man's, but bald,—though it had a beard and whiskers of sandy-coloured hair. We could not see the face, by reason of the creature always hiding it with its paws, which were like a man's hands, only with a sort of web between the fingers. All the upper part of the body was of a flesh or salmon colour down to the middle, where the skin became first bluer, and then greener and greener, as well as more rough and scaly, till the body forked off into two distinct fish's tails.

"I'll tell you what, master,' says Jack Rogers, after taking a good look at the monster, and poking it about a bit with a handspike, 'I'm blest if it isn't a Cock Mermaid!'"

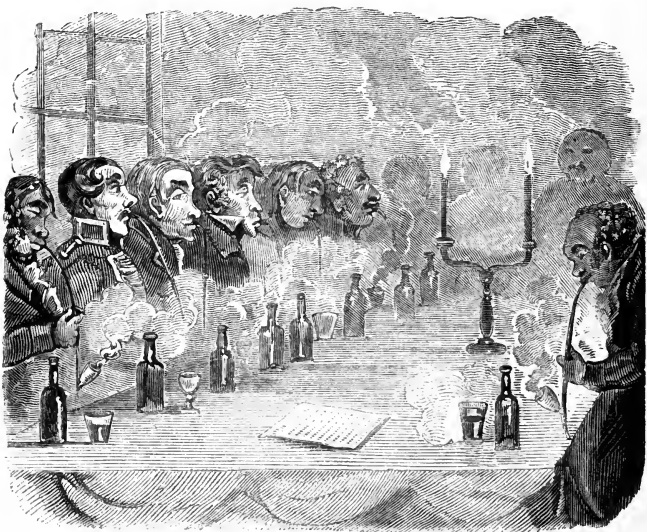
"No doubt of it," said the Vice.

"To tell the truth," said the President, "I had the same thought in my head, but was afraid to name it, because such animals have been reckoned fabulous. However, there it was on the deck, as large as life, and a certain fortune to the owner, as an article for exhibition; and I won't deny that I began in my own mind a rough guess at the sum total of all the inhabitants of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, at a shilling a-head. Jack, too, seemed in a brown study, maybe settling what share, in right and justice, he ought to have of the profits, or perhaps wondering, and puzzled to make head or tail of the question, whether the creature was properly a beast or a fish. As for myself, I felt a little flustered, as you may suppose, not only by the strangeness of the phenomenon, but at the prospect of such a prodigious fortune. In point of fact I was all in a tremor, like a steam-vessel with high-

pressure engines, and accordingly sent Jack down below for my brandy-bottle out of the locker, just to steady my nerves. 'Here's to us both,' says I, nodding and winking at Jack, 'and to the Cock Mermaid into the bargain; for unless I'm mistaken, it'll prove a gold fish in the end.' I was rather premature: for the noise of pulling out the cork made the creature look round, which was the first time we had caught a fair look at its face. When lo and behold! Jack no sooner clapped his eyes on the features, than he sings out again.

" 'I'm blest,' says he—for I didn't allow swearing—'I'm blest if it isn't Bob Bunce!'

" Well, the Merman gave a nod, as much as to say, 'You're right, I'm him;' and then scrambling up into a sitting posture, with his back



LA BELLE VUE.

agin the companion, made a sign to me for the bottle. So I handed him the flask, which he took a sup of through the net; but the liquor went against his fishified nature, and pulling a very wry face, he spirted it all out again, and gave me back the bottle. To my mind that settled the matter about his being a rational creature. It was moral impossible, though he might have an outside resemblance, like the apes and monkeys, to the human species. But I was premature again; for, after rolling about a bit, he took me all aback with an odd sort of a voice coming out of his mouth, which was as round as the hole of a flute.

" 'Here,' says he, 'lend us a hand to get out of the net.'

" 'It's Bob Bunce, sure enough!' cries Jack. 'That's his voice, I'll take my davit, howsoever he's got transmogrified.'

"And with that he stooped down and helped the creature, whatever it was, out of the net, and then popped him up on his two tails against the mast.

" 'And now,' says he, 'if you're a Cock Mermaid, as master thinks, you may hold your tongue; but if so be you're Bob Bunce, as I suspects,' (and if Jack always used the solemn tone he did at that minute he'd make a first-rate popular preacher,) 'why then don't renounce your godfathers and godmothers in your baptism, and your Christian religion, but say so at once like a man.'

" 'I *ham* Bob Bunce, then,' said the creature, with a very strong emphasis, 'or rayther I *were*,' and along with the last word two great tears as big as swanshot sprang out of his pale blue eyes, and rolled down his flabby cheeks. 'Yes, I were Bob Bunce, and known by sight to every man, woman, and child in Deptford.'

" 'That's true anyhow,' said Jack; 'cause why?—you were so often a reeling drunk about the streets.'

" 'There's no denying it,' said Bob, 'and plenty of contrary evidence if I did. But it warn't the strong liquors that ruined me, but quite the reverse; for you see, sir,' addressing me, 'one day after a drunken fit a she-tee-totaller got hold of me while I was sick and sorry, and prevailed on me to join a Temperance Club, and take the long pledge, which I did.'

" 'And now,' says she, 'you're nabb'd, and after that every drop of liquor you take will flare up agin you here-after like blazes, and make a snap-dragon on you in the tother world.'



PUBLIC SPIRIT.

" 'Well, being low and narvous, that scari-fied me at once into water-drinking, and I was fool enough to think, that the more water I drunk the more sober I should be; whereby at last I reached the pint of taking above two or three gallons a-day. For all that I got no stronger or better, as the speeches and tracks had promised, but rather weaker and weaker; and instead of a fair complexion, began turning blueish and greenish, besides my body being covered, as they say, with goose-skin, and my legs of a scaly character. As for walking, I staggered worse than ever, through gettin' knockneed and

splay-footed, which was the beginnin' of their transmogrification. The long and the short is, sir, though I didn't know it, that along o' so much water, I'd been drin'kin' myself amphibbus.'

" 'Well, that sounds like philosophy,' says Jack: 'but then, Bob, how come ye into the river?'

" 'Ah!' says Bob, shaking his head, 'that's the sinful part o' the story. But between mortification, and the fear of being showed up for a mermaid, I resolved to put an end to myself, and so crawled down arter dark to Cole's wharf and flung myself into the river. But instead of drownin' as I expected, the water that came into my mouth seemed to go out agin at my ears, and I found I could swim about and rise to the top or dive to the bottom as nat'ral as a fish. That gave me time to repent and reflect, and the consequence is, I've lived a wet life for above a week, and am almost reconciled to the same—only I don't take quite kindly yet to the raw dabs and flounders, and so was making my way down to the oyster-beds in the Medway, when your net come and ketch'd me up.'

" 'But you wouldn't spend your days in the ocean, would you, Bob?' asked Jack, in a sort of coaxing tone that was meant to be very agreeable. 'As to hoysters, you may have 'em on dry land, real natives, and ready opened for you, and what's more, pepper'd and vinegar'd, which you can't in the Medway. And in respect to walking, why, me and master would engage to purvide you with a carriage.'

" 'A wan, you mean,' said the other, with a piercing look at Jack, and then another at me, that made me wince. 'A wan—and Bartlemy Fair—but I'll die first!'

" And rising upright on his double tail, before we could lay hands on him, he threw a somerset over the bulwark, and disappeared."

" And was that the last of him?" said the Vice.

" It was, gentlemen," replied the President. "For Bunce, or Bounce, or Tee-totaller, or Sea-totaller, we never set eyes on him again."



A DISCHARGE FROM THE BENCH.

"Well, that's a warning anyhow," said the Vice, again helping himself from the bottle. "I've heard political people talk of swamping the Constitution, but never knew before that it was done with pump water."

"Nor I neither," said the member with the cigar.

"Why, you see," said the President, "Temperance is a very praise-worthy object to a proper extent; but a thing may be carried too far, as Sinbad said to the

Old Man of the Sea. No doubt water-drinking is very wholesome while it's indulged in with moderation, but when you come to take it to excess, why you may equally make a beast of yourself, like poor Bob Bunce, and be unable to *keep your legs*."

HOWQUA

Is of three different sorts; although they are not generally particularised by the tea-dealers or brokers: viz.,

SOMEHOW-QUA, which includes Hyson, Souchong, Bohea, &c., as well as the tea advertised by Captain Pidding:

ANYHOW-QUA—composed of sloe, ash, willow, second-hand tea-leaves, or any other vegetable rubbish, and

NOHOW-QUA, which falls to the lot of those who cannot get any tea at all.



THE CHINESE BREEF.

EPIGRAM

ON MRS. PARKES'S PAMPHLET.

SUCH strictures as these
 Could a learned Chinese
 Only read on some fine afternoon.
 He would cry with pale lips,
 "We shall have an Eclipse,
 For a Dragon has seized on the Moon!"

AN EXTRAORDINARY OPERATION.

“We'll find a way to remove all that.”—M.D.

On the 26th of December, 1842, according to the official record, a tipsy sailor, by name Peter Galpin, in tacking along the Mile End Road, slipped his foot on a piece of orange-peel, and fell with great violence on the pavement. He was immediately picked up by the passengers, and being unable to walk or stand, was carried on a stretcher, by two policemen, to the London Hospital, where, on examination, it appeared that he had broken one of the small bones of his right leg.

The fracture was immediately reduced; and as the patient was not habitually a drunkard, but had only been casually overtaken, the case

went on very favourably, and promised a speedy cure. In the meanwhile the poor fellow, accustomed to an active life, would have found the time pass very tediously in bed—especially as he could not read—but for the daily bustle and business in the ward,—the departures of the cured or the incurable, by discharge or death—and the arrivals of fresh sufferers—the visits of the surgeons and medical students, and the operations of the hospital dressers and nurses, in the most trivial of which he took a deep interest. Averse to doctors and doctoring,

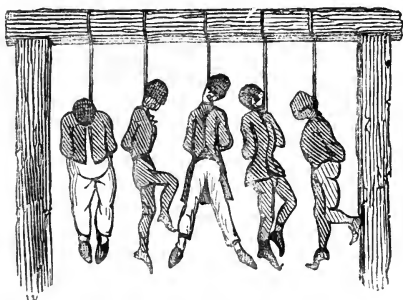


BEST CURE FOR A COLD.

seamen in general are as ignorant as sea-horses of the usages and practices of the sick-room, so that whatever was done of the kind, even to the application of a poultice, was novel, and consequently attractive to our tar.

Every proceeding, therefore, was carefully watched and logged in his memory—rare materials for future yarns, when he should be able to rejoin his ship, the *Grampus*, of Liverpool. Strange, indeed, were the things he had seen done in that hospital, and more extraordinary still were the things which he *thought* that he had seen performed—amounting in his opinion to surgical miracles!

At last, one day arousing from a nap, and sitting up as usual to take an observation, he espied in the next bed a fat man with a particularly big red nose, large staring black eyes, and an uncommonly wide mouth—in fact, very like somebody he had seen dancing during the carnival in the streets of an Italian port. This corpulent bottle-nosed man was propped up in bed, with his back bared, whilst a dresser was applying an ointment to a very large, very red, and very raw and sore-looking place between his shoulders.



GOING AT FIVE KNOTS AN HOUR.

"My eyes!" exclaimed the sailor, letting himself drop backward on his pillow, quite overcome with wonder—"There's been a hopperation!"

"What do you mean?" asked the dresser.

"What!" ejaculated the astounded seaman, with his eyes cast upwards, and almost protruding from his head—

"Well, what!"

"Why, he's *Punch*, isn't he? and they've cut his hump off!!!"



"JACK'S ALIVE!"



"FLY NOT YET!"

THE EARTH-QUAKERS.

"Now's the time and now's the hour!
 To be worried, toss'd, and shaken,
 Down—down—down, derry down—
 Let us take to the road!
 Amanda, let us quit the town—
 Together let us range the fields—
 Over the hills and far away,
 Life let us cherish."—*Old Ballads.*

THE Earth-quakers are by no means a new Sect. They have appeared at various times in England, and particularly in 1750, when they were so numerous that, according to Horace Walpole, "within three days, seven hundred and thirty coaches were counted passing Hyde-park-corner with whole parties removing into the country!" The same pleasant writer has preserved several anecdotes of the persuasion, and especially records that the female members, to guard against even a shock to their constitutions, made "earthquake gowns" of a warm stuff, to sit up in at night, in the open air! Nor was the alarm altogether unfounded, for the earth, he says, actually shook twice at regular intervals, so that fearing the terrestrial ague fit would become periodical, the noble wit proposed to treat it by a course of bark. However, there were some slight vibrations of the soil, and supposing them only to have thrown down a platter from the shelf to the floor, the Earth-quakers of 1750 have an infinite advantage over those of 1842, when nothing has fallen to the ground but a fiddle-de-Dee prediction.

Still, if the metropolis has not exhibited any extraordinary physical convulsion, its inhabitants have presented an astounding Moral Phenomenon. Messrs. Howell and James best know whether they have vended or been asked for peculiarly warm fabrics—the court milliner alone can tell if she has made up any new fashioned *robes de nuit à la bivouac*, or *coiffures* adapted to a nocturnal *fête champêtre*.

The coaches, public and private, which have passed Hyde-Park-Corner have not perhaps been counted, but it is notorious that the railway carriages have been crammed with passengers, and the Gravesend steamers were almost swamped by the influx of rabid Earth-quakers, all rushing, *saute qui peut* ! from the most ridiculous bugbear ever licked into shape by the vulgar tongue. Nor yet was the "Movement Party" composed exclusively of the lower classes; but comprised hundreds of respectable Londoners, who never halted till they had gone beyond the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction, a flight unworthy even of Cockneyism, which implies at least a devoted attachment to London, and an unshaken confidence in the stability of St. Paul's.

The Irish indeed, the poor blundering, bull-making Irish, had some excuse for their panic. The prophecy came from a prophet of their own religion, and appealed to some of their strongest prejudices. They had perhaps even felt some precursory agitation not perceptible to us English—whilst the rebuilding of the ruined city promised a famous job for the Hibernian bricklayers and hodmen. Nay, after all, they only exhibited a truly national aptitude to become April fools in March. But for British backbone Protestants, who have shouted "No Popery," and burnt Guy Fauxes, to adopt a Roman Catholic legend—for free and independent householders who would not move on for a live policeman, to move off, bag and baggage, at the dictum of a very dead monk—who can doubt, after such a spectacle, that a Nincom Tax would be very productive !

As a subject for a comic picture, there could be no richer scene for a modern Hogarth than the return of a party of Earth-quakers to the metropolis—that very metropolis which was to have been knocked down, as Robins would say, in one lot—that devoted City which Credulity had lately painted as lying prostrate on its Corporation !

In the meantime, good luck enables me to illustrate the great earthquake of 1842 by a few letters obtained, no matter how, or at what expense. It is to be regretted that type can give no imitation of the handwritings; suffice it that one of the notes has actually been booked by a well-known collector, as a genuine autograph of St. Vitus.

No. I.—To PETER CRISP, *Esq.*

Ivy Cottage, Sevenoaks.

DEAR BROTHER,

You are of course aware of the awful visitation with which we are threatened.

As to F. and myself, business and duties will forbid our leaving London, but Robert and James will be home for the usual fortnight at Easter, and we are naturally anxious to have the dear boys out of the way. Perhaps you will make room for them at the cottage ?

I am, dear Brother,

Yours affectionately,

MARGARET FADDY.

(The Answer.)

DEAR SISTER,

As regards the awful visitation, the last time the dear boys were at the Cottage they literally turned it topsy-turvy.

As such, would rather say—keep Robert and James in town, and send me down the Earthquake.

Your loving brother,
PETER CRISP.



NATURE'S SCHOOL.

No. II.—*To Messrs. H. STALEY AND Co.*

Camomile-street, City.

GENTLEMEN,

As a retired tradesman of London to rural life, but unremittingly devoted to the metropolis and its public buildings, am deeply solicitous to learn, on good mercantile authority, if the alarming statements as to a ruinous depression in the Custom-house, St. Paul's, and other fabrics, stands on the undeniable basis of fact. An early answer will oblige,

Your very obedient servant,
JOHN STOKES.

Postscriptum.—My barber tells me the Monument has been done at Lloyd's.

(The Answer.)

SIR,

In reply to your favour of the 14th inst., I beg to subjoin for your guidance the following quotations from a supplement to this day's "Price Current."

"MARCH 16.—In Earthquakes—nothing stirring. Strong Caracca shocks partially inquired for, but no arrivals. Lisbons ditto. A small lot of slight Chichesters in bond have been brought forward, but obtained no offers. Houses continue firm, and the holders are not

inclined to part with them. In Columns and Obelisks no alteration. Cathedrals as before. Steeples keep up, and articles generally not so flat as anticipated by the speculators for a fall."—I am, sir, for Staley and Co., your most obedient servant,

CHARLES STUCKEY.

No. III.—*To* DOCTOR DODGE, F. A. S., *London*.

DEAR DOCTOR,

As you are an Antiquarian, and as such well acquainted, of course, with Ancient MSS. and Monkish Chronicles, perhaps you will be so obliging as to give me your opinion of the Earthquake predicted by Dr. Dee and the Monk of Dree, and whether it is mentioned in Doomsday Book, or Icon Basilisk, or any of the old astrological works.—Yours, dear Doctor,

ANASTASIA SHREWSBURY.

(The Answer.)

DEAR MADAM,

I have no recollection of such a Prediction in any of the books you mention; but I will make a point of looking into the old chronicles. In the meantime it strikes me, that if any one should have foretold an Earthquake it was *Ingulphus*.—I am, dear Madam, your very humble Servant,

T. DODGE.

No. IV.—*To* MR. BENJAMIN HOCKIN.

Barbican.

DEAR BEN,

About this here hearthquack. According to advice I rit to Addams who have bean to forin Parts, and partickly Sow Amerikey, witch is a shockin country, and as to wat is dun by the Natives in the like case, and he say they all run out of their Howses, and fall down on their nees and beat their brests like mad, and cross theirselves and call out to the Virgin, and all the popish Saints. Witch in course with us Christians is out of the question, so there we are agin at a non plush—and our minds perfectly miserable for want of making up. One minit it's go and the next minit stay, till betwixt town and country, I allmost wish I was nowheres at all. But how is minds to be made up wen if you ax opinions, theres six of one and half a duzzen of the tother—for I make a pint of xtracting my customers sentiments pro and con, and its as ni a ti as can be. One books the thing to cum off as shure as the Darby or Hoax, while another suspends it til the Day of Jugment. And then he's upset by a new commur in with the news that half St. Giles is cast down, and the inhabbitants all Irish howling, quite dredful, and belabbering their own buzzums and crossing themselves all over as if it saved the Good Friday buns from being swallered up. So there we are agin. All dubbious. As for Pawley he wont have it at anny price

but says its clear agin Geology and the Wolcanic stratuses; witch may sarve well enuff to chaff about at Mekanical Innstitushuns! but he wont gammon me that theres anny sich remmedy for a Hearth Quack as a basun of chork—no nor a basun of gruel nayther. Well wat next. Why Podmore swears wen he past the Duke of York he see his hiness anoddin at the Athenium Club as if he meant to drop in pervided he didn't pitch in to the Unitid Servis. So there we are agin. For my own share I own to sum misgivins and croakins, and says you, not without caws wen six fammillis in our street has gone off alreddy and three more packin up in case. Besides witch, Radley the Builder have



ROCKS AHEAD!

nocked off wurk at is new Howsis for fear of their gettin floored, and missis Sims have declined her barril of table beer till arter the shakin. When things cum to sich aspects they look serus. But supose in the end as Gubbins says its all a errer of that Dr. Dee—wat a set of Dee'd spooneys we shall look. So there we are agin. Then theres Books. It appear on reading the great. Lisbon catstrophy were attendid by an uncommon rush of the See on the dry Land and they do say

from Brighton as how the Breakers have reached as far as Wigney's Bank. That's in faver agin of the world losing its ballance. Howsom-ever I have twice had the shutters up, and wonce got as fur as the hos in the Shay cart for a move off, but was stopt by the Maid and the Prentis both axin a hole holliday for the sixteenth and in sich a stile as convinced if I didnt grant they wood take french leaves. And then who is to mind the house and Shop not to name two bills as cum doo on the verry day and made payable on the premmises. Whereby if I dont go to smash in boddy I must in bisness. So there we are agin. In the interium theres my Wife who keeps wibratin between hopes and fears like the pendulum of a Dutch Clock and no more able to cum to a conclusion. But sheinclines most to faver the dark side of the Pictor and compares our state of Purgatory, to Dam somebody with a sword hanging over his head by a single hair. As a nateral consekens

she cant eat her wittals and hears rumblins and has sich tremblins she dont know the hearth's agitatings from her own. Being squeemish besides, as is reckoned by her a very bad sign, becos why theres a hearthquack in Robinson Cruso who describe the motion to have made his Stomich as sick as anny one as is tost at See. Well in course her flutters aggravates mine till between ourselves I'm reddy to bolt out of house and home like a Rabbit and go and squat in the open Fields. And wats to end all this suspense. Maybe a false alarm—and maybe hall to hatums indoors or else runnin out into a gapin naberhood and swallerd up in a crack. Whereby its my privit opinion we shall end by removing in time like the Rats from a fallin house even if we have to make shift with a bed in the garden, but witch is prefferable to an everlastin sleep in the great shake down that nater is preparing. Thats to say if the profesy keeps its word—for if it dont we are better in our own beds than fleaing elsewhere. And praps ketch our deths besides. Witch reminds me our Medical Doctor wont hear of hearthquackery and says theres no simtoms of erupshun. So there we are agin. But St. Pauls, and all Saint Giles's is per contra. And to be sure as Pat Hourigan says of the Irish, ant we sevin fifths of us hod carriers and bricklairs, and do you think as we'd leave the same, if we didn't expect more brick and building materials than we can carry on our heds and sholders. Witch sartinly wood strongly argy to the pint, if so be their being Roman Cathliks didn't religusly bind one whatever they beleave, to beleave quite the reverse. And talking of religion, if one listened to it like a Christian, instid of dispondin it wood praps say trust in Providence and shore up the premisis. And witch may be the piusest and cheapest plan arter all. But bisness interrupts—

Its the Gibbenses maid for an Am. Ive pumpt out on her that the fammily is goin to Windsor for Change of air. And Widder Stradlin is goin to Richmond for change of Scene. Yes as much as I am goin to the Lands end for change of a shilling. And now I think on it there were

a suspishus mark this morning on the Public House paper, namely Edgingtons advertisement about Tents. So arter all the open Air course of conduct—but annother cum in—

Poor Mrs. Hobson, in the same perplext state as myself. To be sure as she say a slite shock as wouldnt chip a brass or iron man



BLOWING UP FOR RAIN.

would shatter a chaney woman all to smash. But wats the use of her cummin to me to be advised wen I carnt advize myself? Howsomever a word or two from your Ben wood go fur to convict me—Only beggin you to considder that Self Presevashun is the fust law of Nater, and the more binding as its a law a man is allowed to take into his own hands. As the crisis approach, a speedy answer will releave the mind of

Your loving Brother,
JAMES HOCKIN.

P.S.—Since riting the abuv the Reverend Mister Crumpler, as my wife sits under, have dropt in and confirmed the wust. He say its a Judgment on the Citty and by way of Cobberrobberation has named several parties in our naberhood as is to be ingulped. That settles us, and in course will excuse cuttin short.

No. V.—*To* MRS. * * * *

No. 9, — Street.

MADAM,

It may seem stooping to take up a dropped correspondence, but considering that an Earthquake ought to bury all animosities, and enjoying the prospect of an eternal separation, Christian charity induces to say I am agreeable on my part for the breach between us to be repaired by a shaking of hands.

I am, Madam,
Yours, &c.,
BELINDA HUFFIN.

(The Answer.)

MADAM,

I trust I have as much Christian charity as my neighbours—praps more—and hope I have too much *true* religion to believe in judicious astronomy. And if I did, have never heard that earthquakes was remarkable for repairing breaches.

When every thing else shakes, I will shake hands, but not before.

I am, Madam,
Yours, &c.,
MATILDA PERKS.

No. VI.—*For* REBECCA SLACK.

2, Fisher's Plaice, Knightsbridge.

DEAR BECKY,

If so be when you cum to Number 9, on Sunday and Me not there don't be terrifide. Its not suicide and the Surpintine but the Erthquake. John is the same as ever but Ive allmost giv meself Warnin without the Munths notis. Last nite there cum a ring at the Bel, a regular chevy and Noboddy there. Cook sed a runaway Lark but I no better. And John says Medicle Studints but I say shox.

Howsumaver if the bel ring agen of its own Hed I'm off quake or no quake to my muther at Srewsberry Srops. One may trust to drunken yung gentlemen too long and misstake a rumbel at the Anti Pods for skrewin off the nocker. No, no. So as I sed afore, another ring will be a hint to fly, tho one thing is ockard, namely the crisis fixt for the 16 and my quarter not up till the 20. But wats waxis? Their no object wen yure an Objec yurself for the Ospittle. To be shure Missus may complain of a Non Plush but wat of that. Self Preservin is the law of Nater and is wat distinguishes resoning Beings from Damsuns and Bullises.

Mister Butler is of my own friteful way of thinkin and quite retchid about the shakin up of his port wine for he allways calls it hisn, and



"COOK! YOU MAY DISH MASTER'S DINNER."

dredful low, his Hart being in his celler. But Cook choose to set her Face agin the finomunon. Dont tell me says she of the earth quakin —its crust isnt made so lite and shivvery. So weve cum to Wurds on the subjec and even been warm but its impossible to talk with sang fraw of wat freeses ones Blud. But wat can one expec as Mister Butler says but Convulshuns of Nater wen we go boring into the Erths bowils witch as all the world nose is chock full of Cumbustibuls as ketching as Congrevs and Lucefirs. We mite have tuck warnin by the Frentch he says witch driv irun pipes and tooobs down and drew them up agin all twisted by the stratums into Cork skrews with the Ends red hot or meltid off. So much for pryin into the innfurnel reguns.

As you may suppose I am meloncolly enuf at sich a prospicit. But if a Erth Quake isnt to cast one down wat is? I never go to my Piller but I pray to sleep without rockin or having the roof come down atop of me like a sparrer in a brick Trap. And then sich horribel Dreams!



A SPOONEY.

Ony last nite I dremt the hole supperstrucker was on my chest and stomach but luckily it were ony the Nite Mare and cold Pork. And in the day time its nothin but takin in visitters cards with Poor Prender Congy which you know means French leave and not a bit two erly if correct that Saint Pauls have sunk down to its Doom. To be shure I over heerd Master say that even Saint Faith don't beleave in it. But she is no rule for Me. Why shudn't we be overwelmd as Mister Butler says as well as the Herculeans and Pompey? I'm shure we deserve it for our sins and piccadillies.

Well time will show. But its our duty all the same to look arter our savings. John thinks Mr. Green have the best chance by assenting on the day in his Voxall baloon but gud gracious as Mister Butler says suppose the world was to annihilate itself wile he was up in the Air. One had better trust to the most aggitated Terry Firmer. Wat sort of soil is most propperest for the purpus has been debated amung us a good deal. One thinks mountin tops is safest and anuther considderes we ort all to be in a Mash. Lord nose. The Baker says his Master has inshured his-self agin the erth quake and got the Globe to kiver him.

Theres Missus bel so adew 'n haste.

MARY SAWKINS.

Poscrip.—Wile I was up in the drawin room master talkt very misterus about St. Pauls. Its all a report says he from one of the Miner Cannons.

No. VII.—*To* SIR W. FLIMSY, BART., & Co.

Lombard Street, City.

GENTLEMEN,

I beg respectfully to inform you that placing implicit confidence in the calamity which will come due on the 16th instant, I have felt it my duty to remove myself and the cash balance to a place of security. It is my full intention, however, to return to my post after the Earthquake; and, I trust, instead of condemning, you will thank me for preserving your property, when I come back and restore it.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your very faithful and obedient,

Servant and cashier,

SAMUEL BOULTER.

No. VIII.—To MR. BENJAMIN HOCKIN.

(Vide No. IV.)

DEAR BENJAMIN,

In my last I broke short through sitting off—and now have to inform of our safe Return and the Premises all sound. The wus luck to have let Meself be Shay carted off on a April Fool's arrand, as bad as piggins milk. For wat remanes in futer but to become a laffing stock to our nabers and being ninny-hammered at like nails. As for the parler at the Crown that's shut agin me for ever, for them quizzical fellers as frequents could rost a Ox whole in the way of banterin. So were I'm to spend my evenins except with my wife Lord nose. Theres misery in prospect at once.

Has for servin in the shop I couldnt feel more sheapish and sham-faced if I had bean found out in short wait and adultering. Its no odds my customers houlding their Tungs about it—the more they don't say the more I know wat they mean, and witch as silent contempt is wus than even a littel blaggard cumming as he did just now, and axing for a small hapenny shock. Not that I mind Sarce so much as make beleave pitty. Its the wimmin with their confoundid simperthisin as agrivates sich as hoping no cold was cotchd from the nite dues and lammenting our trouble and expense for nothink. With all respect to the sex if it pleas God to let one see them now and then with their jaws tide



"IT'S ALL UP WITH ME!"

up for the Tung Ake as well as the Tooth Ake it wood be no harm. There's that Missis Mummery wood comfort a man into a brain Fever. And indeed well ni soothd me into a fury wat with condoling on our bamboozilment and her sham abram concern for our unlucky step. She cum for pickels and its lucky for both there was no Pison handy. But I ort to take an assiduous draft meself for swallering such stuff. As praps I shall if I dont fly to hard drinking insted. Becos why, I know I've sunk meself in public opinnion and indeed feel as if all Lonnon was takin a sight at me. Many a man have took his razer and cut his stick for less.

Has for my wife her fust move on cumming Home was up stares and into Bed where she remained quite inconsoluble, being more hurt in her Mind she say then if she had had a leg broke by the Herth quake.

And witch I realy think could not more have upset her. Howsumever there she lays almost off her Hed and from wat I know of her cute feelings and temper is likely to never be happy agin nor to let anny one else. There's a luck out—and no children of our own to vent on.

In course its more nor I dares to tell her of the nonimous Letter like a Walentine with a picter of a Cock and Bul, and that's only a four runner. Well, its our hone falts, if thats anny comfort which it ant, but all the hevier, like sum loves and tee cakes, for bein home made.

The sum totle on it is Ime upset for Life. I harnt got Brass enuf to remane in Bisness nor yet made Tin enuf to retire out on it. Otherwis Ide take a Willer in Stanter and keap dux. My only comfit is I arnt a citty Maggystrut and obleegd to sit in Gild all, arter bein throwd into sich a botomless panikin. How his Washup Mister Bowlbee can sit in Publick I dont know for he was one of the verry fust to cut away. Ketch me says he astayin in Crippelgit. I know it's my ward but it won't ward off a shock.

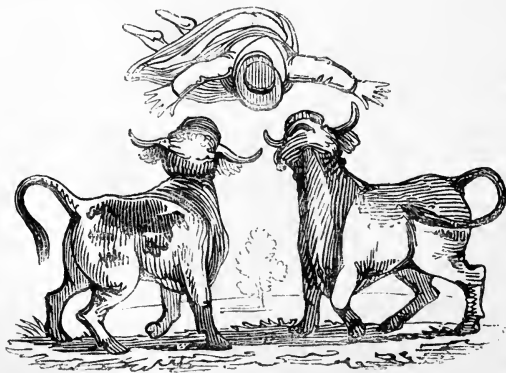
So much for Hearth Quacks. The end will be I shall turn to a Universal Septic and then I supose watever I dont beleave will come to pass. Indeed I am almost of the same mind alreddy with Dadley the Baker. Dont trust nothing, says he, till it happen. And not even then if it don't suit to give credit.

Dear Ben, pray rite if you can say anny thing consoling under an ounce—for witch a Stamp inclosed.

Your luving Bruther,

JAMES HOCKIN.

P.S.—The Reverind Mister Crumpler have just bean, and explained to Me the odds betwixt Old and New stiles, whereby the real Day for the Hearth Quack is still to cum, namely Monday the 28th Instant. So there we are agin !



TOSSING—"WOMAN!"



PALEY'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE GRIMSBY GHOST.

CHAPTER I.

IN the town of Grimsby——

“But stop,” says the Courteous and Prudent Reader, “are there any such things as Ghosts?”

“Any Ghostesses!” cries Superstition, who settled long since in the country, near a church-yard, on a *rising* ground, “any Ghostesses! Ay, man—lots on ’em! bushels on ’em! sights on ’em! Why, there’s one as walks in our parish, reg’lar as the clock strikes twelve—and always the same round—over church-stile, round the corner, through the gap, into Short’s Spinney, and so along into our close, where he takes a drink at the pump,—for ye see he died in liquor,—and then arter he’s squentched hisself wanishes into waper. Then there’s the ghost of old Beales, as goes o’ nights and sows tares in his neighbour’s wheats—I’ve often seed un in seed time. They do say that Black Ben, the Poacher, have riz, and what’s more, walked slap through all the Squire’s steel-traps without springing on ’em. And then there’s Bet Hawkey as murdered her own infant—only the poor babby hadn’t larned to walk, and so can’t appear agin her.”

But not to refer only to the ignorant and illiterate vulgar, there are units, tens, hundreds, thousands of well-bred and educated persons, Divines, Lawyers, military, and especially naval officers, Artists, Authors, Players, Schoolmasters, and Governesses, and fine ladies, who secretly believe that the dead are on visiting terms with the living—nay, the great Doctor Johnson himself affirmed solemnly that he had a call from his late mother, who had been buried many years. Ask at the right time, and in the right place, and in the right manner—only

affect a belief, though you have it not, so that the party may feel assured of sympathy and insured against ridicule—and nine-tenths of mankind will confess a faith in Apparitions. It is in truth an article in the creed of our natural religion—a corollary of the recognition of the immortality of the soul. The presence of spirits—visible or invisible—is an innate idea, as exemplified by the instinctive night-terrors of infancy, and recently so touchingly illustrated by the evidence of the poor little colliery-girl, who declared that “she sang, whiles, at her subterranean task, but never when she was alone in the dark.”



TALLY-ONI.

It is from this cause that the Poems and Ballads on spectral subjects have derived their popularity; for instance, *Margaret's Ghost*—*Mary's Dream*—and the *Ghost of Admiral Hosier*—not to forget the Drama, with that awful Phantom in “*Hamlet*,” whose word, in favour of the Supernatural, we all feel to be worth “a thousand pound.”

“And then the Spectre in ‘*Don Giovanni*?’”

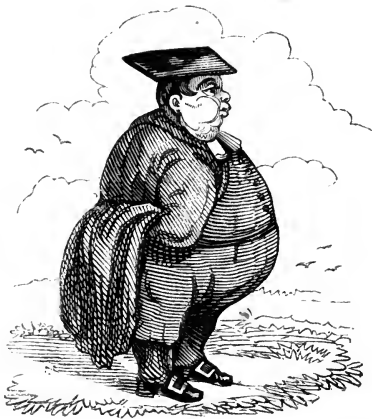
No. That Marble Walker, with his audible tramp, tramp, tramp on the staircase, is too substantial for my theory. It was a Ghost invented expressly for the Materialists; but is as inadmissible amongst genuine Spirits as that wooden one described by old W., the shipowner,—namely, the figure-head of the *Britannia*, which appeared to him, he declared, on the very night that she found a watery grave off Cape Cod.

“Well—after that—go on.”

CHAPTER II.

IN the town of Grimsby, at the corner of Swivel-street, there is a little chandler's-shop, which was kept for many years by a widow of the name of Mullins. She was a careful, thrifty body, a perfect woman of business, with a sharp gray eye to the main chance, a quick ear for the ring of good or bad metal, and a close hand at the counter. Indeed, she was apt to give such scrimp weight and measure, that her customers invariably manœuvred to be served by her daughter, who was supposed to be more liberal at the scale, by a full ounce in the pound. The man and maid servants, it is true, who bought on commission, did not care much about the matter; but the poor hungry father, the poor frugal mother, the little ragged girl, and the little dirty boy, all retained their pence in their hands, till they could thrust them, with their humble requests for ounces or half-ounces of tea, brown sugar, or single Gloster, towards “Miss Mullins,” who was supposed to better their dealings,—if dealings they might be called, where no deal of anything was purchased. She was a tall, bony

female, of about thirty years of age, but apparently forty, with a very homely set of features, and the staid, sedate carriage of a spinster who feels herself to be set in for a single life. There was indeed "no love nonsense" about her; and as to romance, she had never so much as looked into a novel, or read a line of poetry in her life—her thoughts, her feelings, her actions, were all like her occupation, of the most plain, prosaic character—the retailing of soap, starch, sandpaper, red-herrings, and Flanders brick. Except Sundays, when she went twice to chapel, her days were divided between the little back-parlour and the front-shop—between a patchwork counterpane which she had been stitching at for ten long years, and that other counter work to which she was summoned, every few minutes, by the importunities of a little bell that rang every customer in, like the new year, and then rang him out again, like the old one. It was her province, moreover, to set down all unready money orders on a slate, but the widow took charge of the books, or rather the book, in which every item of account was entered, with a rigid punctuality that would have done honour to a regular counting-house clerk.



CAMBRIDGE BUTTER.

Under such management the little chandler's shop was a thriving concern, and with the frugal, not to say parsimonious habits of mother and daughter, enabled the former to lay by annually her one or two hundred pounds, so that Miss Mullins was in a fair way of becoming a fortune, when towards the autumn of 1838 the widow was suddenly taken ill at her book, in the very act of making out a little bill, which, alas! she never lived to sum up. The disorder progressed so rapidly that on the second day she was given over by the doctor, and on the third by the apothecary, having lost all power of swallowing his medicines. The distress of her daughter, thus threatened with the sudden rending of her only tie in the world, may be conceived; while, to add to her affliction, her dying parent, though perfectly sensible, was unable, from a paralysis of the organs of speech, to articulate a single word. She tried nevertheless to speak, with a singular perseverance, but all her struggles for utterance were in vain. Her eyes rolled frighfully, the muscles about the mouth worked convulsively, and her tongue actually writhed till she foamed at the lips, but without producing more than such an unintelligible sound as is sometimes heard from the deaf and dumb. It was evident from the frequency and

vehemence of these efforts that she had something of the utmost importance to communicate, and which her weeping daughter implored her to make known by means of signs.

"Had she any thing weighing heavy on her mind?"

The sick woman nodded her head.

"Did she want any one to be sent for?"

The head was shaken.

"Was it about making her will?"

Another mute negative.

"Did she wish to have further medical advice?"

A gesture of great impatience.

"Would she try to write down her meaning?"

The head nodded, and the writing-materials were immediately procured. The dying woman was propped up in bed, a lead-pencil was placed in her right hand, and a quire of foolscap was set before her. With extreme difficulty she contrived to scribble the single word MARY; but before she could form another letter, the hand suddenly dropped, scratching a long mark, like what the Germans call a Devotion Stroke, from the top to the bottom of the paper,—her face assumed an intense expression of despair—there was a single deep groan—then a heavy sigh—and the widow Mullins was a corpse!

CHAPTER III.

"GRACIOUS! how shocking!" cries Morbid Curiosity. "And to die too, without telling her secret? What *could* the poor creature have on her mind to lay so heavy! I'd give the world to know what it was! A shocking murder, perhaps, and the remains of her poor husband buried Lord knows where—so that nobody can enjoy the horrid discovery—and the digging of him up!"

No, Madam—nor the boiling and parboiling of his viscera to detect traces of poison.

"To be sure not. It's a sin and shame, it is, for people to go out of the world with such mysteries confined to their own bosom. But perhaps it was only a hoard of money that she had saved up in private?"

Very possible, madam. In fact, Mrs. Humphreys, the carpenter's wife, who was present at the death, was so firmly of that persuasion, that before the body was cold, although not the searcher, she had exercised a right of search, in every pot, pan, box, basket, drawer, cupboard, chimney—in short, every hole and corner in the premises.

"Ay, and I'll be bound discovered a heap of golden guineas in an old teapot."

No, Madam—not a dump. At least not in the teapot—but in a hole near the sink—she found—

"What, sir?—pray what?"

Two black-beetles, ma'am, and a money-spinner.

CHAPTER IV.

WELL, the corpse of the deceased Widow received the usual rites. It was washed—laid out—and according to old provincial custom, strewed with rosemary and other sweet herbs. A plate full of salt was placed on the chest—one lighted candle was set near the head and another at the feet, whilst the Mrs. Humphreys, before mentioned, undertook to sit up through the night and “watch the body.” A half-dozen of female neighbours also volunteered their services, and sat in the little back-parlour by way of company for the bereaved daughter, who, by the mere force of habit, had caught up and begun mechanically to stitch at the patchwork-counterpane, with one corner of which she occasionally and absently wiped her eyes—the action strangely contrasting with such a huge and harlequin handkerchief. In the discourse of the gossips she took no part or interest: in reality she did not hear the conversation, her ear still seeming painfully on the stretch to catch those last dying words which her poor mother had been unable to utter. In her mind’s eye she was still watching those dreadful contortions which disfigured the features of her dying parent during her convulsive efforts to speak—she still saw those desperate attempts to write, and then that leaden fall of the cold hand, and the long scratch of the random pencil that broke off for ever and ever the mysterious revelation. A more romantic or ambitious nature would perhaps have fancied that the undivulged secret referred to her own birth; a more avaricious spirit might have dreamed that the disclosure related to hidden treasure; and a more suspicious character might have even supposed that death had suppressed some confession of undiscovered guilt.

But the plain matter-of-fact mind of Mary Mullins was incapable of such speculations. Instead of dreaming, therefore, of an airy coronet, or ideal bundles of bank-notes, or pots full of gold and silver coin, or a



IN AT THE DEATH.

disinterred skeleton, she only stitched on, and then wept, and then stitched on again at the motley coverlet, wondering amongst her other vague wonders why no little dirty boys, or ragged little girls, came as usual for penny candles and rushlights. The truth being that the gossips had considerably muffled up the shop-bell, for vulgar curiosity had caused a considerable influx of extra custom, so that thanks to another precaution in suppressing noises, the little chandler's shop presented the strange anomaly of a roaring trade carried on in a whisper.

Owing to this circumstance it was nearly midnight before the shop-shutters were closed, the street door was locked, the gas turned off, and the sympathising females prepared to sit down to a light, sorrowful supper of tripe and onions.

In the mean time the candles in the little back parlour had burned down to the socket, into which one glimmering wick at last suddenly plunged, and was instantly drowned in a warm bath of liquid grease.



"SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY, LIKE THE NIGHT."

This trivial incident sufficed to arouse Miss Mullins from her tearful stupor; she quietly put down the patchwork, and without speaking, passed into the shop, which was now pitch-dark, and with her hand began to grope for a bunch of long sixes, which she knew hung from a particular shelf. Indeed, she could blindfolded have laid her hand on any given article in the place; but her fingers had no sooner closed on the cold clammy tallow, than with a loud shrill scream that might have awakened the dead—if the dead were ever so awakened—she sank

down on the sandy floor in a strong fit!

"La! how ridiculous! What from only feeling a tallow-candle?"

No, ma'am; but from only seeing her mother, in her habit as she lived, standing at her old favourite post in the shop; that is to say, at the little desk, between the great black coffee-mill and the barrel of red-herrings.

CHAPTER V.

"WHAT! a Ghost—a regular Apparition?"

Yes, sir, a disembodied spirit, but clothed in some ethereal substance, not tangible, but of such a texture as to be visible to the ocular sense.

"Bah! ocular nonsense! All moonshine! Ghosts be hanged!—no such things in nature—too late in the day for them, by a whole century—quite exploded—went out with the old witches. No, no, sir,

the ghosts have had their day, and were all laid long ago, before the wood pavement. What should they come for? The potters and the colliers may rise for higher wages, and the Chartists may rise for reform, and Joseph Sturge may rise for his health, and the sun may rise, and the bread may rise, and the sea may rise, and the rising generation may rise, and all to some good or bad purpose; but that the dead and buried should rise, only to make one's hair rise, is more than I can credit."



RE-ACTION.

They may have some messages or errands to the living.

"Yes, and can't deliver them for want of breath; or can't execute for the want of physical force. Just consider yourself a ghost——"

Excuse me.

"Pshaw! I only meant for the sake of argument. I say, suppose, yourself a ghost. Well, if you come up out of your grave to serve a friend, how are you to help him? And if it's an enemy, what's the use of appearing to him if you can't pitch into him."

Why, at least it is *showing your Spirit*.

"Humph! that's true. Well, proceed."

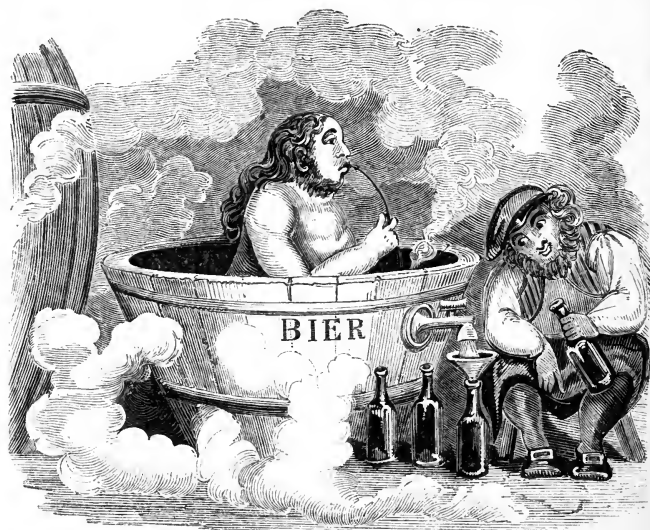
CHAPTER VI.

THERE is nothing more startling to the human nerves than a female scream. Not a make-believe squall, at a spider or a mouse, but a real, shrill, sharp, ear-piercing shriek, as if from the very pitchpipe of mortal fear. Nothing approaches it in thrilling effect, except the railway whistle; which, indeed, seems only to come from the throat of a giantess, instead of that of an ordinary woman.

The sudden outcry from the little shop had therefore an appalling effect on the company in the little back parlour, who for the moment were struck as dizzy and stupefied by that flash of sound, as if it had been one of lightning. Their first impulse was to set up a chorus of screams, as nearly as possible in the same key; the next, to rush in a body to the shop, where they found the poor orphan, as they called her, insensible on the floor.

The fit was a severe one; but, luckily the gossips were experienced

in all kinds of swoons, hysterics, and faintings, and used each restorative process so vigorously, burning, choking, pinching, slapping, and exhorting, that in a very few minutes the patient was restored to consciousness, and a world of pain. It was a long time, however, before she became collected enough to give an account of the Apparition—that she had seen her Mother, or at least her Ghost, standing beside her old desk; that the figure had turned towards her, and had made the same dreadful faces as before, as if endeavouring to speak to her—a communi-



BEER WITH A BODY.

cation which took such effect on the hearers that, with one exception, they immediately put on their bonnets and departed; leaving old Mrs. Dadley, who was stone deaf, and had only imperfectly heard the story, to sleep with Miss Mullins in what was doomed thenceforward to be a Haunted House. The night, nevertheless, passed over in quiet; but towards morning the ghostly Mother appeared again to the daughter in a dream, and with the same contortions of her mouth attempted to speak her mind, but with the same ill-success. The secret, whatever it was, seemed irrevocably committed to Silence and Eternity.

In the mean time, ere breakfast, the walking of Widow Mullins had travelled from one end of Grimsby to the other; and for the rest of the day the little chandler's shop at the corner of Swivel-street was surrounded by a mob of men, women, and children, who came to gaze at the Haunted House—not without some dim anticipations of perhaps seeing the Ghost at one of the windows. Few females in the position of Mary Mullins would have remained under its roof; but to all invitations from well-meaning people she turned a deaf ear; she had been

born and bred on the premises—the little back-parlour was her home—and from long service at the counter, she had become—to alter a single letter in a line of Dibdin's—

All one as a piece of the shop.

As to the Apparition, if it ever appeared again, she said, "the Ghost was the Ghost of her own Parent, and would not harm a hair of her head. Perhaps, after the funeral, the Spirit would rest in peace: but at any rate, her mind was made up, not to leave the house—no, not till she was carried out of it like her poor dear Mother."

CHAPTER VII.

"AND pray, Mr. Author, what is your own private opinion? Do you really believe in Ghosts, or that there was any truth in the story of this Grimsby Apparition?"

Heaven knows, madam! In ordinary cases I should have ascribed such a tale to a love of the marvellous; but, as I before stated, Miss Mullins was not prone to romance, and had never read a work of fiction in her whole life. Again, the vision might have been imputed to some peculiar nervous derangement of the system, like the famous spectral illusions that haunted the Berlin Bookseller—but then the young woman was of a hardy constitution, and in perfect health. Finally, the Phantom might have been set down as a mere freak of fancy, the offspring of an excited imagination, whereas she had no more imagination than a cow. Her mind was essentially commonplace, and never travelled beyond the routine duties and occurrences of her everyday life. Her very dreams, which she sometimes related, were remarked as being particularly prosaic and insipid; the wildest of them having only painted a swarm of overgrown cockroaches, in the shop-drawer, that was labelled "Powder Blue." Add to all this, that her character for veracity stood high in her native town; and on the whole evidence the verdict must be in favour of the supernatural appearance.

"Well—I will never believe in Ghosts!"

No, madam. Not in this cheerful drawing-room, whilst the bright sunshine brings out in such vivid colours the gorgeous pattern of the Brussels carpet—no, nor whilst such a fresh westerly air blows in at the open window, and sets the Columbines a-dancing in that China vase. But suppose, as King John says, that

"The midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night:
If this same were a churchyard, where we stand—"

the grass damp—the wind at east—the night pitch-dark—a strangely ill odour, and doubtful whistlings and whisperings wafted on the fitful gust.

"Well, sir?"

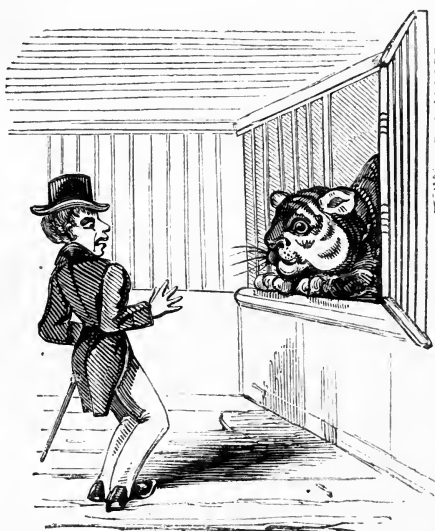
Why, then, madam, instead of disbelieving in Ghosts, you would be ready, between sheer fright and the chill of the night air—

“To do what, sir?—”

To swallow the first spirits that offered.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE second night, at the same hour, the same melodrama of “domestic interest” was repeated, except that this time the maternal Phantom confronted her daughter on the landing-place at the top of the stairs. Another fainting fit was the consequence; but before her senses deserted



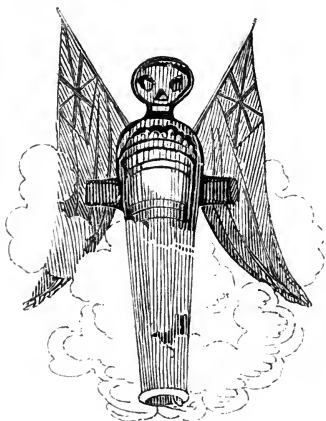
“I MUST COME OUT NEXT SPRING.”

her, the poor creature had time to observe the identical writhings and twitchings of the distorted mouth, the convulsive struggles to speak which had so appalled her, whilst her departed parent was still in the flesh. Luckily, the gossips, backed by two or three she-sceptics, had ventured to return to the Haunted House, where they were startled as before by a shrill feminine scream, and again found Miss Mullins on the ground in a state of insensibility. The fit, however, was as treatable as the former one, and the usual

strong measures having been promptly resorted to, she again became alive to external impressions,—and in particular that a pint of aqua-fortis, or something like it, was going down her throat the wrong way—that her little-finger had been in a hand-vice—her temples had been scrubbed with sand and cayenne pepper, or some other such stimulants, and the tip of her nose had been scorched with a salamander or a burning feather. A consciousness, in short, that she was still in this lower sphere, instead of the realms of bliss.

The story she told on her recovery was little more than a second edition of the narrative of the preceding night. The Ghost had appeared to her, made all sorts of horrible wry mouths, and after several vain attempts at utterance, all ended in a convulsive gasp, had

suddenly clasped its shadowy hands round its throat, and then clapped and pressed them on its palpitating bosom, as if actually choking or bursting with the suppressed communication. Of the nature of the secret she did not offer the slightest conjecture; for the simple reason that she had formed none. In all her days she had never attempted successfully to guess at the commonest riddle, and to solve such an enigma as her mother had left behind her was therefore quite out of the question. The gossips were less diffident; their Wonder was not of the Passive, but of the Active kind, which goes under the *alias* of Curiosity. Accordingly, they speculated amongst themselves without stint or scruple, on the matter that the Spirit yearned so anxiously to reveal; for instance, that it related to money, to murder, to an illegitimate child, to adulterated articles, to a forged will, to a favourite spot



THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

for burial; nay, that it concerned matters of public interest, and the highest affairs of the state, one old crone expressing her decided conviction that the Ghost had to divulge a plot against the life of the Queen.

To this excitement as to the Spectre and its mystery, the conduct of the Next of Kin afforded a striking contrast: instead of joining in the conjectural patchwork of the gossips, she silently took up the old variegated coverlet, and stitched, and sighed, and stitched on, till the breaking up of the party left her at liberty to go to bed.

“And did she dream again of the Ghost?”

She *did*, Miss; but with this difference; that the puckered mouth distinctly pronounced the word Mary, and then screwed and twisted out a few more sounds or syllables, but in a gibberish as unintelligible as the chatter of a monkey, or an Irvingite sentence of the Unknown Tongue.

CHAPTER IX.

THE third night came—the third midnight—and with it the Apparition. It made the same frightful grimaces, and, strange to relate, contrived to pronounce in a hollow whisper the very word which it had uttered in Mary’s last Dream. But the jumble of inarticulate sounds was wanting—the jaws gaped, and the tongue visibly struggled, but there was a dead, yes, literally a *dead* silence.

On this occasion, however, the daughter did not faint away; she had privately taken care to be at the hour of twelve in the midst of her

female friends, and her Mother appeared to her in the doorway between the little back parlour and the shop. The Shadow was only revealed to herself. One of the gossips, indeed, declared afterwards that she had seen widow Mullins, "as like as a likeness cut out in white paper, but so transparent that she could look right through her body at the chaney Jemmy Jessamy on the mantel-piece."

But her story, though accepted as a true bill by nine-tenths of the inhabitants of Grimsby, was not honoured by any one who was present that night in the little back-parlour. The two staring green eyes of Miss Mullins had plainly been turned, not on the fireplace, but towards the door, and her two bony fore-fingers had wildly pointed in the same direction. Nevertheless, the more positive the contradiction, the more obstinately the story-teller persevered in her statement, still adding to its circumstantialities, till in process of time she affirmed that she had not only seen the Ghost, but that she knew its secret; namely, that the undertaker and his man had plotted between them to embezzle the body, and to send it up in a crate, marked "Chaney—this side upwards," to Mr. Guy in the Borough.

CHAPTER X.

ON the fourth night the Ghost appeared at the usual time, with its usual demeanour,—but at the shop instead of the parlour-door, close to the bundle of new mops.



MY NATIVE GROT.

On the fifth, behind the counter, near the till.

On the sixth night, again behind the counter, but at the other end of it beside the great scales.

On the seventh night, which closed the day of the funeral, in the little back-parlour. It had been hoped and predicted, that after the interment, the Spirit would cease to walk

—whereas at midnight, it reappeared, as aforesaid, in the room behind the shop, between the table and the window.

On the eighth night, it became visible again at the old desk, between the great black coffee-mill and the herring-barrel. In the opinion of Miss Mullins, the Spectre had likewise crossed her path sundry times in the course of the day—at least she had noticed a sort of film or haze that interposed itself before sundry objects—for instance, the great stone-bottle of vinegar in the shop, and the framed print of "the Witch of Endor calling up Samuel," in the back room. On all these occasions the Phantom had exhibited the same urgent impulse to speak, with the

same spasmodic action of the features, and if possible, a still more intense expression of anxiety and anguish. The despairing gestures and motions of the visionary arms and hands were more and more vehement. It was a tragic pantomime, to have driven any other spectator raving mad!

Even the dull phlegmatic nature of Miss Mullins at last began to be stirred and excited by the reiteration of so awful a spectacle: and her curiosity, slowly but surely,

became interested in the undivulged secret which could thus keep a disembodied spirit from its appointed resting-place, the weighty necessity which could alone recal a departed soul to earth, after it had once experienced the deep calm and quiet of the grave. The sober sorrow of the mourner was changed into a feverish fretting—she could no longer eat, drink, or sleep, or sit still,—the patchwork quilt was thrust away in a corner, and as to the shop, the little dirty boy, and the little ragged girl were obliged to repeat their retail orders thrice over to the bewildered



"I 'BIDE MY TIME."

creature behind the counter, who even then was apt to go to the wrong box, can, or canister,—to serve them out train-oil instead of treacle, and soft-soap in lieu of Dorset butter.

What wonder a rumour went throughout Grimsby that she was crazy? But instead of going out of her mind, she had rather come into it, and for the first strange time was exercising her untrained faculties on one of the most perplexing mysteries that had ever puzzled a human brain. No marvel, then, that she gave change twice over for the same sixpence, and sent little Sniggers home with a bar of soap instead of a stick of brimstone. In fact, between her own absence of mind and the presence of mind of her customers, she sold so many good bargains, that the purchasers began to wish that a Deaf and Dumb Ghost would haunt every shop in the town!

CHAPTER XI.

ACCORDING to the confession of our first and last practitioners, the testimony of medical works, and the fatal results of most cases of Trismus, there is no surgical operation on the human subject so difficult as the picking of a Locked Jaw. No skeleton key has yet been invented

by our body-smiths that will open a mouth thus spasmodically closed. The organ is in what the Americans call an everlasting fix—the poor man is booked—and you may at once proceed to put up the rest of his shutters.

This difficulty, however, only occurs in respect to the physical frame. For a spiritual lock-jaw there is a specific mode of treatment, which, according to tradition, has generally proved successful in overcoming the peculiar Trismus to which all Apparitions are subject, and which has thus enabled them to break that melancholy silence, which must otherwise have prevailed in their intercourse with the living. The *modus operandi* is extremely simple, and based on an old-fashioned rule, to which, for some obscure reason, ghosts as well as good little boys seem bound to adhere, *i.e.*, not to speak till they are spoken to. It is only necessary, therefore, if you wish to draw out a dumb Spirit, to utter the first word.

Strange to say, this easy and ancient prescription never occurred to either Miss Mullins or her gossips till the ninth day, when Mrs. Humphreys,



A SHE RUFFIAN.

happening to stumble on the old rule in her son's spelling-book, at the same time hit on the true cause of the silence of the "Mysterious Mother." It was immediately determined that the same night, or at least the very first time the Spirit re-appeared, it should be spoken to; the very terms of the filial address, like those of a Royal Speech, being agreed on beforehand, at the same council. Whether the orator, the appointed hour and the expected auditor considered, would remember so long a sentence, admitted of some doubt; however it was learned by rote, and having fortified herself with a glass of cordial, and her backers having fortified themselves with two, the trembling Mary awaited the awful interview, cunning over to herself the concerted formula, which to assist her memory had been committed to paper.

"Muther, if so be you ar my muther, and as such being spoke to, speak I cunjer you, or now and ever after old your Tung."

CHAPTER XII.

ONE—Two—Three—Four—Five—Six—Seven—Eight—Nine—Ten—Eleven—TWELVE!

The Hour was come and the Ghost. True to the last stroke of the clock, it appeared like a figure projected from a magic lantern, on the curtain at the foot of the bed—for, through certain private reasons of her own, Miss Mullins had resolved not only to be alone, but to receive her visitor—as the French ladies do—in her *chambre à coucher*. Perhaps she did not care that any ear but her own should receive a disclosure which might involve matters of the most delicate nature; a secret that might perchance affect the reputation of her late parent, or her own social position. However, it was in solitude and from her pillow, that with starting eyeballs, and outstretched arms, she gazed for the ninth time on the silent Phantom, which had assumed a listening expression, and an expectant attitude, as if it had been invisibly present at the recent debate, and had overheard the composition of the projected speech. But that speech was never to be spoken.



MOTHER OF PEARL.

In vain poor Mary tried to give it utterance; it seemed to stick, like an apothecary's powder, in her throat—to her fauces, her palate, her tongue, and her teeth, so that she could not get it out of her mouth.

The Ghost made a sign of impatience.

Poor Mary gasped.

The Spirit frowned and apparently stamped with its foot.

Poor Mary made another violent effort to speak, but only gave a sort of tremulous croak.

The features of the Phantom again began to work—the muscles about the mouth quivered and twitched.

Poor Mary's did the same.

The whole face of the Apparition was drawn and puckered by a spasmodic paroxysm, and poor Mary *felt* that she was imitating the contortions, and even that hideous grin, the *risus sardonicus*, which had inspired her with such horror.

At last with infinite difficulty, she contrived by a desperate effort to utter a short ejaculation—but brief as it was it sufficed to break the spell.

The Ghost, as if it had only awaited the blessed sound of one single syllable from the human voice, to release its own vocal organs from their mysterious thralldom, instantly spoke.

But the words are worthy of a separate chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Mary! it arn't booked—but there's tuppence for sandpaper at number nine!"

NOTE.—"It is much to the Discredit of Ghosts,"—says Johannes Lanternus, in his "Treatise of Apparitions,"—"that they doe so commonly revisit the Earth on such trivial Errands as would hardly justify a journey from London to York, much less from one World to another. Grave and weighty ought to be the Matter that can awaken a Spirit from the deep Slumbers of the Tomb: solemn and potent must be the Spell, to induce the liberated Soul, divorced with such mortal Agony from its human Clothing, to put on merely such flimsy Atoms, as may render it visible to the Eye of Flesh. For neither willingly nor wantonly doth the Spirit of a Man forsake its subterrane Dwelling, as may be seen in the awful Question by the Ghost of Samuel to the Witch of Endor—'Wherefore hast thou disquieted Me and called Me up?' And yet, forsooth, a walking Phantom shall break the Bonds of Death, and perchance the Bonds of Hell to boot, to go on a Message, which concerns but an Individual, and not a great one either, or at most a Family, nor yet one of Note,—for Example, to disclose the lurking Place of a lost Will, or of a Pot of Money in Dame Perkins her back Yard,—Whereas such a Supernatural Intelligencer hath seldom been vouchsafed to reveal a State Plot—to prevent a Royal Murther, or avert the Shipwreck of an whole Empire. Wherefore I conclude that many or most Ghost Stories have had their rise in the Self-Conceit of vain ignorant People, or the Arrogance of great Families, who take Pride in the Belief that their mundane Affairs are of so important a Pitch, as to perturb departed Souls, even amidst the Pains of Purgatory, or the Pleasures of Paradise."



AN OLD ONE—BUT GOOD, WITH BOTH HANDS IN THE RING.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

To Bowring, man of many tongues,
 (All over tongues like rumour)
 This tributary verse belongs
 To paint his learned humour;
 All kinds of gabs he talks, I wis
 From Latin down to Scottish;
 As fluent as a parrot is,
 But far more *Polly-glottish*!
 No grammar too abtruse he meets
 However dark and verby,—
 He gossips Greek about the streets,
 And often *Russ*— in urbe—:
 Strange tongues whate'er you do them call,
 In short, the man is able
 To tell you what's *o'clock* in all
 The *dialects* of Babel.
 Take him on 'Change; try Portuguese,
 The Moorish and the Spanish,
 Polish, Hungarian, Tyrolese,
 The Swedish and the Danish;
 Try him with these and fifty such,
 His skill will ne'er diminish,
 Although you should begin in Dutch
 And end (like me) in *Finnish*.



BRUTE EMANCIPATION.



FANCY PORTRAITS.—ROWLAND AND SON,

THE REPEAL OF THE UNION.

It was a fine, clear, moonlight night, and Mike Mahoney was strolling on the beach of the Bay of Bealcreagh—who knows why? perhaps to gather *dhoolamaun*, or to look for a crab, but thinking intently of nothing at all, because of the tune he was whistling,—when looking seaward, he saw, at about a stone's cast from the shore, a dark object which appeared like a human head. Or was it a seal? Or a keg of whiskey? Alas! no such good luck! The dark object moved like a living thing, and approaching nearer and nearer, into shallower water, revealed successively the neck and the shoulders of a man.

Mike wondered extremely. It was a late hour for a gentleman to be bathing, and there was no boat or vessel within Leandering distance, from which the unknown might have swum. Meanwhile, the stranger approached, the gliding motion of the figure suddenly changing into a floundering, as if having got within his depth, he was wading through the deep mud.

Hitherto, the object, amid the broad path of silver light, had been a dark one; but diverging a little out of the glittering water, it now became a bright one, and Mike could make out the features at least as plainly as those of the Man in the Moon. At last the creature stopped a few fathoms off, and in a sort of "forrin voice," such as the Irishman had never heard before, called to Mike Mahoney.

Mike crossed himself, and answered to his name.

"What do you take me for?" asked the stranger.

"Divil knows," thought Mike, taking a terrible scratch at his red head, but he said nothing.

"Look here then," said the stranger; and plunging head downwards, as for a dive, he raised and flourished in the air a fish's tail, like a salmon's, but a great deal bigger. After this exhibition had lasted for about a minute, the tail went down, and the head came up again.

"Now you know, of course, what I am?"

"Why, thin," said Mike, with a broad grin, "axing your pardon, I take it you're a kind of Half-Sir."

"True for you," said the Merman, for such he was, in a very melancholy tone. "I *am* only half a gentleman, and it's what troubles me, day and night. But I'll come more convenient to you."

And by dint of great exertion, partly crawling, and partly shooting himself forward with his tail, shrimp fashion, he contrived to reach the beach, when he rolled himself close to Mike's feet, which instinctively made a step apiece in retreat.

"Never fear, Mike," said the Merman, "it's not in my heart to hurt one of the finest peasantry in the world."

"Why, thin, you'd not object maybe," inquired Mike, not quite reassured, "to cry O'Connell for ever?"

"By no means," replied the Merman; "or Success to the Rent."

"Faix, where did he larn that?" muttered Mike to himself.

"Water is a good conductor of sound," said the Merman, with a wink of one of his round, skyblue eyes. "It can carry a voice a long way—if you think of Father Mathew's."

"Bedad, that's true!" exclaimed Mike. "And in course you'll have heard of the Repale?"

"Ah, that's it," said the Merman, with a long-drawn sigh, and a forlorn shake of the head. "That's just it. It's in your power, Mike, to do me the biggest favour in the world."

"With all the pleasure in life," replied Mike, "provided there's neither sin nor shame in it."

"Not the least taste of either" returned the Merman. "It is only that you will help me to repeal this cursed Union, that has joined the best part of an Irish gentleman to the worst end of a fish."



FANCY PORTRAIT.—AUDUBON.

"Murther alive!" shouted Mike, jumping a step backward, "what! cut off your honour's tail!"

"That very same," said the Merman. "'Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not, who would be free, themselves must strike the blow.' But you see, Mike, it's impossible in my case to strike the blow myself."

"Shure, and so it is," said Mike, reflectively, "and if I thought you would not be kilt entirely—which would be half a murder anyhow—"

"Never fear, Mike. Only cut exactly through the first row of scales, between the fish and the flesh, and I shall feel no pain, nor will you even spill a drop of blood."

Mike shook his head doubtfully—very doubtfully indeed, and then muttered to himself,

"Divil a bit of a Repale without *that*!"

"Not a drop, I tell you," said the Merman, "there's my hand on it," and he held out a sort of flesh-coloured paw, with webs between the fingers.

"It's a bargain," said Mike, "but after all," and he grinned knowingly at the Merman, "supposing your tail cut off from you, it's small walking ye'll get, unless I could lend you the loan of a pair o' legs."

"True for you, Mike," replied the Merman, "but it's not the walking that I care for. It's the sitting, Mike," and he winked again with his round, sky-blue eye, "it's the sitting, and which you see is mighty inconvenient, so long as I am linked to this scaly Saxon appendage."

"Saxon is it!" bellowed Mike, "hurrah then for the Repale!" and whipping out a huge clasp-knife from his pocket, he performed the operation exactly as the Merman had directed, —and, strange to say of an Irish operation, without shedding a drop of blood.

"There," said Mike, having first kicked the so dissevered tail into the sea, and then setting up the Half-Sir like a ninepin on the broad end, "there you are, free and independint, and fit to sit where you plase."

"Millia Beachus, Mike," replied the Merman, "and as to the sitting where I please," here he nodded three times very significantly, "the only seat that will please me will be in College Green."

"Och! that will be a proud day for Ireland!" said Mike, attempting to shout, and intending to cut a caper and to throw up his hat. But his limbs were powerless, and his mouth only

gaped in a prodigious yawn. As his mouth closed again his eyes opened, but he could see nothing that he could make head or tail of—the Merman was gone.

"Bedad!" exclaimed Mike, shutting his eyes again, and rubbing the lids lustily with his knuckles, "what a dhrame I've had of the Repale of the Union!"



FANCY PORTRAIT.—
VAN PICKFORD.

A SKETCH ON THE ROAD.

“All have their exits and their entrances.”

It is a treat to see Prudery get into an omnibus. Of course she rejects the hand that is held out to her by male Civility. It might give her a squeeze. Neither does she take the first vacant place; but looks out for a seat, if possible, between an innocent little girl and an old woman. In the meantime the omnibus moves on. Prudery totters—makes a snatch at Civility's nose—or his neck—or anywhere—and missing her hold rebounds to the other side of the vehicle, and plumps down in a strange gentleman's lap. True modesty would have escaped all these indecorums.



A PIN-AFORE.

EPIGRAM

ON A LATE CATTLE-SHOW IN SMITHFIELD.

OLD Farmer Bull is taken sick,
Yet not with any sudden trick
Of fever, or his old dyspepsy;
But having seen the foreign stock,
It gave his system such a shock
He's had a fit of *Cattle-epsy*!

EPIGRAM.

WHEN would-be Suicides in purpose fail,
Who could not find a morsel though they needed—
If Peter sends them for attempts to jail,
What would he do to them if they succeeded?



"WE HAVEN'T MET THIS AGE."

HYDROPATHY, OR THE COLD WATER CURE,

AS PRACTISED BY VINCENT PRIESSNITZ, AT GRAFENBERG.

BY R. T. CLARIDGE, ESQ.

"The element that never tires."—BASIL HALL.

THE greatest danger to the health or life in Foreign Travelling, at least in Germany, is notoriously from damp linen. A German-Ofen is not adapted for the process vulgarly called "airing," and the "Galloping Horse," alluded to by Wordsworth in his poem on a Hanoverian Stove, is anything but a clothes-horse. If you send your linen to be washed, therefore, you must expect in return a shirt as damp as a Dampschiff—stockings as dripping as the hose of a fire engine, and a handkerchief with which you cannot dry your eyes. As a matter of course, you must look, now and then, for a wet blanket, or a moist sheet; and should that be the case, there is only one warming-pan to our knowledge in the Rhenish Provinces—and that one is at Coblenz.

Now this drawback would alone prove a damper to many an English Tourist, who would otherwise go up the Rhine: for of what avail are all his Patent Waterproof articles—his umbrella, his Macintosh, his galoshes, India-rubber shoes, and Perring's beaver, whilst he is thus

liable to wet next his skin. In fact, we believe this danger, more than any sea risk or land peril, has deterred thousands of Valetudinarians from repairing to Germany to drink the waters—accompanied by the unwholesome probability of chilling the skin, closing the pores, and checking the insensible, invisible perspiration by putting on humid garments; than which nothing can be more injurious to even the strongest constitution,—witness the fatal shirt that clung so to Hercules, and which, allowing for mythological embellishment, was no doubt simply a clean one—sent to him wringing wet by that jade Dejanira.

The catastrophe of the great Alcides rests, however, on the very doubtful testimony of Greek historians. It is true, that by our English sanatory notions he ought to have died—say of inflammation on the lungs—but according to the Hydropathists, the Strong Man ought to have been only the stronger for a “Cold Wet Bandaging.” Instead of cutting his stick—or rather club—he ought merely to have broken out in salutary boils, which would have removed all his complaints, if he had any—for example, one Mr. Rausse names all chronic diseases of the lungs, all organic defects, and all diseases in *people whose muscles and sinews are past all power of action, and from whom the vital principle has passed beyond recovery*—which said people, if we know anything of plain English, must be neither more nor less than “*Stiffuns!*” And to confirm this cadaverous view of them, p. 74 declares that these assertions of Mr. Rausse are supported by a Mr. *Raven!*

Professor Mundé, however, who was cured of a painful complaint during his residence at Gräfenberg, stops short of the cure of Death by light or heavy wet, but enumerates Gout, Rheumatism, Tic Douloureux, Hernia, Hypochondria, Piles, Fevers of all kinds, Inflammations, Cholera, &c. &c. &c., to which Mr. Claridge adds a list, by the Reverend John Wesley, of some hundred of diseases, in man, woman, and child, to be cured by “Primitive Physic,” *alias* Aqua Pumpy. Nay, we have cases of Illustrious Patients—Baron Blank, Count Dash, General Asterisk, the Marquis de Anonymous, and others, who were all well washed, and all washed well,—and so far from suffering from wet



SCHLANGENBAD. "IT HAVE GIVEN
ME QUITE A TURN!"

linen, were actually swaddled in it; and instead of being chilled, actually *heated* from being put up damp, like haystacks. It follows that Hercules could not be carried off in the way supposed,—and especially if he enjoyed such *indelicate* health as he exhibits in his pictures and statues.

The common dread of water and wetting seems certainly to be rather overstrained. We think little, indeed, of the instance of Thomas Cam, aged 207, of whose burial registry Mr. Claridge furnishes an extract from the parish books; first, because there is no evidence that this very “Old Tom” was in the habit of soaking his clay with water; and secondly, because 207 *was very probably the way with an ignorant Clerk of setting down 27*. Neither do we attach much weight to the opinions of the Travellers, who “assure us that amongst the Arabs this age is not unfrequently attained, and that men are frequently married at a hundred years of age; first, because the Desert is not particularly well supplied with water; and secondly, that consequently the Arabs must be of rather dry habits. But looking at another animal which lives in the wet, and is one of the greatest of water-drinkers, namely, the whale, we are quite ready to allow, as to its longevity, that it is “the longest creature as lives.”

Take courage, then, ye Valetudinarians, and apply for your passports. Go fearlessly up the Rhine, into swampy Holland, or Belgium, or wherever you will. Your old bugbears are actually benefits—real reforms to the constitution. Write on yourselves if you choose, “This side uppermost,” but omit the fellow direction, “To be kept dry.” You will thrive like the hydrangeas the more you are watered. Ride outside, and forget your umbrella. Prefer soaked coachboxes and sloppy boats—and if you even go overboard, remember that the mother of Achilles, to make him invulnerable, ducked him in a river. Ask for damp sheets, and pay extra for a wet blanket—nay, never say die, though after a jolly night you find the next morning that you have slept in a dewy meadow, with the moon for a warming-pan. If, in walking on St. Swithin’s day, you happen to get under a spout, stay there—it’s a Douch-Bad—*vide* Frontispiece, figure 4, and you are lucky in getting it gratis. Should you chance to trip and throw yourself a fair back-fall, with your head in a puddle, don’t rise, but lie there as contentedly as a drunkard, for that—see figure 2—is a Kopf-Bad. Instead of striding over a kennel, step into it,—for it is as good as a Fuss-Bad. And when a tub of cold water comes in your way, squat down in it like Parson Adams, when he played at “the Ambassador,” for that is a Sitz-Bad—as you may see in figure 3, where a gentleman is sitting, as happy as a Merman with his tail in a tub, and reading Claridge on the “Cold Water Cure!”

And should you experience, though you ought not, any anguish chills, or rheumatic pains from this mode of conduct—push on at once to Gräfenberg, where Vincent Priessnitz will soak all complaints out of you, like the salt from a ling. As the preface says, it is “only eight or ten days’ journey from London,” and you may go either by Ostend or Hamburg;

but the first route is the best, because you can *wet* your thirst by the way at the springs of Aix-la-Chapelle, and the Brunnens of Nassau. For our own parts we prefer our washing done at home; but never mind us. Push on for the great Fountain Tavern in Silesia, for depend upon it whatever you feel, whether flushes, shudderings, gnawings, cravings, creepings, shootings, throbbings, dartings and prickings—it is only Nature *boring* for water.

Never stop, then, except perhaps for a minute or so to look at the votive fountain the Wallachian and Moldavian patients have erected, dedicated “Au Génie de l'Eau Froide,”—never halt till you have reached the famous House of Call for Water-men, and pledged the great Aquarius himself in a goblet of his own Adam's ale. If you are faint it will revive you, if thirsty it will refresh you, and if you have broken a bone or two by the upsetting of a diligence, the very man for a fracture stands before you. In fact his first exploit in Hydropathy was with cold water and wet bandages, and some little assistance from a table, to set and mend two of his own broken ribs! After that if you are so unreasonable as still to require any evidence of the peculiar virtues of the fluid, know that by drinking and dispensing it, ice-cold though it be, Vincent Priessnitz has made himself so *warm* that he is worth 50,000*l*.



CURLING FLUID.

The above advice, it must be remembered, is not ours, but drawn from the book before us. We should be loth to be responsible personally for any lady or gentleman going so far off as Silesia to drown themselves, and by the awfully premeditated process of taking “twenty glasses of water a day.” Neither should we like to have to answer to a visitor to Gräfenberg for the discomfort of a room like “a soldier's chamber in a barrack,” so low that Mr. Gross could not stand upright in it—with no better furniture than a bedstead with a straw mattress—a chest of deal drawers, a table, two chairs, a decanter and glass (for water only) and an “enormous washhand-basin.” It would vex us to have commended any one to a table where it is generally complained that the food “though plentiful is coarse.” He might not be pleased either with the remedy of drinking so much cold water, that there was little room for the solids. And, above all, he would naturally cry out against the heart-burnings incurred by Mr. Claridge himself, and which were relieved by a cure certainly worse than the disease.

“The burning liquid which rises from the stomach to the throat is often caused at Gräfenberg by the abundance of the greasy food with which the table is supplied. At the period of the crisis it frequently

makes its appearance at the termination of humours, of which part is discharged by the first courses. I was sharply attacked by it at this period of the treatment, and '*a diarrhœa which I brought on in gorging myself with cold water during two days completely cured me.*'"—p. 237.

Now, it may be well for Priessnitz, who boards and lodges his patients, to prescribe water by the pailful to prevent gluttony; or to give them



A DROP OF THE CREATURE.

such beds and rooms as must necessarily promote early rising and encourage exercise out of doors. It may be quite consistent with his theory to neither light nor pave his neighbourhood, so that his clients are sure on a rainy day of a Mud-bath in addition to their other ones. But, as we said before, we should not like to advise any one we love or like to put themselves under his wet hands, unless inordinately fond of duck and cold pig. Moreover, many points of his treatment are practised, if not openly at least secretly, in our own country; and at a consequent saving of all the trouble and expense to the patients of a journey to Silesia. The damp sheet system is no secret to the chambermaids at our provincial inns, and the metropolitan publicans and milkmen are far from blind to the virtues of cold water as a beverage. A fact that probably accounts for the peculiar healthiness of London compared with other capitals.

To be candid, we have besides a private prejudice against anything like a Grand Catholicon—not the Pope, but an universal remedy for all diseases, from elephantiasis down to pip. And we become particularly

sceptical when we meet with a specific backed by such a testimonial as that of the Rev. John Wesley in favour of Water *versus* Hydrophobia.

"And this, I apprehend, accounts for its *frequently curing* the bite of a mad dog, especially if it be repeated for twenty-five or thirty days successively."—p. 81.

Of which we can only say, that on the production of certificates of three such cures, signed by a respectable turncock, we will let whoever likes it be worried by a mad pack of hounds, and then cure him by only showing him Aldgate-pump.

Moreover, we are aware of the aptitude of our cousins the Germans to go the whole way "and a bittock" in their theories. As Mr. Puff says of the theatrical people, "Give those fellows a good thing and they never know when to have done with it." Thus allowing the element to be wholesome, for ablution or as a beverage, they order you not only to swig, sit, stand, lie, and soak in it, but actually to snuff it up your nose—what is a bridge without water?—for a cold in the head!—p. 228.

It was our intention to have quoted a case of fever which was got under much as Mr. Braidwood would have quenched an inflammation in a house. But our limits forbid. In the mean time it has been our good fortune, since reading Claridge on Hydropathy, to see a sick drake avail himself of the "Cold Water Cure" at the dispensary in St. James's-park. First in waddling in, he took a Fuss-Bad; then he took a Sitz-Bad, and then, turning his curly tail up into the air, he took a Kopf-Bad. Lastly, he rose almost upright on his latter end, and made such a triumphant flapping with his wings, that we really expected he was going to shout "Priessnitz for ever!" But no such thing. He only cried, "Quack! quack! quack!"





A WHIPPER IN.

MR. CHUBB.

A PISCATORY ROMANCE.

"Let me live harmlessly, and near the brink
Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling place,
Where I may see my quill or cork down sink
With eager bite of Perch, or Bleak, or Dace."—J. DAVORS.

"I care not, I, to fish in seas,
Fresh rivers best my mind do please,
Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,
And seek in life to imitate."—PISCATOR'S SONG.

"The ladies, angling in the chrystal lake,
Feast on the waters with the prey they take,
At once victorious with their lines and eyes,
They make the fishes and the men their prize."—WALLER.

CHAPTER I.

MR. CHUBB was not, by habit and repute, a fisherman. Angling had never been practically his hobby. He was none of those enthusiasts in the gentle craft, who as soon as close time comes to an end, are sure to be seen in a punt at Hampton Deep, under the arches of Kew Bridge, or on the banks of the New River, or the Lea, trolling for jack, ledgering for barbel, spinning for trout, roving for

perch, dapping for chub, angling for gudgeon, or whipping for bleak. He had never fished but once in his life, on a chance holiday, and then caught but one bream, but that once sufficed to attach him to the pastime; it was so still, so quiet, so lonely; the very thing for a shy, bashful, nervous man, as taciturn as a post, as formal as a yew hedge, and as sedate as a Quaker. Nevertheless he did not fall in love with fishing, as some do, rashly and madly, but as became his character, discreetly and with deliberation. It was not a hasty passion, but a sober preference founded on esteem, and accordingly instead of plunging at once into the connexion, he merely resolved, in his heart, that at some future time he would retire from the hosiery line, and take to one of gut, horsehair, or silk.

In pursuance of this scheme, whilst he steadily amassed the necessary competence, he quietly accumulated the other requisites; from time to time investing a few more hundreds in the Funds, and occasionally adding a fresh article to his tackle, or a new guide or treatise to his books on the art. Into these volumes, at his leisure, he dipped, gradually storing his mind with the piscatory rules, "line upon line, and precept upon precept," till in theory he was a respectable proficient. And in his Sunday walks, he commonly sought the banks of one or other of our Middlesex rivers, where, glancing at sky and water, with a speculative eye, he would whisper to himself—"a fine day for the perch," or "a likely hole for a chub;" but from all actual practice he religiously abstained, carefully hoarding it up, like his money, at compound interest, for that delicious *Otium-and-Water*, which, sooner or later, Hope promised he should enjoy.

In the meantime, during one of these suburban rambles, he observed, near Enfield Chase, a certain row of snug little villas, each with its own garden, and its own share of the New River, which flowed between the said pleasure-grounds on one side, and a series of private meadows on the other. The houses, indeed, were in pairs, two under one roof, but each garden was divided from the next one by an evergreen fence, tall and thick enough to screen the proprietor from neighbourly observation; whilst the absence of any public footpath along the fields equally secured the residents from popular curiosity. A great consideration with an angler, who, near the metropolis, is too liable to be accosted by some confounded hulking fellow with "What sport,—how do they bite?"—or annoyed by some pestilent little boy, who will intrude in his swim.

"Yes, *that's* the place for me," thought Mr. Chubb, especially alluding to a green lawn which extended to the water's edge—not forgetting a tall *lignum vitæ* tree, against which, seated in an ideal arm chair, he beheld his own *Eidolon*, in the very act of pulling out an imaginary fish, as big and bright as a fresh herring.

"Yes, *that is* the place for me," muttered Mr. Chubb; "so snug—so retired—so all to one's self! Nobody to overlook, nothing to interrupt one!—No towing-path—no barges—no thoroughfare—Bless my soul! it's a perfect little Paradise!"

And it was the place for him indeed—for some ten years afterwards the occupant died suddenly of apoplexy—whereupon Mr. Chubb bought the property, sold off his business, and retiring to the villa, which he christened “Walton Cottage,” prepared to realise the long water-soucyish dream of his middle age.

“And did he catch anything?”

My dear Miss Hastie—do, pray, allow the poor gentleman a few moments to remove, and settle himself in his new abode, and in the meanwhile, let me recommend you to the care of that allegorical Job in petticoats, who is popularly supposed to recreate herself, when she is not smiling on a monument, by fishing in a punt.

CHAPTER II.

EUREKA!

The day, the happy day is come at last, and no bride, in her pearl silk and orange flowers, after a protracted courtship, ever felt a more blissful flutter of spirits than Mr. Chubb, as in a bran-new white hat, fustian jacket, and drab leggings, he stands on the margin of the New River, about to become an angler for better or worse.

The morning is propitious. The sky is slightly clouded, and a gentle southerly zephyr just breathes, here and there, on the grey water, which is thickly studded with little dimples that dilate into rings,—signs, as sure as those in the zodiac, of Aquarius and Pisces. A comfortable arm-chair is planted in the shadow of the tall *lignum vitæ*

—to the right, on the grass, lies a landing net, and on the left, a basket big enough to receive a Salmon. Mr. Chubb himself stands in front of the chair; and having satisfied his mind, by a panoramic glance, of his complete solitude, begins precipitately to prepare his tackle, by drawing the strings of a long brown-holland case into a hard double knot. But he is too happy to swear, so he only blesses his soul, patiently unravels the knot, and complacently allows the rod to glide out of the linen cover. With deliberate care he fits each joint in its socket,—from the butt glittering with bright brass, to the



A WATER KELPY.

tapering top—and then, with supple wrist, proves the beautiful pliancy of the “complete thing.” Next from the black leather pocket-book he

selects a line of exquisite fineness, and attaches it by the loop to the small brazen wire ring at the point of the whalebone. The fine gut, still retaining its angles from the reel, like a long zigzag of gossamer, vibrates to the elastic rod, which in turn quivers to the agitated hand, tremulous with excitement. But what ails Mr. Chubb? All at once he starts off into the strangest and wildest vagaries,—now clutching like Macbeth at the air-drawn dagger, and then suddenly wheeling round like a dog trying to catch his own tail—now snatching at some invisible blue bottle buzzing about his nose,—next flea-hunting about his clothes, and then staring skywards with goggle eyes, and round open mouth, as if he would take a minnow! A few bars rest—and off he goes again,—jumping,—spinning,—skipping right and left—no urchin striving to apprehend Jack o'Lantern ever cut more capers.



LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

He is endeavouring to catch his line that he may bait the hook; but the breeze carries it far a-field, and the spring of the rod jerks it to and fro, here and there and everywhere but into his eager hand. Sometimes the shot swing into his eye, sometimes the float bounces into his mouth or bobs against his nose, and then, half caught, they spring up perpendicularly, and fall down again, with the clatter of hail, on the crown of his white beaver. At last he succeeds—at least the hook anchors in the skirts of his jacket. But he is in too good humour to curse. Propping the rod upright against the tall *lignum vitæ*, he applies both hands to the rescue, and has just released the hook from the fustian, when down drops the rod, with a terrible lash of its top-joint in the startled stream,—whilst the barbed steel, escaping from his right finger and thumb, flies off like a living insect, and fastens its sting in the cuff of his left sleeve with such good will, that it must be cut out with a penknife. Still he does not blaspheme. At some damage to the cloth, the Kirby is set free—and the line is safe in hand. A little more cautiously he picks up the dripping rod, and proceeds to bait the hook—not without great difficulty and delay, for a worm is a wriggling slippery thing, with a natural aversion to being lined with wire, and when the fingers are tremulous besides, the job is a stiff one. Nevertheless he contrives, ill or well, to impale a small brandling; but remembering that he ought first to have plumbed the depth of the water, removes the worm and substitutes a roll of thin lead. Afterwards he adjusts the float to the proper soundings, and

then there is all the wriggling slippery nervous process to be gone through over again. But Patience, the angler's virtue, still supports him. The hook is baited once more,—he draws a long deep sigh of satisfaction, and warily poisoning his rod, lets the virgin line drop gently into the rippling stream!

Now then all is right! Alas, no! The float instead of swimming erect, sinks down on its side for want of sufficient ballast; a trying dilemma, for the cure requires a rather delicate operation. In fact, six split shot successively escape from his trembling fingers—a seventh he succeeds in adjusting to the line, on which he rashly attempts to close the gaping lead with his teeth; but unluckily his incisors slip beside the leaden pellet, and with a horrid crunch go clean through the crisp gut!

Still he does not blaspheme; but blessing his body, this time, as well as his soul, carefully fits a new bottom on the line, and closes the cleft shot with the proper instrument, a pair of pliers. Then he baits again, and tries the float, which swims with the correct cock—and all is right at last! The dreams, the schemes, the hopes, the wishes of a dozen long years are realised; and if there be a little pain at one end of the line, what enormous pleasure at the other!

Merrily the float trips, again and again, from end to end of the swim, and is once more gliding down with the current, when suddenly the quill stops—slowly revolves—bobs—bobs again—and dives under the water.

The Angler strikes convulsively—extravagantly—insanely; and something swift and silvery as a shooting star, flies over his head. It should, by rights, be a fish—yet there is none on his hook; but searching farther and farther, all up the lawn, to the back door, there certainly lies something bright and quivering on the stone step—something living, scaly, and about an inch long—in short, Mr. Chubb's first bleak!

CHAPTER III.

HAPPY Mr. Chubb! Happy on Thursday, happier on Friday, and happiest on Saturday!

For three delightful days he had angled, each time with better success and increasing love for the art, when Sunday intervened—the longest *dry* Sunday he had ever spent in his life. This short fast, however, only served to whet his appetite for the sport, and to send him the earlier on Monday to the river's edge, not without some dim superstitious notion of catching the fine hog-backed perch he had hooked in a dream over night.

By this time practice had made him perfect in his manipulations. His rod was put together in a crack—the line attached to it in a jiffy, the hook baited in a twinkling, and all ready to begin. But first he took his customary survey, to assure him that his solitude was inviolate, that there was no eye to startle his *mauvaise honte*, for he was

as sensitive to observation as some skins to new flannel: but all was safe. There was not a horse or cow even to stare at him from the opposite meadow—no human creature within ken, to censure his performance or criticise his appearance. He might have fished, if he had pleased, in his night-cap, dressing-gown, and slippers.

The ineffable value of such a privacy is only appreciable by shy, sensitive men, who ride hobbies. But Toby Shandy knew it when he gave a *peep over the horn-beam hedge* before he took a first whiff of the ivory pipe attached to his smoking artillery. And so did Mr. Chubb, as after a preliminary pinch of snuff, and an ecstatic rub of his hands, he gently swung the varnished float, shotted line, and baited hook, from his own freehold lawn into the exclusive water.

The weather was lovely, the sky of an unclouded blue, and the whole landscape flooded with sunshine, which would have been too bright but that a westerly breeze swept the gloss off the river, and allowed the



CLARA FISHER AND LITTLE POOLE.

Angler to watch, undazzled, his neat tip-capped float. Thrice the buoyant quill had travelled from end to end of the property, and was midway on its fourth voyage, when—without the least hint of bite or nibble—it was violently twitched up, and left to dangle in the air, whilst Mr. Chubb distractedly stared on a new object in the stream.

A strange float had come into his swim!

And such a float!—A great green and white pear-shaped thing—of an extra size, expressly manufactured for the most turbulent waters; but magnified by the enormity of the trespass into a ship's buoy!

Yes—there it was in his own private fishing-place, down which it

drifted five or six good yards before it brought up, on its side, when the force of the current driving the lower part of the line towards the surface, disclosed a perfect necklace of large swanshot, and the shank of a No. 1 hook, baited, as it seemed, with a small hard dumpling!

Mr. Chubb was petrified—Gorgonised—basilisked! His heart and his legs gave way together, and he sank into the elbow-chair; his jaw locked, his eyes protruding in a fixed stare, and, altogether in physiognomy extremely like the fish called a Pope or Ruff, which, on being hooked, is said to go into a sort of spasmodic fit, through surprise and alarm.

However, disappointment and vexation gradually gave way to indignation, and planting the chair against the evergreen hedge, he mounted



A LONG STOP.

on the seat, with a brace of objurgations on his lips—the one adapted to a great hulking fellow, the other for an infernal little boy; but before either found vent, down he scrambled again, with breakneck precipitation, and dropped into the seat. To swear was impossible—to threaten or vituperate quite out of the question, or even to remonstrate. He who had not the courage to be polite to a lady, to be rude or harsh to one?—never! What then could he do? Nothing, but sit staring at the great green and white float, as it lay on its

side, making a fussy ripple in the water, till SHE chose to withdraw it.

At last, after a very tedious interval, the obnoxious object suddenly began to scud up the stream, and then rising, with almost as much splutter as a wild duck, flew into the neighbouring garden. The swan-shot and the hook flew after it, but the little dumpling parting asunder, had escaped from the steel, and the halves separately drifted down with the current, each nibbled at by its own circle of New River bleak.

Mr. Chubb waited a minute, and then fell to angling again; but as silently, stealthily, and sneakingly, as if, instead of fishing in his own waters, he had been poaching in those of Cashiobury—

• “Because Lord Essex wouldn’t give him leave.”

But even this faint enjoyment was shortlived. All at once he heard, to the left, a plash as if a bull-frog or water-rat had plumped into the river, and down came the great green and white nuisance, again dancing past the private hedge, and waltzing with every little eddy that came in its way. Of course it would stop at the old spot—but no, its tether had been indefinitely prolonged, and on it came, bobbing and beeking, till

within a foot of the little slim tipcapped quill of our Fisherman. He instantly pulled up, but too late—the bottoms of the two lines had already grappled. There was a hitch and then a jerk—the swanshot with a centrifugal impulse went spinning round and round the other tackle, till silk and gut were complicated in an inveterate tangle. The Unknown, feeling the resistance, immediately struck, and began to haul in. The perplexed Bachelor, incapable of a “Hallo!” only blessed his own soul in a whisper, and opposed a faint resistance. The strain increased; and he held more firmly, desperately hoping that his own line would give way: but, instead of any such breakage, as if instinct with the very spirit of mischief, the top joint of his rod suddenly sprang out of its socket, and went flying as the other lithe top seemed to beckon it—into HER garden!

It was gone, of course, for ever. As to applying for it, little Smith would as soon have asked for the ball that he had pitched through a pane of plate glass into Mrs. Jones’s drawing-room.

All fishing was over for the day; and the discomfited Angler was about to unscrew his rod and pack up, when a loud “hem!” made him start and look towards the sound—and lo! the unknown Lady, having mounted a chair of her own, was looking over the evergreen hedge and holding out the truant top joint to its owner. The little shy bashful Bachelor, still in a nervous agony, would fain have been blind to this civility; but the cough became too importunate to be shirked, and blushing till his very hair and whiskers seemed to reddened into carotty, he contrived to stumble up to the fence and stammer out a jumble of thanks and apologies.

“Really, ma’am—I’m extremely sorry—you’re too good—so very awkward—quite distressing—I’m exceedingly obliged I’m sure—very warm indeed,”—and seizing the top-joint he attempted to retreat with it, but he was not to escape so easily.

“Stop, sir;” cried one of the sweetest voices in the world, “the lines are entangled.”



HOOKING HIM.

"Pray don't mention it," said the agitated Mr. Chubb, vainly fumbling in the wrong waistcoat pocket for his penknife. "I'll cut it, ma'am—I'll bite it off."

"Oh, pray don't!" exclaimed the lady; "it would be a sin and a shame to spoil such a beautiful line. Pray what do you call it?"

What an unlucky question. For the whole world Mr. Chubb would not have named the material—which he at last contrived to describe as "a very fine sort of fiddle-string."

"Oh, I understand," said the Lady. "How fine it is—and yet how strong. What a pity it is in such a tangle! But I think with a little time and patience I can unravel it!"

"Really, ma'am, I'm quite ashamed—so much trouble—allow *me*, ma'am." And the little Bachelor climbed up into his elbow-chair, where he stood tottering with agitation, and as red in the face, and as hot all over, as a boiling lobster.

"I think, sir," suggested the lady, "if you would just have the goodness to hold these loops open while I pass the other line through them—"

"Yes, ma'am, yes—exactly—by all means—" and he endeavoured to follow her instructions, by plunging the short thick fingers of each hand into the hank; the Lady meanwhile poking her float, like a shuttle, up and down, to and fro, through the intricacies of the tangled lines.

"Bless my soul!" thought Mr. Chubb, "what a singular situation. A lady I never saw before—a perfect stranger!—and here I am face to face with her—across a hedge—with our fingers twisting in and out of the same line, as if we were playing at cat's cradle!"

CHAPTER IV.

"HEYDAY! It is a long job!" exclaimed the Lady, with a gentle sigh.

"It is indeed, ma'am," said Mr. Chubb, with a puff of breath as if he had been holding it the whole time of the operation.

"My fingers quite ache," said the Lady.

"I'm sure—I'm very sorry—I beg them a thousand pardons," said Mr. Chubb, with a bow to the hand before him. And what a hand it was! So white and so plump, with little dimples on the knuckles,—and then such long taper fingers, and filbert-like nails!

"Are you fond of fishing, sir?" asked the Lady, with a full look in his face for the answer.

"O, very, ma'am—very partial indeed!"

"So am I, sir. It's a taste derived, I believe, from my own reading."

"Then, mayhap, ma'am," said Mr. Chubb, his voice quavering at his own boldness, "if it isn't too great a liberty—you have read the "Complete Angler?"

"What, Izaak Walton's? O, I dote on it! The nice, dear old man! So pious and so sentimental!"

"Certainly, ma'am—as you observe—and so uncommonly skilful."

"O! and so natural! and so rural! Such sweet green meadows, with honeysuckle hedges; and the birds, and the innocent lambs, and the cows, and that pretty song of the milkmaid's!"

"Yes, ma'am, yes," said Mr. Chubb, rather hastily, as if afraid she would quote it; and blushing up to his crown, as though she had actually invited him to "live with her and be her love."

"There was an answer written to it, I believe, by Sir Walter Raleigh?"

"There was, ma'am—or Sir Walter Scott—I really forget which," stammered the bewildered Bachelor, with whom the present tense had completely obliterated the past. As to the future, nothing it might produce would surprise him.

"Now, then, sir, we will try again!" And the Lady resumed her task, in which Mr. Chubb assisted her so effectually, that at length one line obtained its liberty, and by a spring so sudden, as to excite a faint scream.

"Gracious powers!" exclaimed the horrified little man, almost falling from his chair, and clasping his hands.



HEY-DAY!

"I thought the hook was in my eye," said the Lady; "but it is only in my hair." From which she forthwith endeavoured to disentangle it, but with so little success, that in common politeness Mr. Chubb felt bound to tender his assistance. It was gratefully accepted; and in a moment the most bashful of bachelors found himself in a more singular position than ever—namely, with his short thick fingers entwined with a braid of the glossiest, finest, softest auburn hair that ever grew on a female head.

"Bless my soul and body!" said Mr. Chubb to himself; "the job with the gut and silk lines was nothing to this!"

CHAPTER V.

THAT wearisome hook! It clung to the tress in which it had fastened itself with lover-like pertinacity! In the mean time the Lady, to favour the operation, necessarily inclined her head a little downwards

and sideways, so that when she looked at Mr. Chubb, she was obliged to glance at him from the corners of her eyes—as coquettish a position as female artifice, instead of accident, could have produced. Nothing, indeed, could be more bewitching! Nothing so disconcerting! It was



FANCY PORTRAIT.—THEODORE HOOK.

a wonder the short thick fingers ever brought their task to an end, they fumbled so abominably—the poor man forgot what he was about so frequently! At last the soft glossy braid, sadly disarranged, dropped again on the fair smooth cheek.

“Is the hook out?” asked the Lady.

“It *is*, ma’am—thank God!” replied the little Bachelor, with extraordinary emphasis and fervour; but the next moment making a grimace widely at variance with the implied pleasure.

“Why it’s in your own thumb!” screamed the Lady, forgetting in her fright that it was a strange

gentleman’s hand she caught hold of so unceremoniously.

“It’s nothing, ma’am—don’t be alarmed;—nothing at all—only—bless my soul,—how very ridiculous!”

“But it must hurt you, sir.”

“Not at all, ma’am—quite the reverse. I don’t feel it—I don’t, indeed!—Merely through the skin, ma’am,—and if I could only get at my penknife——”

“Where is it, sir?”

“Stop, ma’am—here—I’ve got it,” said Mr. Chubb, his heart beating violently at the mere idea of the long taper fingers in his left waistcoat-pocket—“But unluckily it’s my right hand!”

“How very distressing!” exclaimed the Lady; “and all through extricating me!”

“Don’t mention it, ma’am, pray don’t—you’re perfectly welcome.”

“If I thought,” said the lady, “that it *was* only through the skin—I had once to cut one out for poor dear Mr. Hooker,” and she averted her head as if to hide a tear.

“She’s a widow, then!” thought Mr. Chubb to himself. “But what does that signify to me—and as to her cutting out the hook, it’s a mere act of common charity.”

And so, no doubt, it was; for no sooner was the operation performed, than dropping his hand as if it had been a stone, or a brick, or a lump of clay, she restored the penknife, and cutting short his acknowledgments with a grave “Good morning, sir,” skipped down from her chair, and walked off, rod in hand, to her house.

Mr. Chubb watched her till she disappeared, and then getting down from his own chair, took a seat in it, and fell into a reverie, from which he was only roused by putting his thumb and finger into the wrong box, and feeling a pinch of gentles, instead of snuff.

CHAPTER VI.

THE next day Mr. Chubb angled as usual ; but with abated pleasure. His fishery had been disturbed; his solitude invaded—he was no longer Walton and Zimmerman rolled into one. From certain prophetic misgivings he had even abandoned the costume of the craft,—and appeared in a dress more suited to a public dinner than his private recreation—a blue coat and black kerseymere trousers—instead of the fustian jacket, shorts, and leathern gaiters.

The weather was still propitious, but he could neither confine his eye to his quill nor his thoughts to the pastime. Every moment he expected to hear the splash of the great green and white float,—and to see it come sailing into his swim. But he watched and listened in vain. Nothing drifted down with the current but small sticks and straws or a stray weed,—nothing disturbed the calm surface of the river, except the bleak, occasionally rising at a fly. A furtive glance assured him that nobody was looking at him over the evergreen fence—for that day, at least, he had the fishery all to himself, and he was beginning heart and soul to enjoy the sport,—when, from up the stream, he heard a startling plunge, enough to frighten all the fish up to London or down to Ware ! The flop of the great green and white float was a whisper to it—but before he could frame a guess at the cause, a ball of something, as big as his own head, plumped into his swim, with a splash that sent up the water into his very face ! The next moment a sweet low voice called to him by his name.

It was the Widow ! He knew it without turning his head. By a sort of mental clairvoyance he saw her distinctly looking at him, with her soft liquid hazel eyes, over the privet hedge. He immediately fixed his gaze more resolutely on his float, and determined to be stone deaf. But the manœuvre was of no avail.

Another ball flew bomb-like through the air, and narrowly missing his rod, dashed—saluting him with a fresh sprinkle—into the river !



STICKS AND STRIKES.

"Bless my soul," thought Mr. Chubb, carefully laying his rod across the arms of his elbow-chair, "when shall I get any fishing!"

"A fine morning, Mr. Chubb."

"Very, ma'am—very, indeed—quite remarkable," stammered Mr. Chubb, bowing as he spoke, plucking off his hat, and taking two or three unsteady steps towards the fence.

"My gardener has made me some ground bait, Mr. Chubb, and I told him to throw the surplus towards your part of the river."

"You're very good, ma'am—I'm vastly obliged I'm sure," said the little Bachelor, quite overwhelmed by the kindness, and wiping his face with his silk handkerchief, as if it had just received the favour of another sprinkle. "Charming weather, ma'am!"

"Oh, delightful!—It's quite a pleasure to be out of doors. By the bye, Mr. Chubb, I'm thinking of strolling—do you ever stroll, sir?"

"Ever what?" asked the astounded Mr. Chubb, his blood suddenly boiling up to Fever Heat.

"For jack and pike, sir—I've just been reading about it in the 'Complete Angler.'"

"O, she means *trolling*," thought Mr. Chubb, his blood as rapidly cooling down to temperate. "Why, no, ma'am—no. The truth is,—asking your pardon—there are no jack or pike, I believe, in this water."

"Indeed! That's a pity. And yet, after all, I don't think I could put the poor frog on the hook—and then sew up his mouth,—I'm sure I couldn't!"

"Of course not, ma'am—of course not," said the little Bachelor, with unusual warmth of manner,—“You have too much sensibility.”

"Do you think, then, sir, that angling is cruel?"

"Why really, ma'am"—but the poor man had entangled himself in a dilemma—and could get no farther.

"Some persons say it is," continued the Lady,—“and really to think of the agonies of the poor worm on the hook—but for my part I always fish with paste.”

"Yes—I know it," thought Mr. Chubb,—“with a little hard dumpling.”

"And then it is so much cleaner," said the lady.

"Certainly, ma'am, certainly," replied Mr. Chubb, with a particular reference to a certain very white hand with long taper fingers. "Nothing like paste, ma'am—or a fly; if it was not a liberty, ma'am, I should think you would prefer an artificial fly."

"An artificial one!—O, of all things in the world!" exclaimed the Lady with great animation. "*That* cannot feel!—But then"—and she shook her beautiful head despondingly—"they are so hard to make. I have read the rules for artificial flies in the book,—and what with badger's hair, and cock's cackles (she meant hackles), and whipping your shanks (she meant the hook's), and then drubbing your fur (she meant dubbing with fur), O, I never could do it!"

Mr. Chubb was silent. He had artificial flies in his pocket-book, and yearned to offer one—but, deterred by certain recollections, he

shrank from the task of affixing it to her line. And yet to oblige a lady—and such a fine woman too—and besides the light fall of a fly on the water would be so much better than the flopping of that abominable great green and white float!—Yes, he would make the offer of it, and he did. It was graciously accepted,—the rod was handed over the hedge, and the little Bachelor,—at a safe distance,—took off, with secret satisfaction, the silk line, its great green and white float, its swanshot, the No. 1 hook and its little hard dumpling. He then

substituted a fine fly-line, with a small black ant-fly, and when all was ready, presented the apparatus to the lovely Widow, who was profuse in her acknowledgments. “There never was such a beautiful fly,” she said, “but the difficulty was how to throw it. She was only a Tryo (she meant a Tyro), and as such must throw herself on his neighbourly kindness, for a little instruction.”

This information, as well as he could by precept and example, with a hedge between, the little Bachelor contrived to give; and then dismissed his fair pupil to whip for bleak; whilst with an internal “Thank Heaven!” he resumed his own apparatus, and began to angle for perch, roach, dace, gudgeons,—or anything else.

But his gratitude was premature—his float had barely completed two turns, when he heard himself hailed again from the privet hedge.

“Mr. Chubb! Mr. Chubb!”

“At your service, ma’am.”

“Mr. Chubb, you will think me shockingly awkward, but I’ve switched off the fly,—your beautiful fly,—somewhere among the evergreens.”

Slowly the Angler pulled up his line—at the sacrifice of what seemed a very promising nibble—and carefully deposited his rod again across the arms of the elbow chair.

“Bless my soul and body!” muttered Mr. Chubb, as he selected another fly from his pocket-book,—“when shall I ever get any fishing!”



“THERE’S ONE AT ME! NOW FOR A BITE!”

CHAPTER VII.

Poor Mr. Chubb!

How little he dreamt—in all his twelve years dreaming, of ever retiring from trade into such a pretty business as that in which he found himself involved! How little he thought, whilst studying the instructive dialogues of Venator and Viator with Piscator, that he should ever have a pupil in petticoats hanging on his own lips for lessons in the gentle art! Nor was it seldom that she required his counsel or assistance. Scarcely had his own line settled in the water, when he was summoned by an irresistible voice to the evergreen fence, and requested to perform some trivial office for a fair Neophyte, with the prettiest white hand, the softest hazel eyes, and the silkiest auburn hair he had ever seen. Sometimes it was to put a bait on her hook—sometimes to take off a fish—now to rectify her float—and now to screw or unscrew her rod. Not a day passed but the little Bachelor found himself *tête à tête* with the lovely Widow, across the privet hedge.

Little he thought, the while, that she was fishing for him, and that he was pouching the bait! But so it was:—for exactly six weeks from the day when Mr. Chubb caught his first Bleak—Mrs. Hooker beheld at her feet her first Chubb!

What she did with him needs not to be told. Of course she did not give him away, like Venator's chub, to some poor body; or baste him, as Piscator recommends, with vinegar or verjuice. The probability is that she blushed, smiled, and gave him her hand; for if you walk, Gentle Reader, to Enfield, and inquire concerning a certain row of snug little villas, with pleasure-grounds bounded by the New River, you will learn that two of the houses, and two of the gardens, and two of the proprietors have been "thrown into one."

"And did they fish together, sir, after their marriage?"

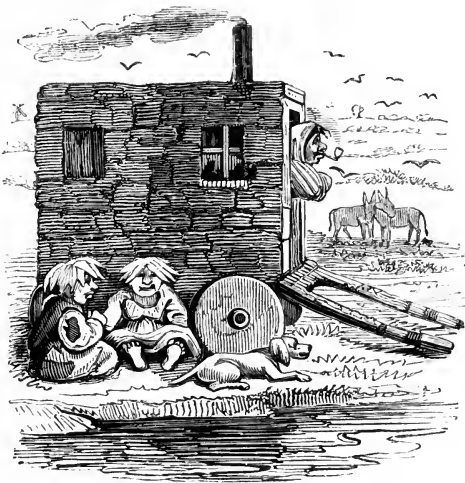
Never! Mr. Chubb, indeed, often angled from morning till night, but Mrs. C. never wetted a line from one year's end to another.



A VERY SO-SO CHARACTER.

"I TAKE it for granted," said Mrs. Wiggins, inquiring as to the character of a certain humble companion, "that she is temperate, conversible, and willing to make herself agreeable?"

"Quite," replied Mrs. Figgins, "Indeed, I never knew a young person *so* sober, *so* sociable, and *so* solicitous to please."



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

PARTY SPIRIT.

"WHY did you not dine," said a Lord to a Wit,

"With the Whigs, you political sinner?"

"Why really I meant, but had doubts how the *Pit*
Of my stomach would bear a Fox Dinner."

EPIGRAM.

THE SUPERIORITY OF MACHINERY

A MECHANIC his labour will often discard
If the rate of his pay he dislikes ;
But a clock—and its *case* is uncommonly hard—
Will continue to work though it *strikes*.



"SINCE THEN I'M DOOM'D."

NOTES ON SHAKESPEARE.

It is singular that none of the commentators on "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*," have hitherto attributed to *Sir John Falstaff* a tampering with the Black Art of Magic. There are at least as plausible grounds for such a supposition, as for some of the most elaborate of their conjectures, for not only does the Fat Knight undertake to personate that Witch the Wise Woman of Brentford, but he expressly hints to us that he himself was a Wizard, and popularly known as "*Jack with his Familiars*."

A proof of the antiquity of the practice of letting lodgings, or offices for merchants and lawyers, has been equally overlooked by the Annotators. It occurs, indeed, more than once, and in words that might serve for a bill in a modern window—namely, "*Chambers let off*."

NOTE ON "KING JOHN."

Prince Arthur.—Must you with hot irons burn out both my eyes?

Hubert.—Young boy, I must.

In the barbarous cruelty proposed to be practised on Prince Arthur there appears to be some coincidence with a theory brought forward of late years, in reference to the Hanoverian Heir Apparent; namely, that by the ancient laws of Germany the sovereignty could not be exercised by a person deprived of the sense of sight. Although "death" was indicated by the royal uncle in his conference with Hubert, it would seem as if John, shrinking from the guilt of actual murder, had subsequently contented himself with ordering that the young "serpent on his path" should be rendered incapable of reigning by the loss of his eyes. It was a particular act, intended for an

especial purpose, expressly commanded by warrant, and Hubert was "sworn to do it."

Supposing, therefore, that the intention was simply to blind the victim, to disable him from the throne, not to inflict unnecessary torture, or endanger life, it is humbly suggested to future painters and stage-managers, that the inhuman deed would not have been performed with great clumsy instruments like plumbers' irons, but more probably with heated metal skewers or bodkins, as the eyes of singing birds have been destroyed by fanciers—though for a different reason—with red-hot knitting needles.

SUGGESTIONS BY STEAM.

WHEN Woman is in rags, and poor,
And sorrow, cold, and hunger tease her,
If Man would only listen more
To that small voice that crieth—"Ease her!"

Without the guidance of a friend,
Though legal sharks and screws attack her,
If Man would only more attend
To that small voice that crieth—"Back her!"

So oft it would not be his fate
To witness some despairing dropper
In Thames's tide, and run too late
To that small voice that crieth—"Stop her!"



"FORGIVE ME THIS ONCE!"



THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

NEWS FROM CHINA.

OF the genuineness of the following letters there can be no doubt: the parties are all known to us, and if necessary, we could swear to the handwriting. But the internal evidence will satisfy any competent judge who knows any thing, by books or travel, of the Celestial Empire. No corrections have been attempted, whether in style or in the orthography (for example, Morfius for Morpheus, and Romus for Remus, in No. II.); and the only suppressions are of real names, and a few domestic particulars too private for the public.—ED.

No. I.—*To Mr. ABEL DOTTIN, Grocer, Manchester.*

DEAR BROTHER,

In spite of differings and I must say harshness on some points, you will be delighted to hear I have at last got a letter from dear Gus. How it came I do not quite know, but a most gratifying one to maternal feelings, and I should hope to others, however some people's prognostications are proved to be in the wrong. But I am not going to triumph over any one, tho' if I did, motherly joy might be my excuse, for her pride will rise up when a beloved son turns out such as to justify my

fondest hopes, and do honour to her system of bringing up. That repays for all. Nobody knows the sacrifices I have gone through for his sake, indeed, such as nothing would reconcile to, except the reflection, it was all for his dear welfare, whatever others might think to the contrary. I have pinched myself in many ways both inside and out, and even more than prudence or health dictated, or even keeping up appearances; but a mother, like a pelican of the wilderness, will go shabby genteel or anything for a beloved child. For of course his outfitting came very heavy, and I had to part with the Japan buffet and all my beautiful old chiney to make him fit for the Celestial Empire. Not to name all his little desideratums, which at such a time I could not grudge or refuse anything he set his heart on to an only departing son for a foreign land. As is more than some people perhaps will sympathise with, but uncles an't mothers. Indeed, his goold watch and other nicknacks ran rather over than under your kind thirty pound. Then what with bullock trunks and regimentals and other items, besides chains and trinkets to barter with the natives, came to a pretty penny, so as obliged me to sell out of my long annuities, and has sadly scrimped a narrow income. However I am now repaid for all my efforts and privations, and only my due and proper reward for my own sagacity and foresight in putting my dear Gus in a line of life adapted to his uncommon cleverness. Some people I know thought otherwise, but in common justice ought to acknowledge I always predicted my son would be a *shining character*. Those were my very words, and they have literally come as true as if I had been a fortune-telling gipsy. So much for cultivating genius, and which you'll excuse my saying, the mother it springs from must naturally know more about than even the best of uncles. Indeed, you know yourself, to be candid, I always said he was a genius out of the common way, and was the first to put it into his head. And now I have reason to be thankful that I never thwarted him, as some people wished, but always let him have his own way in every thing, and the consequence is, instead of his being a plodding tradesman, or a low mechanick, my Augustus has distinguished himself as a shining character, and for what we know may be at this very moment a Colonel, a General, or a Plenipentiary. Every bodies nevies do not get up to *that*! As for himself, poor fellow, whatever other people may have said or done agin him, it is plain he harbours no malice or anymosity or he wouldn't joke so good-humoured about your pigtail. But he always was of a forgiving disposition, bless him, and a generous nature besides, and no doubt when he comes back will bring heaps of foreign presents for all his friends and relatives. For



A CENTRE-BIT.

my own part I seem to see the house turned into a perfect British Museum, what with great porcelain jars, and little tiny shoes, and bows and arrows, and the frightfullest staring idols. And the Chinese make the most beautiful carved ivory fans. So I need not grudge the Japan buffet and the old chiney,—and instead of going shabby genteel, who knows but I may some day go to routs and parties, in a rich filial silk, and be fetched home with a splendid illuminated lantern? But those are pictures some people won't or can't enter into, so I say no more. But it stands to reason one's sister must surely reflect more credit on him properly consulting appearances according to her rank in life, and handsomely dressed and set off as if she had just walked out of the Book of Beauty, than if she had just come out of Mrs. Rundle's Domestic Cookery—which is too often the case.

I enclose dear Gussy's letter, of which I hope you will take religious care of, and not file it into holes like a common trumpery business letter, as some in trade are too apt. Some sentences read oddish, but you must not be set agin it by his style, which to be sure ought not to be exactly like other people's who have no shining parts. At any rate, it shows uncommon cleverness and a good heart. I don't mind owning I enjoyed a good cry over those infantile Chinese fondlings, and then that savage monkey! But some people are of more untender natures, not having had any family of their own. How would you like *your* Gus, if you had one, to be shot and peppered at by a set of long pigtailed savages, contrary to all laws human and divine, as if he was no better than a preserved pheasant or a poached hare? I do hope the wretches will be well civilised for it with a broadside! But what can one expect from such wicked heathens? I only hope he won't be tempted ashore among them, but he's very venturesome, for if they once catch my dear Gus, near any of their nasty Joss houses, they will idolize him as sure as fate!

A full sheet compels to conclude with my love—with which your nevy if he was here would unite—but alas there's oceans between. Lord preserve him from that and all other perils by sea and land, not forgetting the barbarous inhabitants of China and Tartarus! With which I remain, dear Brother,

Your affectionate sister,

Wisbech, 13 October.

JEMIMA BUDGE.

No. II.

DEAR MOTHER,

Since my last from the Cape,* I suppose you have been in a regular slow fever of maternal solicitude to hear of my arrival among the Mandarinines—inquiring at every Tea Warehouse and Crockery shop whether they have heard any thing from Canton, and expecting twelve general posts a day, and twenty particular ones with a letter from “my son in China.”

* This letter never reached its destination.

Well, here it is at last, warranted oriental, and if it don't go thro' the parish like the Asiatic Cholera I know nothing about letters from sons in foreign parts. Of course Mrs. Dewdney will have the first reading of it and Mrs. Spooner the last, as she always has of her own novelties in her Circulating Library. I think I see her with her hands flapping up and down, and hear her clucking with her tongue and saying,

"Well—dear me—I never! To think of Mister Gustavus being where all the tea comes from—By the by, Mrs. B., you don't want any real Howqua?—and the ladies can't walk for their little shoes—Captain Pidding's you know—well, I'll order Lord Jocelyn—in catty packages, you see, ma'am—for the Library—and so Mister Gustavus really is at Kang Tong—did you ever read Letters from the Dead to the Living?—well I never!—dear me!"

However, here I am—knocking about in the Chinese waters, not black or green though, as Mrs. Spooner would suppose, but decidedly yellow. Just fancy

an ocean of pea-soup, such as you used to make at home and then talk of throwing it over the house,—quite as thick and of the same colour, with lots of weeds floating about in it like the mint, but whole instead of crumbled—in short, so like the real thing that I was spoon enough to taste it; and really it might pass for work-house



SHOVING OFF.

pea-soup, only salted with rather a heavy hand.

Well, after soup, fish—and what do you think of square miles of it, as we neared the land,—whole shoals, big and little, from sprats up to porpuses, with strange sorts never seen before, all floating on the surface belly upwards, just like old Parkinson's carp when somebody had hocussed them with *Cockulus Indicus*.

However, this time it was that old buffer Commissioner Lin who had poisoned all the finny and scaly tribes by throwing such lots of opium into the River at Canton. Even the gulls were affected by it, from feeding on the small fry, and sat rocking on the waves dead asleep. So the drug really must be as diliterious as the Quakers said it is—even if we had not come across a more striking proof of it, namely a man-of-war's launch with a midddy and twelve hands in her, all as fast as tops, and as hard to be waked up as Dr. Watts's sluggard. Luckily there was oceans of cold pig at hand, and didn't we give it them, as Dibdin says, with the gravy, which at last brought them to their senses, when it

appeared that hearing so much talk about opium, and finding a package of it adrift, they had chawed a little out of curiosity, which being an overdose had sent them all into the land of Nod. On comparing notes they had been drifted about three whole days and nights in the arms of Morfius. We got some capital yarns out of them, telling their dreams, turn and turn about, and the middy's was, that he had been down in Bedfordshire a week of wet Sundays, and dozing all the time as fast as a church in the family pew.

Poor fellows! it was lucky we picked them up, before falling into the power of the pigtails instead of the ninetails—for they had two dozen a piece on rejoining their ship, but one of them, an old deep file, took another dose of the opium beforehand, and so was flogged in his sleep, they say, without feeling it, which if true, beats somambulism by long chalks.

Well, the next morning the watch reported that the ship was surrounded with floating spars and timber, some being black and charred, from which we concluded either that some ship had been accidentally burnt and blown up, or else that hostilities had begun with the Chinese, and which proved to be the fact. One of our gun-brigs had had a brush the day before with a fleet of mandarin boats, and of course beat them into fits in no time; but with consequences rather inconvenient to the winners. You know we have in the river Thames a floating Chapel

and a floating Infirmary, but what do you think of a floating Foundling Hospital?

However it's fact: and here's the way of it, up and down. The Chinese towns are very populous, so much that there isn't room for half the inhabitants on dry land, and accordingly hundreds and thousands of families live, where *you* wouldn't, namely, on the water, in regular swimming houses, with no ground-floors. This arrangement of course prevents the rising generation from playing as ours does about the streets, so they play about the deck instead, which being wet



FOOT SOLDIERS.

and slippery it often happens that some of them, especially what you call the little toddles, plump overboard, and would be drowned but for

a great empty calibash that their mothers tie to their backs, and which acting like a cork jacket keeps the dear little ducklings afloat, till their industrious parents are at leisure to haul them out with a long boat-hook. An operation they never hurry themselves about, knowing the darlings are perfectly safe; as well as doing their own washing, while the young uns from the same sense of security are far from particular about their footing, but drop in and float about as if they were paid for doing it, like the aquatic actors at Sadler's Wells.

Well, you see when the mandarin boats bore down on the gun-brig she began to fire away like blazes, right and left, and one or two of the random balls falling among the floating houses, the proprietors considered it as a notice to quit, and away they went helter skelter—*sove qui peu*, which is the French for 'devil take the hindmost,' some up the river and some into the canals,—whole Water Lanes and River Terraces moving off in double quick, with such screaming and howling, they say, as never was heard. In such a skurry the juveniles got knocked overboard like fun, some of the unpleasant or snubbed children in large families perhaps getting a kick on purpose, however in they went, plump after plump, like frogs frightened into a pond,—the brig all the while kicking up a regular smother, and chattering away like thunder as long as she could get an answer, and rather longer. At last she stopped firing, and the smoke clearing off, lo and behold there was not a mandarin



BLIND TO HIS OWN INTEREST.

boat in sight—the swimming town had gone into the country, and all round the ship the sea was alive with little Chinesees brought down by the ebb tide, all floating about with their life-preservers, and screaming like sea-gulls for their absent fathers and mothers.

As common humanity required, they were all picked up and taken aboard the brig, one hundred and sixty-four in all, from a year upwards, and after a little warm grog apiece, which some took naturally and others quite the reverse, the captain sent them all off in the gig and the cutter, with a white ensign to each boat. Not that the Chinese would mind firing on a flag of truce, which they did so unmercifully that the officers in charge out of humanity gave orders to pull round, and brought all the little innocents aboard again, as well as some six or seven more

which they had picked up in their passage. Well, when Captain —— saw them all come back on his hands, he looked at them, they say like an ogre, for he thought the barbarians had contrived it on purpose, to prevent his fighting his ship, and he swore, so soon as the flood made, he would heave the brats overboard every cherub, and let them tide back again. But when the time come, being a family man himself, his heart always misgave,—so the children remained aboard,—and there was Her Majesty's gun-brig the —— turned into a regular Foundling Hospital.

By good luck our commander took me with him on a visit to the brig, and sure enough she was literally swarming with little flat-faced Chinese, some put to bed three and four in a hammock, and the rest sprawling about the decks, each looked after by a strapping he-nursemaid six foot high,—the carpenter's nurseling excepted, which being called off to a job he had tied by the leg to a ring bolt. And oh, thinks I, if my dear motherly mother could but see the boatswain;—a great red-faced monster, almost as hairy as the beast that suckled Romulus and Romus, a sitting on a carronade, with a brown foundling on each knee, one getting up a squall and the other sick, from being tried with a soft quid of tobacco, because it couldn't manage hard biscuit! And then the noise!

—for at least half of the children were screeching like parakeets, I don't think for want of toys, for one had a marlinspike, and another the tarbrush, and another an old swab, but by degrees the whole kit of innocents on deck had set up their pipes as if King Herod had got among them,—and nobody knew why. Some thought it was at the black cook, and others said the New-foundland dog—however the secret came out at last.



INFANTRY AT MESS.

ship's monkey. He's got so infarnal jealous of our nussin and fondlin the Chineee babbies, that he's crept round on the sly and give 'em all a bite apiece!"

What became of the interesting Foundlings afterwards, I don't know

"Forward there!" sings out the first leftenant, "what is that noise?"

"Why then, if you please, sir," says the coxon, "it's all along of the

to a certainty, our ship being ordered off the same day to proceed up the river; but somebody said, that the captain exchanged the whole boiling for the Newfoundland dog, which had somehow been inveigled on shore by the Chinese.

As yet our ship had never fired a gun except by way of salute. In going up the river, a few shots had been aimed at us which our commander wouldn't condescend to answer. Our fellows have indeed the greatest contempt for the Chinese batteries, which they call their *piany forts*. At last we got liberty to return their compliments, and I determined to have a shy at the pigtailed, so I had a gun run out forward, took aim at a Joss-house, and fired it off with my own hand,—bang! whizz! and away flew the ball howling through the air. Where it went or what mischief it did I have no notion; but after watching a minute the captain sings out,

“Who laid that gun?”

“I did, sir,” was my reply.

“Mr. Budge,” says he, “you will be a shining character.”

“I hope, sir, I shall.”

None of us have yet been allowed to land, but we hope soon to have a spree on shore. Some of the fellows in the gun-brig have been into the country and had a famous lark. Such cockshying at the China jars! Such cheying after the natives for their tails! and finishing off with a row in a Joss-house, which they set fire to, after dragging out the Idol, a regular old Guy, and running him up, Jack Ketch fashion, to the bough of a tree. If that does not convert the pagans I don't know what will!

Some day I suppose it will be our turn to have a set-to with the war junks, or an army battle ashore, in which case unless he gets knocked into the Tiger's Mouth, or is chopped in two by a two-handed sword, or has a wriggle like an eel, on an ugly sort of three-pronged spear, there is a chance of Mr. Gustavus covering himself with glory, as well as coming in for part of the swag. One of the middies of the gun-brig told me, that he had for his own share fourteen tails, three pair of chopsticks, a beautiful ivory fan, carved as delicate as Brussels lace, two rattan shields, a fighting quail, three odd women's shoes, a state parasol, and a superb lantern! No bad lot, and says you wouldn't the lantern look well in our passage at home, I should say Hall, and lighted up with gas.

In the mean time our jacks and jollies are full of the best spirit, and only want a chance to slaughter the Chinamen like pigs. And sarve 'em right, they say, for calling Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria a Barbarian Eye—besides which, they have a notion of their own, that the war is intended to force the Chinese to smoke and chew 'backy instead of opium, and therefore a very just and legitimate business, and even of a friendly character. Be that as it may the natives do not seem to relish the sport. It's a very good game as the hoop said to the stick, only I get all the licks.

But it is time to belay. Tell uncle Abel, with my duty to him, he

may cut off his queue as soon as he likes, for I'll send him one six times as thick, and twelve times as long, if I kill a mandarin on purpose. Likewise a *Swan-pan*, being quite in his line. Cousin Rouzel may depend on a *Tung-lo* to charm his bees with; and Susan shall have a pair of ladies' shoes almost too small for this world. As for yourself, you would not object I dare say to a *Pow-ka*—some of the swell mandarins by the way are first chop dandies, with splendid satin pelisses and silk petticoats that would make up easily into gowns—a *Chin-tow* of course, and maybe you would like a *Kang*. You have only to say which you would prefer, and it shall come by the first ship and no mistake. I should like to see you in a *Kew*!

With love and duty to yourself, and remembrances to all friends and relatives,

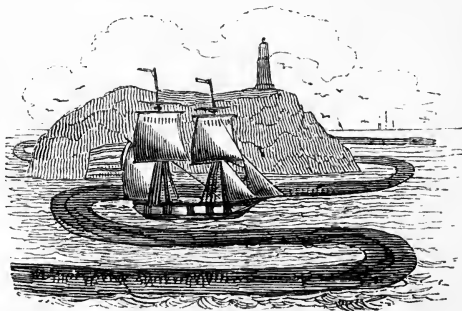
I am,

Dear Mother,

Your affectionate Son,

AUGUSTUS BUDGE.

P.S.—Since the above a native-boat has come alongside, and I've done a little barter. One of my rings for a fishing cormorant, and the amethyst for a regular game cricket.



TO BE CONTINUED.

No. III.—To Mrs. BUDGE, Wisbech.

DEAR SISTER,

This is to acnollige your faver of the 13th currant includin one from my Nevy. And am sorry to observe he have put no Date to it which is neglectin what I call one of the three correspondin W's,—namely When Where and What.

As for you and me difering its what we always did and always shall do like the 2 sides of an Account. Becos why whatever you place to Credit on one Side I set down Per Contra. For exampel what you call proper spirit I call impudence and what you consider generosity I consider extravagance. Thats how we don't ballance. Time will show whose Itums was the correctest, yours or Some Peoples, a Firm I Know

as well as if their Names & Addresses was in the Directry & not many doors off from my own. But its early days to say Im no Profit afore knowing more of the returns And for all that apears as yet you may have a bad Speck in your Sun.

As such I am sorry to hear of your Sellin out Stock & narrowin your Incum, partickly as it was under 150 afore, & so no savin as to the Tax. Also your pinchin Yourself in Your vittles, & in course narrowin your Figger in that way too, which is more then I would for any dear Gus in the world. But as you say I cant feel like a Muther, and am glad I cant. I am neither so soft in the Hed nor so tender brested, like the Pellican you rite of & which I take it must be some sort of forin Goose, to go Shylockin a pound of flesh from my own buzum to satisfy extravagant bills. And that such is the case is proved by your own Entries as to uniforms and trinkits and so forth, whereby my thirty Pound have gone it appears for Dux and Drakes instead of buying his Sextons and Squadrons and other nortical Instruments. What bisness has a yung fellow jist startin in life with little desideratums? There was no such things in my time—no nor bullocks trunks nayther, ony elephants. So in course thats a sham entry. Praps insted of a goold snuff box to match his repeter. Or praps for a dandifide sute of Close, to wear turn about with his uniform, for the last time I had the pleasure,



GUY OF WARWICK.

my Nevy reminded me a good deal of a Monky. Which reminds me if you want his picter in his absence, there's the very moral of him, in old Snitch's the tailer's winder, drawn and cullerd at full lenth, as a sample of the last ally mode. I mean the one a switching a little refined lickerish boot, as no man with a grate Toe could get his foot into. He's the very immage! Now in *my* yunger days a respectabel yuth was content with a decent coat and hat, and provided he could go into church

with a clean shirt, well blackt Boots, and a pair of unholy gloves. But them was plain Johns, not dear Gusses. As to his goold Watch its like his impudence when his Uncle have gone thro life with a Pinch back—and whats more never had a Watch at all till five an twenty. The Cock was my Crow-nometer. Four in summer and six in winter from years end to years end. But I supose erly risin was none of my Nevy's habbits, and till 12 or 1 he would have been letting himself down



RISING AFTER THE LARK.

by getting up. The later the genteeler,—and I have herd of one fashionable religius lady in Lonnon who always got up singing the Evening Hym. However thats your way of bring-in up, namely to give a sun his own way in every thing, which being a very take it esy stile of edicating to my mind hardly justifies a Parent in bragging of it so much as she do in your letter. It would have been better praps to have thwarted a little more, for all his lively parts. My flebit Horse in the Spring cart is much such a Genus, with a remarkable talent for Kickin, and not

unclever at backin, and an uncommon quickness at running away. But I dont give him his Hed for all that. He would soon be distributing orders at rong doors if I did. But says you dear Gus isn't ment for a plodding tradesman. He's to be a shining caracter, as to which it seam to me, from the letter, my Nevy's cannon bullet went nowheres watever, and the Captin only intended to say he'd be such a shining caracter as a mackrel, when its good for nuthing.

As to his Corrispondance, not having your advantige of a bording Skool edication, I am no judge of stiles, how genuses ort to rite or not, but it do seem to me, from my own pickings up about the streets that he have much the same flashes of Fancy as the littel dirty ragged genuses that inquire arter strange gentlemens muthers, and if so be they have parted with their mangles. Still to give the Devil his do, as the saying is, there is parts of his letter not so much amiss. The Yellow See reads almost like filosofy—and the Opuim bisness sounds correct, and so does the Chiney Orfins, tho I cant weep over them being

as you say a Batcheler, and therefor all the children I havent got are to be chuckt in my teeth. The same of your own pictur of yourself which not being a Femal I cant fancy myself into, any more than you can fancy yourself into my invizible green and drab shorts. All I can say is I hope I may live to see it, Lantern and all, and dear Gus a ridin arter you on an Elefant, like a nabob, or a Mandarin, which reminds of his libberty taken with my tie. As to cuttin it off praps I may, *to leave as a legacy*. In the mean while he may keep his Shan Pan to fry his own fish in. If he had been reely solicitus to please, a pair of them noddin figures, such as stands in some grocer's shop winders, would have been a more likely and nateral present.

I think now I have answered every pint in your faver: and have only one thing to add namely trade is dredful flat, and money uncommon scarce and tight every where, which I mention in case that you or my Nevy may not look to me for the needful in any dilemmy as is far from unprobable. I have no more thirty pounds to give away: and as to lendin on lone, of course it will be expected without sekurity from a Nateral Uukle, wheras the Unnateral ones always gets something or other if its only a flat irun for their advances.

With which I remane

Dear Sister

Your loving Bruther,

ABEL DOTTIN.

Manchester, October the 26th, 1842.

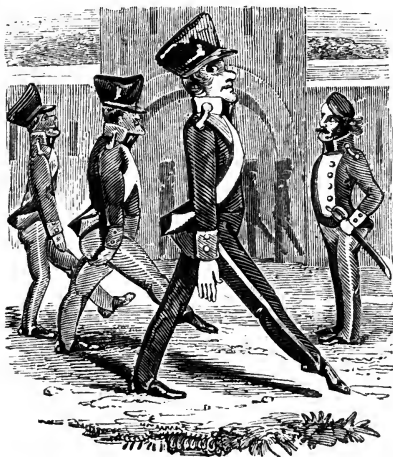
No. IV.—*To Mr. ABEL DOTTIN, Grocer, Manchester.*

DEAR BROTHER,

A violent cold having flown to my chest, I am too ill to enjoy retorting and retaliating, and which must plead my apology for not recriminating at more length. As such you must excuse my not resenting sereatim every point in your last letter, and making you thoroughly ashamed of yourself and your unnatural sentiments. I allude particularly to your taking refuge as an Uncle in the character of a Pawnbroker, and declining loans to your nearest ties, except on the usual sharking terms of those moral monsters. But trade hardens every thing. It teaches to adulterate our genuine feelings with sordid ingredients, and to weigh the just claims of consanguinity in scales that are any thing but correct.

Gracious heavens! where is a sister or a nevy to look up to for assistance if needful, but to a rich connexion without chick or child, rolling in wealth, and where I venture to say, every shilling he advances will be to his everlasting credit! O, brother, consider your nevy's propinquity! Your sister's own son—and if ever a youth exhibited a decided propensity to get elevated, its him. I do hope, therefore, you will reflect before you shirk one so likely to redound upon you as dear Gus. Already by his native genius, improved by talent, he has arrived at a

pitch of splendour to which few sons rise in the East; and of course the greater his eminence and prosperity, the more he will reflect on his relations. To be sure, if a nevy was going down in the world instead of up, some people might feel justified in backing him with a cold shoulder; but where he promises wealth, affluence, and opulence, rank, title, and dignity, to cut one's own flesh and blood must be perfect infatuation! And suppose a little pecunery assistance *was* necessary to his exaltation, ought the laudible heights of his ambition to be chilled and snowed upon by a cold calculating passimony, and let him be arrested on the high-road to fame and fortune, for want of a trifle, as I may say, to pay



THE FIRST OF MARCH.

the gates? What's a paltry 50*l.* for such a figure in China! And that dear Gus has turned out a phenomena, is plain from his own account. So great a rise in life of course demands a corresponding study of appearances,—but as transpires, poor fellow, from his letter, he has lost all his linnen and clothes. Such a misfortune must and shall be remedied, whatsoever shifts I may have to make, or if I strip myself to my last dividend. For I presume even *you* would not wish your nevy to be a General without a shirt, or a Colonel without inexpressibles, and especially when he has attracted, as I

may say, the Eyes of Europe. A nevy who may some day have to be sculptured, colossially, and set up on a prancing charging horse, over a triumphant arch.

But some people may treat such a picture as chimerical, though quite as wonderful metamorphoses have come down to us. Look at Boneyparte, who at first was only an engineer officer, like Mr. Braidwood, and yet came to be Emperor of the French. Or look at Washington, who from a common American soldier rose to be king of the whole republic! For my own part I will say for my son, it as been my constant aim to instil genius into him, morning, noon, and night, and to cultivate a genteel turn for either the army, or the navy, or the church. The last, I own, would have been most congenial to my maternal wishes, for besides the safety of a pulpit, a soldier or a sailor when peace comes is a moral non-entity, but there is no peace in the church. However dear Gus would never hear of a shovel hat and a silk apron, and especially at the present time, when, as I understand, the clergy is to go back to their ancient, antiquated costume, and put on their old-fashioned rubrics.

As to the law he never could abide a chancellor's wig and gown, and indeed always showed a perfect antipathy to anything legal. So far, then, the Chinese war was a blessing, and all has turned out for the best; for dear Gus has attained to martial glory, quite unusual at his age, and if a parent may predict, will some day be made a peer of, like Wellington, and hand himself down to posterity with his family arms.

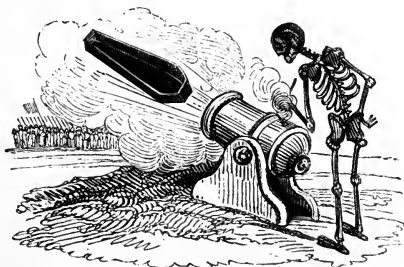
In the mean time I have packed up for him a dozen ready-made shirts, together with such money as I could scrape up, namely four sovereigns, a sum, alas! which will fall far short of his Pekin expectations, and certainly not enough to let him see any great capital. In fact he names fifty pounds as the very smallest minimum for supporting the honour of his country at the Chinese court, and which most people will consider as very moderate terms. I do hope, therefore, when such a trifle is in the case and so much at stake, you will kindly contrive to make it up, or if cash is inconvenient, by an accommodation bill or a creditable letter to some banking-house abroad. As to security, my own U. O. I. would, I trust, be sufficient between relatives, or if you prefer'd, dear Gus would no doubt be agreeable to your taking out the amount in tea or Chinese fans, or nid-noddin mandarins, or any other articles you might fancy. In which case you *can* be no loser, but will enjoy the satisfaction of putting forward a shining branch that will greatly add to our family lustre.

How he escaped from such awful Waterloo work as he describes is a perfect miracle. The mere perusal almost turned my whole mass of blood, and made me feel as if poked and stabbed in every fibre, and squibbed and rocketted besides. Indeed war seems from his picture, to be a combination of storm, total eclipse, the great earthquake that should have been, and the fifth of November. It follows that dear Gus must have been specially preserved from such a concatenation for some brilliant destiny, which it would be a sin in us to frustrate by any scrimp measures. I do beg and hope, therefore, to hear from you with the needful, by return of post, in which case I remain, dear Brother,

Your affectionate sister,

JEMIMA BUDGE.

Wisbech, 17th November, 1842.



FIRING SHELLS.

No. V.

DEAR MOTHER,

As I expected in my last, I have at length set foot in the Chinese empire, and am at this moment writing from Chew-shew, a regular Celestial village, though not to be found perhaps on the Celestial globe. However, it is a pleasant place enough, and would be pleasanter if our quartermaster had not quartered me with a wholesale breeder of black beetles, for a great Soy manufactory in the neighbourhood—a hint which I suppose will set your face and stomach for the future against that soy-disant sauce. However, here is the process from the Chinese receipt. First fatten your beetles on as much pounded rice as they will eat. Then mash the insects to a paste, which must be slowly boiled in a strong decoction of Spanish liquorice. Strain the liquor carefully, and bottle it, well corked, for English use.

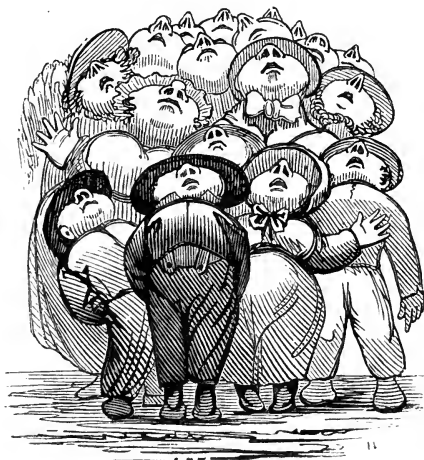
Since my last we have had several brushes with the natives, whose first attempt was to make a bonfire of us in the river, having agreed to a truce for the purpose. In fact a regular gunpowder plot; but such traitors are sure to split amongst themselves, and one of them gave our



A SQUALL AT LONG REACH.

commander the office the day before. At first the report was treated as a bam. However, after dark, as soon as the tide turned, down came the fire-raft with the ebb, and if the pigtailed had been content with a business-like flare-up of combustibles and destructibles, might have played old gooseberry with our ship. But the Chinese are famous for their pirotechnics, in which they take the shine out of Madame Hengler herself, so their vanity could not resist a little show off in the fancy line, to accompany their infernal machine. Accordingly, instead of the raft

drifting quietly down on us, with a length of slow-match proportioned to the distance, we were warned of it two miles off by a shower of outlandish squibbs and crackers and serpents, cutting away in all directions, and then forming themselves into Chinese characters, one of them standing, as the pilot told us, for a certain very hot place. Of course we soon shifted our birth, and let the fire-raft drive clear of us, which soon after blew up in the shape of a great firey dragon, with a blazing tail twisting to a point like a red-hot corkscrew, and spitting a volley of blue zigzaggy lightning darting out of its mouth. It was a splendid sight,



ROCKET TIME AT VAUXHALL.—A PROMINENT FEATURE.

beating the grand Vauxhall finales, or the Surrey Zoological, all to sticks—and except in one little accident a very satisfactory performance.

In the hurry of shifting the ship, the Chinese wash-boats that were fastened astern of her were all cut adrift, and getting entangled with the fire-raft, our damp linen was terribly over-aired. Being the first wash after the voyage from England, my whole stock, unfortunately, was in the tub—shirts, trowsers, stockings, in short, everything—so that what I am to do for a change I know not, unless I can turn my blanket into a flannel waistcoat, and my sheets into a pair of ducks. A queer sort of toggery to exhibit in to the Brother of the Sun and Moon and the Imperial Family at Peking. To be sure I have since obtained a few laurels, and if they were real ones might go to court as a Jack in the Green—but no, the thing is beyond a joke, and I do hope that on the receipt of this my dear mother will immediately forward a dozen shirts (fine ones mind) to her dear Gus. For trowsers, the climate being warm, I can perhaps make shift, *à la* Highlander, but the shirts are indispensable, and may be sent to the care of John Shearing, Esquire, Star Coffee-house, Drury-lane, who is coming out with the first reinforcements and supplies.

Having mentioned my laurels, you will naturally wish to know where they were picked. After the fire-raft business, our commanders resolved in a council of war, to waste no more time in chaffing, but to commence uncivil operations, and do the offensive. So we were all disembarked, soldiers, sailors, and marines, and after a skirmish or two, brought the enemy to a regular stand-up fight, at a place called Kow-

Tan. They were in great force, and opened a smart fire on us from their matchlocks and field artillery, which are small swivels fastened on camels' backs, but are frequently so overloaded, that the recoil tears off the poor animal's hump. On our side we had lots of howitzers that kept shelling out their bombs and grapnells like fun.

Our right was composed of the marines, and our centre of the regulars, but we had no left at all on account of a swamp. The sailors were the reserve, only, as usual, they would not reserve themselves, but ran off helter skelter to a Chinese castle, which they took by boarding. In the meantime Captain Pidding got possession of a tea-grove towards Howqua, while Twining's company captured a magazine containing about 20,000 pounds of fine gunpowder, and immediately opened a discharge of canisters, that made regular Mincing-lanes through the main body of the Teatollers. My own post was with a cloud of skirmishers that was pushed forward to enfilade our artillery, while it made a reconnoissance—but I do not pretend to describe all the manœuvres of our army, like the moves at a game of chess. Some eye-witnesses, I know, profess to have seen every thing in an action, right and left, back and front, and in the middle, as clear as the figures of a quadrille, but which is very different to my notion and experience of a battle. To my mind it is more like a turn-up in London, where you are too much engaged with your own customers to attend to what goes on over the way, or at the other end of the street,—not to forget the dust and smother, for the guns and cannons, as yet, are not obliged by Act of Parliament to consume their own smoke. To give a clear idea of it, just fancy yourself in a London fog, so thick that you can only see your two next files. Well, by and by, the right-hand one, after cutting an extraordinary caper, suddenly drops and rolls out of sight into the fog, and when you look rather anxiously for your left-hand man, you see Tom Brown instead of Jack Robinson. The next minute you throw a summerset yourself ever a log or a dead corporal, you cannot see which, and then plunge with your head into the big drum, or perhaps on a dismounted cannon, with a crash that makes you see all the gaslights in London in one focus. Of course, you're insensible for a bit, till you're refreshed with a kick or a stab, and then you revive again, about as cool and collected as a gentleman waking suddenly at midnight, to a storm of thunder and lightning, a smother of smoke, a strong smell of fire, and a burglar or two at his bedside. All you see distinctly is some sort of bright picked-pointed instrument within an inch of your eye, which of course you parry off by natural instinct, and then going to work at random, cut and thrust right and left with your sword, or pike, or bayonet, into the darkness visible, which goes into something soft, and comes back red and dripping. That's to say, if you have good luck; if not, you get a slash or a poke yourself, from some person or persons unknown, in your throat, or your chest, or your stomach, or wherever you like. However, for this once you win first blood—so on you go groping, stumbling, poking, parrying, and coughing, when you've time for it, and winking if you can't help it, the flashes

increasing like blazes, the smother getting thicker and thicker, and the noise louder and louder,—so that you don't know you've been cheering except by getting hoarse and short of wind. No matter, on you push, or are pushed, into the cloud, till at last you dimly see a sort of Ombre Shinois dodging before you, that suddenly turns to a real Tartar, painted and dressed up to look like a Bengal Tiger, and flourishing a great double-edged sword in each of his fore paws. Of course it's kill or be killed, so at it you go, like Carter and his wild beasts, only in right down earnest, two or three more Tigers joining in, clash slash, and the sparks flying as thick as in a smith's forge, or at a Terrific Combat at the Surrey or the Wells. Such a shindy is too hot to last, and, accordingly, if you're alive at the end of two jiffies, the chance is that you find yourself making quite a melodramatic Tableau—namely, your bloody sword in one hand, a Chinese pigtail in the other, and four or five weltering Tartars lying round your feet!

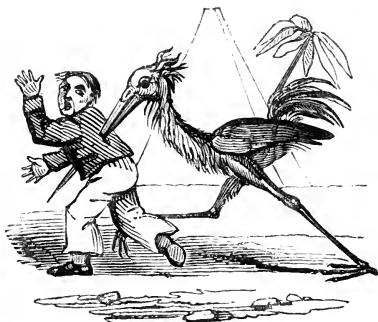
What followed I hardly know, my head seeming to spin like Harlequin's; but I am told that I performed prodigies of pluck, and which, if you do not read of in the dispatches, must be laid to the envy and jealousy of our Top Sawyers and the Commander-in-chief.

The pigtails, to do the handsome, behaved with great coolness, many of them fanning themselves with their great fans in the heat of the action. But, as usual, European tactics prevailed over want of discipline; and the barbarians having both their wings broken were obliged to fly. The slaughter was prodigious—our mortars playing like bricks, and the flying artillery dropping their tumbrils with beautiful precision into the thick of the mob. The sword and bayonet, as we may suppose, were not idle, but indulged in lots of "sticks and strikes," as Miss Martineau says, at the expense of the Chinese, and turned a great many of their flanks. The swag is immense: including the enemy's military chest, and the key of their position, which is of solid gold, and first-rate workmanship, and is to be sent home to England for presentation to the Queen.

The loss on the English side was trifling; only one man belonging to our ship being killed,—a London Billsticker

who had volunteered with the Expedition, to get a sight, as he said, of the great Chinese Wall.

Well, after the battle was over, we turned, as the song says, from Lions into Lambs, sparing all such as made signs for quarter, only marking them, by cutting off their tails, as being under British protec-



A BILL-STICKER.

tion. A good many of the natives were also chevied after, and humanely hunted back to their homes, though some of our fellows, it must be owned, preferred breaking into the villas and Joss-houses in search of the silver, and got plenty of tin, besides Poo-Choos, Joo-ees, and the like. Mister Augustus for his share, only getting a fiddling little Ye-Yin, *alias* a Kit. The truth is, I was too much interested in going after a poor little stray Chinese. From the marks, it was evidently very young, and unaccompanied, and the mere idea of a lost child in such a vast empire as China, would have engaged the commonest humanity in the task; the country, besides being full of swamps and canals, and hundreds of uncovered wells, into which, in its headlong terror, it might plunge. My heart turned sick at the very thought, and made me the more eager to overtake the youngster, while fancy painted the delightful scene of restoring it uninjured to its distracted parents. But fear had lent wings to the little feet which I tracked, with Indian-



"WHAT FOR YOU HANG DE PICKANINNY?"

like perseverance, by the prints in the mud and sand,—on, and on, and on, but alas! without a glimpse of the fugitive. Scared by the thunder of our artillery, it had probably flown for miles, and I had almost given up all hope, when the trail, as Cooper calls it, led me to the edge of a paddy-ground (or rice-field), where I caught sight of something crouching down amongst the herbage. You may guess with what eagerness I dashed in and made a grab at her blue-satin, when, suddenly jumping up to bolt, the poor child turned out to be her own mother, or at least a full-sized China-woman, but with the little tiny feet of an English two-year-old. Still, being a female in distress, I tried to comfort and encourage her—no easy job for a foreign Barbarian, as black as a sweep with gunpowder, as ragged as a beggar with slashing and fencing, and jabbering all his compliments and consolations in an unknown tongue. So as chaffing was of no use, I was compelled to active measures—but the more I tried to save her the more the little catty package clawed me with what I can only compare to human tenpenny nails. However,

by the prints in the mud and sand,—on, and on, and on, but alas! without a glimpse of the fugitive. Scared by the thunder of our artillery, it had probably flown for miles, and I had almost given up all hope, when the trail, as Cooper calls it, led me to the edge of a paddy-ground (or rice-field), where I caught sight of something crouching down amongst the herbage. You may guess with what eagerness I dashed in and made a grab at her blue-satin, when, suddenly jumping up to bolt, the poor child turned out to be her own mother, or at least a

I made shift to carry her off to the nearest house, which proved to be either her own or a friend's; for she flung herself into the arms of a fat elderly Chinaman, who met us at the door. The old fellow, whether husband or father, was very civil, and seemed to twig my motives much better than the lady: for after a little telegraphing, he politely set before me a regular Chinese feast, namely a saucer full of candied garden-worms, a cold boiled bird's nest, and a basin of addled eggs, making signs besides, that if I would wait for one being killed, I should have a dish of dead dog. All being intended on his part to do the handsome and the grateful in return for my services—but which, as virtue is its own reward, I declined.

Our victory at Kow-Tan, it is thought, will end the war, so that before you are much older, you may look, my dear mother, to see

Your affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS BUDGE.

P.S.—I re-open my letter to say that a Treaty of Peace has been signed at Nankin. It remains to be seen whether the English nation will be satisfied with the terms, but they were the best we could get—

namely, the Chinese are all to turn Christians, and to pay off our National Debt. Of course there will be Illuminations in London, and at Pekin there is to be a grand Feast of Lanterns, to which the Emperor has invited our Commander-in-chief, with such officers as he may name; and I am proud and happy to say I am set down rather high in the list. So to say nothing of promotion at home, which may be



"COME, EAT SOME PADDY."

booked, I am sure of something handsome from the Brother of the Sun and Moon, who, like those celestial relatives, is famous for tipping with gold and silver. But a little of the ready, say fifty pounds at the very lowest, will be absolutely needful in the meantime, if I am to keep up my rank at the Chinese Court. In such a case I know *you* will grudge nothing, and perhaps Uncle Abel will come down, in whole or in part. *But pray do remember that the money must be had, and may be forwarded through the same channel as the shirts.*

No. VI.—*To Mrs. BUDGE, Wisbech.*

DEAR SISTER,

Your last of the 17 Instant came duly to hand And am sorry to note you are too poorly for illfeeling, which in course I can excuse. In such a case being loath to agravate, shall confine myself to Matters of Fact which being unanserable will save you the trouble of a Reply. —Otherwise I should have considered my deuty to set you to rites and partickly on the subjex of Trade and Tradesmen and their adulteratin and use of short waits. As to which a honest man, altho he is a grocer, may be a fare dealer and have as nice senses of honners in his trade, as a Lord or a Duke who has no Bisness whatever in the world. Thats my feeling, and on my own private Account beg to say so fur from aproving of fraudulent Practices if so be I thought my Skales was cheatin I would kick the beam. Concerning which I may remark that some people who consider themselves Gentry such as Bankers toppin Merchants and the like contrive to have false Ballances without any Skales at all. So much for your flings at trade tho I do not care a fig, nor even a whole Drum of them for sich reflections. Praps if my Nevy had been put early in life to the same Bisness he mite by this time have been rollin in Welth as well as his Uncle, which however I ant. The times is too up hill and money too scarce for any sich oppération, But at any rate he mite have reallized a little Mint instead of his Sprigs of Lawril of which I advise to inquire the vally at Common Garden. But that comes of your genteel notions of a polite



"OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND."

bringin up and which nothin would satisfy more humbler than a Lord Chancellor, or a Bishop, or a Field Marshal. In my yunger days the sons of limmitted Widders with narrer incums had no sich capital choices, or my own Muther would certanely have preferred me in a silk apou to a dowlus, and a clericle shovel hat to a shockin bad un with the brim turned up all round. Not to name a military hat on full cock and very full fledged with fethers. Also a fine scarlet or blew uniform with goold lace down my un-expressibles, in loo of a pair of cordray Shorts meant for

longs, as well as shabby, with a scrimp Jacket that praps objected to meet them on that account. As for linnin, its enuff to say my muther

hardly thort it worth markin, and never numbered it all. As regards which its my opinion if you ever see dear Gus again you are more likely to see a shirt without a General than a General without a shirt. But its the prevailing fashion nowadays for every Boddy to aspire above their stashuns, or at any rate to pass off their humbleness under some high flown name. For exampel John Burril of our place, who I overheard the other day calling himself the Architect of his own fortune, and he's only a little Bilder.

But as I said above I am not going pint by pint through your faver, but to convey certain perticlurs as follows. When I received yours of said date I was jist on the eve of startin off by the railway on urgent business to the metropolis. So I had only time to put your letter in my pockit-book, which will explane my ansering it from this place, namely the Gorge and Vulture, High Holborn—N.B. and prepaid beforehand. Being seven year since my last visit to London and my first regular holliday, it appeared not altogether incumpatible to treat myself for once to the play, which was Theatre Royal Drury Lane, at three shillings ahead to the pit, the front row next the Musick. The peace was King John, another exampel you will say of a hard harted Uncle and a neglected Nevy, and as such, a theatricle slap in somebody's face. But beggin pardon it seems to me that the account between such relashunships have never been correctly stated nor the claims of the junior party fairly made out. A Father is a father with his own consent and concurrants and therefore only responsibel as I may say for his own Acceptance—but an Uncle is made such willy nilly whether he's agreeable or not, as is partickly hard on a single Batcheler who not wanting children at all, is obligated to have them at second hand in the shapes of Nevies and Neeeces. As such I could not help symperthisin with King John, with a plaguy Nevy of a prince Arthur, and an unreasonable Muther, always harping like somebody else on her son, her son, her son, and to be sure when she did kick up a dust it was a hot one, like ground pepper and ginger! However the second act being over, I stud up and looked round, as usual, to have a survey of the House and the company when lo and behold whom should I see about three rows off in the pit, whom but dear Gus himself!—your preshus Son and my identical Nevy,—who ought by rites at that very moment to have been at Canton in Chiney! What I said or did in my surprise I don't know, but the hole House, Boxes Pit and Gallery, bust out in a loud roar of horse lauffing which to my humble capacity was anything but a propper display of feelin at such juvenile depravity. However I scrambled over the Benshes without ceremunny and had well nigh apprehendid him when a genteel blaggard thumpt down my bran new bever right over my bridge of my Nose and afore I could get it up agin, both scoundrils includin dear Gus had made off. Still I mite praps have ketchd him except for a new Police but more like an old Fool, who insistid on detainin me to know my particklers of my Loss. Why then says I it's 30 pound, a new hat and a nevy, but as he had seen none of them took he declined to interfere. I mite have added to my minuses the best

part of the Play, which of course I could not set out but returned to the Gorge and Vulture to engage a sleepless bed for the night. But not being bed time I set down to answer your favour, on referring to which put me in mind to inquire of his friend sum Reprobate of course at the Coffee-shop in Drury Lane and the same being handy instead of the letter I posted off myself and asked if Mr. Shearing was known at the House. Which he was. So I was showed into the Coffee-room, into a privet box and sure enuf there he were—not his friend but himself, having only used the other name for an Alibi.

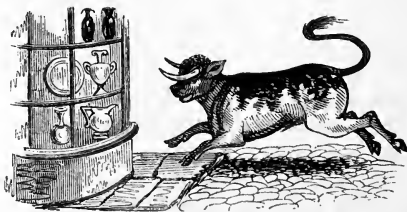
However there he were, with a siggar in his mouth and a glass of Negus afore him which I indignently drunk up myself and then demandid an account of his misconduct, Errors not Excepted. Which he give. So the long and the short is he made a full Confession whereby it appears insted of goin abroad he was never out of London at least not further then Hide Park Corner to a Chinees Exhibition and where he pickt up his confounded Long Tungs and Slang Wangs and Swan Pans and every attum he knows of them infurnal Celestials.

As mite be expected his Cash including my £30 was all squandered mostly I suppose for bottles of wine and smoke,—and such little desideratums. His goold watch went a month ago—and the bullocks trunks as I predicted grew out of his own Head. So much for a shinin caracer and a Genus above the common, As such you will soon have dear Gus on your own hands agin, at Wisbech, where if Uncles may advise as well as contribit he will be placed with some stiddy tradesman to lern a bisness. Unless praps you prefer him to have an Appintment in the next Expedition to Bottany Bay. With which I remain, dear Sister,

Your loving Brother,
ABEL DOTTIN.

London. November the 28th, 1842.

P.S. I did hope to save the new Shurts out of the fire. But to use his own words they are Spouted and he have lost the Ticket.



FOR CHINA DIRECT.

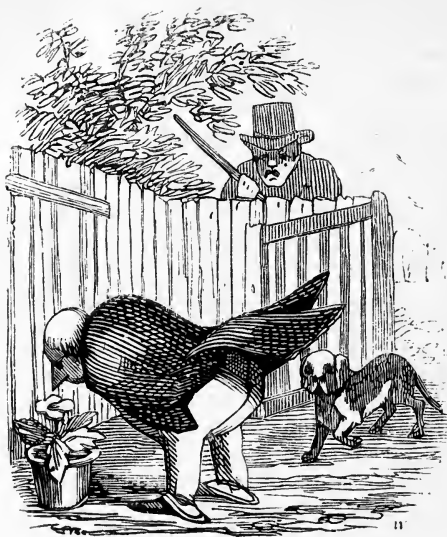
NEW HARMONY.

“I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.”—CORIOLANUS.

A FEW days since, while passing along the Strand, near Exeter Hall, my ear was suddenly startled by a burst of sound from the interior of that building:—a noise which, according to a bystander, proceeded from the “calling out of the Vocal Militia.” This explanation rather exciting than allaying my curiosity, induced me to make further inquiries into the matter; when it appeared that the Educational Committee had built a plan, on a German foundation, for the instruction of the middle and lower orders in Music, and that a Mr. Hullah was then engaged in drilling one of the classes in singing.

As an advocate for the innocent amusement of the lower classes, and the people in general, the news gave me no small pleasure; and even the distant chorus gratified my ear, more than a critical organ ought to have been pleased, by the imperfect blending of a number of unpractised voices of very various qualities, and as yet not quite so tuneable as the hounds of Theseus in giving tongue. Indeed, one or two voices seemed also to be “out of their time” in the very beginning of their apprenticeship. But to a patriotic mind, there was a moral sweetness in the music that fully atoned for any vocal irregularities, and would have reconciled me even to an orchestra of Dutch Nightingales. To explain this feeling, it must be remembered that no Administration but one which intended to be popular and paternal, would ever think of thus encouraging the exercise of the *Vox Populi*; and especially of teaching the million to lift up their voices *in concert*, for want of which, and through discordances amongst themselves, their political choruses have hitherto been so ineffective. It was evident, therefore, that our Rulers seriously intended, not merely to imbue the people with musical knowledge, but also to give them good cause to sing,—and of course, hoped to lend their own ministerial ears to songs and ballads very different from the satirical *chansons* that are chanted on the other side of the English Channel. In short, we were all to be as merry and as tuneful as Larks, and to enjoy a Political and a Musical Millennium!

This idea so transported me, that like a grateful canary I incontinently burst into a full-throated song, and with such thrills and flourishes as recurred to me, commenced a Bravura, which in a few minutes might have attracted an audience more numerous than select, if my performance had not been checked in its very prelude by an occurrence peculiarly characteristic of a London street. It was, in fact, the abrupt putting to me of a question, which some pert cockney of the Poultry first addressed to the unfledged.



A STRANGE BIRD.

THE LARK AND THE ROOK.

A FABLE.

“Lo ! hear the gentle lark !”—SHAKESPEARE.

ONCE on a time—no matter where—
 A Lark took such a fancy to the air,
 That though he often gaz'd beneath,
 Watching the breezy down, or heath,
 Yet very, very seldom he was found
 To perch upon the ground.

Hour after hour,
 Through ev'ry change of weather hard or soft,
 Through sun and shade, and wind and show'r,
 Still fluttering aloft ;
 In silence now, and now in song,
 Up, up in cloudland all day long,
 On weary wing, yet with unceasing flight,
 Like to those Birds of Paradise, so rare,
 Fabled to live and love, and feed in air,
 But never to alight.

It caus'd, of course, much speculation
 Among the feather'd generation ;
 Who tried to guess the riddle that was in it—
 The robin puzzled at it, and the wren,
 The swallows, cock and hen,
 The wagtail, and the linnet,
 The yellowhammer, and the finch as well—
 The sparrow ask'd the tit, who couldn't tell,
 The jay, the pie—but all were in the dark,
 Till out of patience with the common doubt,
 The Rook at last resolv'd to worm it out,
 And thus accosted the mysterious Lark:—

“ Friend, prithee, tell me why
 You keep this constant hovering so high,
 As if you had some castle in the air,
 That you are always poisoning there,
 A speck against the sky—
 Neglectful of each old familiar feature
 Of Earth that nurs'd you in your callow state—
 You think you're only soaring at heaven's gate,
 Whereas you're flying in the face of Nature ! ”

“ Friend,” said the Lark, with melancholy tone,
 And in each little eye a dewdrop shone,
 “ No creature of my kind was ever fonder
 Of that dear spot of earth
 Which gavē it birth—
 And I was nestled in the furrow yonder !
 Sweet is the twinkle of the dewy heath,
 And sweet that thymy down I watch beneath,
 Saluted often with a living sonnet ;
 But Men, vile Men, have spread so thick a scurf
 Of dirt and infamy about the Turf,
 I do not like to settle on it ! ”

MORAL.

Alas ! how Nobles of another race
 Appointed to the bright and lofty way,
 Too willingly descend to haunt a place
 Polluted by the deeds of Birds of Prey !



"ABROAD IN THE MEADOWS
TO SEE THE YOUNG LAMBS."

THE HAPPIEST MAN IN ENGLAND.

A SKETCH ON THE ROAD.

"It is the Soul that sees ; the outward eyes
Present the object ; but the Mind describes,
And thence delight, disgust, and cool indifference rise."—CRABBE.

"A CHARMING morning, sir," remarked my only fellow-passenger in the Comet, as soon as I had settled myself in the opposite corner of the coach.

As a matter of course and courtesy I assented ; though I had certainly seen better days. It did not rain ; but the weather was gloomy, and the air felt raw, as it well might with a pale dim sun overhead, that seemed to have lost all power of roasting.

"Quite an Italian Sky," added the Stranger, looking up at a sort of French grey coverlet that would have given a Neapolitan fancy the ague.

However, I acquiesced again, but was obliged to protest against the letting down of both windows in order to admit what was called the "fresh invigorating breeze from the Surrey Hills."

To atone for this objection, however, I agreed that the coach was the best, easiest, safest, and fastest in England, and the road the most picturesque out of London. Complaisance apart, we were passing between two vegetable screens, of a colour converted by dust to a really "invisible green," and so high, that they excluded any prospect as

effectually as if they had been Venetian blinds. The stranger, nevertheless, watched the monotonous fence with evident satisfaction.

"No such hedges, sir, out of England."

"I believe not, sir!"

"No, sir, quite a national feature. They are peculiar to the inclosures of our highly cultivated island. You may travel from Calais to Constantinople without the eye reposing on a similar spectacle."

"So I have understood, sir."

"Fact, sir: they are unique. And yonder is another rural picture unparalleled, I may say, in continental Europe—a meadow of rich pasture, enamelled with the indigenous daisy and a multiplicity of buttercups!"

The oddity of the phraseology made me look curiously at the speaker. A pastoral poet, thought I—but no—he was too plump and florid to belong to that famishing fraternity, and in his dress, as well as in his person, had every appearance of a man well to do in the world. He was more probably a gentleman farmer, an admirer of fine grazing-land, and perhaps delighted in a well-dressed paddock and genteel haystack of his own. But I did him injustice, or rather to his taste—which was far less exclusive—for the next scene to which he invited my attention was of a totally different character—a vast, bleak, scurfy-looking common, too barren to afford even a picking to any living creatures, except a few crows. The view, however, elicited a note of admiration from my companion:

"What an extensive prospect! Genuine, uncultivated nature—and studded with rooks!"

The stranger had now furnished me with a clue to his character; which he afterwards more amusingly unravelled. He was an Optimist;—one of those blessed beings (for they are blessed) who think that whatever is, is beautiful as well as right:—practical philosophers who make the best of everything; imaginative painters, who draw each object *en beau*, and deal plentifully in *couleur de rose*. And they are right. To be good—in spite of all the old story-books, and all their

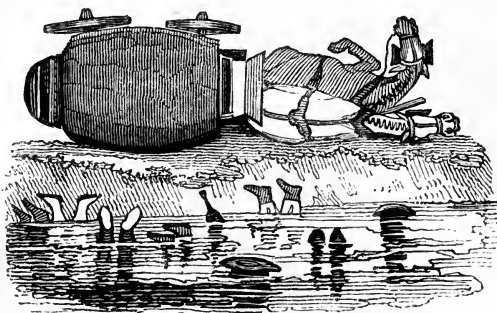


BONEFACE.

old morals,—is not to be happy. Still less does it result from Rank, Power, Learning, or Riches; from the single state or a double one, or even from good health or a clean conscience. The source of felicity, as the poet truly declares, is in the Mind—for like my fellow-traveller, the man who has a mind to be happy will be so, on the plainest commons that nature can set before him—with or without the rooks.

The reader of Crabbe will remember how graphically he has described, in his “*Lover’s Journey*,” the different aspects of the same landscape to the same individual, under different moods—on his outward road, an Optimist, like my fellow-traveller, but on his return a malcontent like myself.

In the mean time. the coach stopped—and opposite to what many a person, if seated in one of its right-hand corners, would have considered



A CLEAR STAGE, AND NO FAVOUR.

a very bad lookout, —a muddy square space, bounded on threesides by plain brick stabling and wooden barns, with a dwarf wall, and a gate, for a foreground to the picture. In fact, a straw-yard, but untenanted by any live stock, as if an Owenite plan amongst the brute

creation, for living in a social parallelogram, had been abandoned. There seemed no peg here on which to hang any eulogium; but the eye of the Optimist detected one in a moment:

“What a desirable Pond for Ducks!”

He then shifted his position to the opposite window, and with equal celerity discovered “a capital Pump! with oceans of excellent Spring Water, and a commodious handle within reach of the smallest Child!”

I wondered to myself how he would have described the foreign Fountains, where the sparkling fluid gushes from groups of Sculpture into marble basins, and, without the trouble of pumping at all, ministers to the thirst and cleanliness of half a city. And yet I had seen some of our Travellers pass such a superb Water-work with scarcely a glance, and certainly without a syllable of notice! It is such Headless Tourists, by the way, who throng to the German Baths and consider themselves Bubbled, because, without any mind’s eye at all, they do not see all the pleasant things which were so graphically described by the Old Man of the Brunnens. For my own part, I could not help thinking that I must have lost some pleasure in my own progress through life by being difficult to please.

For example, even during the present journey, whilst I had been

inwardly grumbling at the weather, and yawning at the road, my fellow-traveller had been revelling in Italian skies, salubrious breezes, verdant enclosures, pastoral pictures, sympathising with wet habits and dry, and enjoying desirable duck-ponds, and parochial Pumps!

What a contrast, methought, between the cheerful contented spirit of my present companion, and the dissatisfied temper and tone of Sir W. W., with whom I once had the uncomfortable honour of travelling *tête-à-tête* from Leipzig to Berlin. The road, it is true, was none of the most interesting, but even the tame and flat scenery of the Lincolnshire Fens may be rendered still more wearisome by sulkily throwing yourself back in your carriage and talking of Switzerland! But Sir W. W. was far too nice to be wise—too fastidious to be happy—too critical to be contented. Whereas

my present coach-fellow was not afraid to admire a common-place inn—I forget its exact locality—but he described it as “superior to any oriental Caravansery—and with a Sign that, in the Infancy of the Art, might have passed for a *Chef d’Œuvre*.”

Happy Man! How he must have enjoyed the Exhibitions of the Royal Academy, whereas to judge by our periodical critiques on such Works of Modern Art, there are scarcely a score out of a thousand annual Pictures that ought to give pleasure to a Connoisseur. Nay, even the Louvre has failed to satisfy some of its visitants, on the same principle that a matchless collection of Titians has been condemned for the want of a good Teniers.

But my fellow-traveller was none of that breed: he had nothing in common with a certain Lady, who, with half Loudon, or at least its Londoners, had inspected Wanstead House, prior to its demolition, and on being asked for her opinion of that princely mansion, replied that it was “short of cupboards.”

In fact, he had soon an opportunity of pronouncing on a Country Seat—far, very, very far inferior to the House just mentioned, and



CORN OBLIGATI.

declared it to be one which "Adam himself would have chosen for a Family residence, if Domestic Architecture had flourished in the primeval Ages."

Happy Man, again! for with what joy, and comfort, and cheerfulness, for his co-tenants, would he have inhabited the enviable dwelling; and



"THE LAST MAN."

yet, to my private knowledge, the Proprietor was one of the most miserable of his species, simply because he chose to go through life like a pug-dog—with his nose turned up at everything in the world. And, truly, flesh is grass, and beauty is dust, and gold is dross, nay, life itself but a vapour; but instead of dwelling on such disparagements, it is far wiser and happier, like the florid gentleman in one corner of the Comet, to remember that one is not a Sworn Appraiser, nor bound by oath like an Ale-Conner to think small beer of small beer.

From these reflections I was suddenly roused by the Optimist, who earnestly begged me to look out of the

Window at a prospect which, though pleasing, was far from a fine one, for either variety or extent.

"There, sir,—there's a Panorama! A perfect circle of enchantment! realizing the Arabia Felix of Fairy Land in the County of Kent!"

"Very pretty, indeed."

"It's a gem, sir, even in our Land of Oaks—and may challenge a comparison with the most luxuriant Specimens of what the Great Gilpin calls Forest Scenery!"

"I think it may."

"By the bye, did you ever see Scrublands, sir, in Sussex?"

"Never, sir."

"Then, sir, you have yet to enjoy a romantic scene of the Sylvan Character, not to be paralleled within the limits of Geography? To describe it would require one to soar into the regions of Poetry, but I do not hesitate to say, that if the celebrated Robinson Crusoe were placed within sight of it, he would exclaim in a transport 'Juan Fernandez!'"

"I do not doubt it, sir."

"Perhaps, sir, you have been in Derbyshire?"

"No, sir."

"Then, sir, you have another splendid treat *in futuro*—Braggins—a delicious amalgamation of Art and Nature,—a perfect Eden, sir,—and the very spot, if there be one on the Terrestrial Globe, for the famous Milton to have realised his own 'Paradise Regained!'"

In this glowing style, waxing warmer and warmer with his own

descriptions, the florid gentleman painted for me a series of highly-coloured sketches of the places he had visited ; each a retreat that would wonderfully have broken the fall of our first Parents, and so thickly scattered throughout the counties, that by a moderate computation our Fortunate Island contained at least a thousand "Perfect Paradises," copyhold or freehold. A pleasant contrast to the gloomy pictures which are drawn by certain desponding and agriculturally-depressed Spirits who cannot find a single Elysian Field, pasture or arable, in the same country !

In the meantime, such is the force of sympathy, the Optimist had gradually inspired me with something of his own spirit, and I began to look out for and detect unrivalled forest scenery, and perfect panoramas, and little Edens, and might in time have picked out a romantic pump, or a picturesque post,—but, alas ! in the very middle of my course of Beau Idealism, the coach stopped, the door opened, and with a hurried good morning, the florid gentleman stepped out of the stage and into a gig which had been waiting for him at the end of a cross-road, and in another minute was driving down the lane between two of those hedges that are only to be seen in England.

"Well, go where thou wilt," thought I, as he disappeared behind the fence, "thou art certainly the Happiest Man in England !"

Yes—he was gone ; and a light and a glory had departed with him. The air again felt raw, the sky seemed duller, the sun more dim and pale, and the road more heavy. The scenery appeared to become tamer and tamer, the inns more undesirable, and their signs were mere daubs. At the first opportunity I obtained a glass of sherry, but its taste was vapid ; every thing in short appeared "flat, stale, and unprofitable." Like a *Bull* in the Alley, whose flattering rumours hoist up the public funds, the high sanguine tone of the Optimist had raised my spirits considerably above par ; but now his operations had ceased, and by the usual reaction my mind sank again even below its natural level. My short-lived enthusiasm was gone, and instead of the cheerful fertile country through which I had been journeying, I seemed to be travelling that memorable long stage between Dan and Beersheba where "all was barren."



A BUMPER AT PARTING.

Some months afterwards I was tempted to go into Essex to inspect a small Freehold Property which was advertised for sale in that county. It was described, in large and small print, as "a delightful Swiss Villa, the prettiest thing in Europe, and enjoying a boundless prospect over a country proverbial for Fertility, and resembling that Traditional Land of Promise described metaphorically in Holy Writ as overflowing with Milk and Honey."

Making all due allowance, however, for such professional flourishes, this very Desirable Investment deviated in its features even more than usual from its portrait in the prospectus.

The Villa turned out to be little better than an ornamented Barn, and the Promised land was some of the worst land in England, and overflowed occasionally by the neighbouring river. An Optimist could hardly have discovered a single merit on the estate; but he did; for



BUYER AND CELLAR.—LIGHT WINE.

whilst I was gazing in blank disappointment at the uncultivated nature before me, not even studded with rocks, I heard his familiar voice at my elbow—

"Rather a small property, sir—but amply secured by ten solid miles of Terra Firma from the encroachments of the German Ocean."

"And if the sea could," I retorted, "it seems to me very doubtful whether it would care to enter on the premises."

"Perhaps not as a matter of marine taste," said the Optimist. "Perhaps not, sir. And yet, in my pensive moments, I have fancied that a place like this with a sombre interest about it, would be a desirable sort of Wilderness, and more in unison with an *Il Penseroso* cast of feelings

than the laughing beauties of a Villa in the Regent's Park, the Cynosure of Fashion and Gaiety, enlivened by an infinity of equipages. But excuse me, sir, I perceive that I am wanted elsewhere," and the florid gentleman went off at a trot towards a little man in black, who was beckoning to him from the door of the Swiss Villa.

"Yes," was my reflection as he turned away from me, "if he can find in such a swamp as this a Fancy Wilderness, a sort of Shenstonian Solitude for a sentimental fit to evaporate in, he must certainly be the Happiest Man in England."

As to his pensive moments, the mere idea of them sufficed to set my risible muscles in a quiver. But as if to prove how he would have comported himself in the Slough of Despond, during a subsequent ramble of exploration round the estate, he actually plumped up to his middle in a bog;—an accident which only drew from him the remark that the place afforded "a capital opportunity for a spirited proprietor to establish a Splendid Mud Bath, like the ones so much in vogue at the German Spas!"

"If that gentleman takes a fancy to the place," I remarked to the person who was showing me round the property, "he will be a determined bidder."

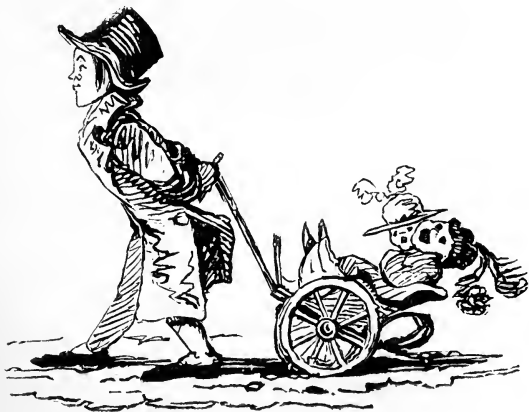
"Him bid!" exclaimed the man, with an accent of the utmost astonishment—"Him bid!—why he's the Auctioneer that's to sell us! I thought you would have remarked that in his speech, for he imitates in his talk the advertisements of the famous Mr. Robins. He's called the Old Gentleman."

"Old! why he appears to be in the prime of life."

"Yes, sir,—but it's the other Old Gentleman—"

"What! the Devil?"

"Yes, sir,—because you see, he's always *a-knocking down of somebody's little Paradise.*"



PÈRE LA CHAISE.



"ALL ROUND MY HAT!"

AN UNDERTAKER

Is an Illwiller to the Human Race. He is by Profession an Enemy to his Species, and can no more look kindly at his Fellows than the Sheriff's Officer; for why, his Profit begins with an Arrest for the Debt of Nature. As the Bailiff looks on a failing Man so doth he, and with the same Hope, namely, to take the Body.

Hence hath he little Sympathy with his Kind, small Pity for the Poor, and least of all for the Widow and the Orphan, whom he regards, Planter like, but as so many Blacks on his Estate. If he have any Community of Feeling, it is with the Sexton, who has likewise a Per Centage on the Bills of Mortality, and never sees a Picture of Health but he longs to ingrave it. Both have the same quick Ear for a Churchyard Cough, and both the same Relish for the same Music, to wit, the Toll of Saint Sepulchre. Moreover both go constantly in black—howbeit 'tis no Mourning Suit but a Livery—for he grieves no more for the Defunct than the Bird of the same Plumage, that is the Undertaker to a dead Horse.

As a Neighbour he is to be shunned. To live opposite to him is to fall under the Evil Eye. Like the Witch that forespeaks other Cattle, he would rot you as soon as look at you, if it could be done at a Glance; but that Magic being out of Date, he contents himself with choosing the very Spot on the House Front that shall serve for a Hatchment. Thenceforward he watches your going out and your coming in: your rising up and your lying down, and all your Domestic Imports of Drink and Victual, so that the veriest She Gossip in the Parish is not more familiar with your Modes and Means of Living, nor knows so certainly whether the Visitor, that calls daily in his Chariot, is a mere Friend or

a Physician. Also he knows your Age to a Year, and your Height to an Inch, for he hath measured you with his Eye for a Coffin, and your Ponderosity to a Pound, for he hath an Interest in the Dead Weight, and hath so far inquired into your Fortune as to guess with what Equipage you shall travel on your last Journey. For, in professional Curiosity, he is truly a *Pall* Pry. Wherefore to dwell near him is as melancholy as to live in view of a Churchyard; to be within Sound of his Hammering is to hear the Knocking at Death's Door.

To be friends with an Undertaker is as impossible as to be the Crony of a Crocodile. He is by Trade a Hypocrite, and deals of Necessity in Mental Reservations and Equivoques. Thus he drinks to your good Health, but hopes, secretly, it will not endure. He is glad to find you so hearty—as to be Apoplectic; and rejoices to see you so stout—with a short Neck. He bids you beware of your old Gout—and recommends a Quack Doctor. He laments the malignant Fever so prevalent—and wishes you may get it. He compliments your Complexion—when it is Blue or Yellow: admires your upright Carriage,—and hopes it will break down. Wishes you good Day, but means everlasting Night; and commends his Respects to your Father and Mother—but hopes you do not honour them. In short, his good Wishes are treacherous; his Inquiries are suspicious; and his Civilities are dangerous; as when he proffereth the Use of his Coach—or to see you Home.

For the rest, he is still at odds with Humanity; at constant Issue with its Naturalists, and its Philanthropists, its Sages, its Counsellors, and its Legislators. For example, he praises the Weather—with the Wind at East; and rejoices in a wet Spring and Fall, for Death and he reap with one Sickle, and have a good or bad Harvest in common. He objects not to Bones in Bread (being as it were his own Diet), nor to ill Drugs in Beer, nor to Sugar of Lead or arsenical Finings in Wine, nor to ardent Spirits, nor to Interment in Churches. Neither doth he discountenance the Sitting on Infants; nor the swallowing of Plum Stones; nor of cold Ices at Hot balls—nor the drinking of Embro-



A MAGNUM BONUM.

cations, nay he hath been known to contend that the wrong Dose was the right one. He approves, *contra* the Physicians, of a damp Bed and wet Feet,—of a hot Head and cold Extremities, and lends



SHEER PRETENSION.

his own Countenance to the Natural Small Pox, rather than encourage Vaccination—which he calls flying in the Face of Providence. Add to these, a free Trade in Poisons, whereby the Oxalic Crystals may currently become Proxy for the Epsom ones; and the corrosive Sublimate as common as Salt in Porridge. To the same End he would give unto every Cockney a Privilege to shoot, within ten miles round London, without a Taxed Li-

cence, and would never concur in a Fine or Deodand for Fast Driving, except the Vehicle were a Hearse. Thus, whatever the popular Cry, he runs counter: a Heretic in Opinion, and a Hypocrite in Practice, as when he pretends to be sorrowful at a Funeral; or, what is worse, affects to pity the ill-paid Poor, and yet helpeth to screw them down.

To conclude, he is a Personage of ill presage to the House of Life: a Raven on the Chimney Pot—a Deathwatch in the Wainscot,—a Winding Sheet in the Candle. To meet with him is ominous. His Looks are sinister; his Dress is lugubrious; his Speech is prophetic; and his Touch is mortal. Nevertheless he hath one Merit, and in this our World, and in these our Times, it is a main one; namely, that whatever he *Undertakes* he *Performs*.



"IS THAT ROGERS'S LAST, OR YOUR OWN?"

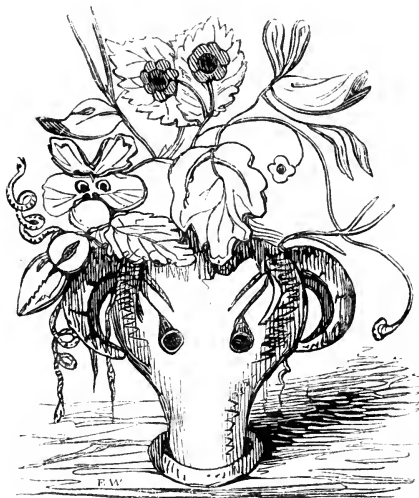
A FIRST ATTEMPT IN RHYME.

"The attempt and not the deed."—LADY MACBETH.

A FEW days since it happened to me to look into a Lady's Album—one of those pretty nuisances which are sent to one like the Tax-gatherer's Schedules, with a blank or two for the victim to fill up. The Book was of the usual kind; superbly bound of course, and filled with paper of various tints and shades, to suit the taste of the contributors:—baiting, one might fancy, with a bluish tinge for Lady Chatterton, with a light green for Mrs. Hall, or Miss Mitford and with a French White for Miss Costello—for Moore with a flesh colour, with gray for the Bard of Memory, and with rose colour for the Poet of Hope—with stone colour for Allan Cunningham, with straw colour for the Corn Law Rhymers, with drab and slate for Bernard Barton and the Howitts, and with a sulphur tint for Satan Montgomery. The copper colour being perhaps, aimed at the artists in general, who are partial to the warmth of its tone.

As yet, however, but few of our "celebrated pens" and pencils had enriched or ornamented the volume. The literary offerings were short and few; and the pictorial ones were still more rare. Thus between the Mendicant begging for Scraps in the Frontispiece, and a water-coloured branch of Fuchsia, there were no less than eighteen blank leaves: twenty-two more from the flower to the Group of Shells—if they *were* shells—for they looked more like petrifications of a cracknel, a French roll, and a twist—and fifteen barren pages from the Conchology to the great Parrot—which, by the bye, seemed purposely to have been put into the same livery as the lady's footman, namely, a peagreen coat, with crimson smalls. There was only one more drawing; a view of some Dutch place, done in Sepia, and which some wag had named in pencil as "a Piece of Brown Holland."

The prose and verse were of the ordinary character: Extracts



FROM THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

from Byron, Wordsworth, and Mrs. Hemans; a Parody of an Irish Melody, an Unpublished Ballad, attributed to Sir Walter Scott, and sundry original effusions, including a Sonnet of sixteen lines, to an Infant. There were also two specimens of what is called Religious Poetry—the one working up a Sprig of Thyme into an “ETERNITY!” and the other setting out as jauntily as a Song, but ending in a “HIM.”

In glancing over these effusions, it was my good fortune to be attracted to some verses by a certain singularity in their construction, the nature of which it required a second perusal to determine. Indeed, the peculiarity was so unobtrusive, that it had escaped the notice of the owner of the Album, who had even designated the lines in question as “nothing particular.” They were, she said, as the title implied, the first attempt in rhyme, by a female friend; and who, to judge from her manner and expressions, with respect to her maiden essay, had certainly not been aware of any thing extraordinary in her performance. On the contrary, she had apologised for the homely and commonplace character of the lines, and had promised, if she ever improved in her poetry, to contribute another and a better sample. A pledge which Death, alas! had forbidden her to redeem.

As a Literary Curiosity, the Proprietress of the original Poem has kindly allowed me to copy and present it to the Public. Instead of a mere commonplace composition, the careful Reader will perceive that whilst aiming at, and so singularly missing, what Garrick called “the jingle of verse,” the Authoress has actually invented a New Species of Poetry—an intermediate link, as it were, between Blank Verse and Rhyme, and as such likely to be equally acceptable to the admirers of Thomson and the lovers of Shenstone.

COPY.

If I were used to writing verse,
And had a Muse not so perverse,
But prompt at Fancy's call to spring
And carol like a bird in Spring;
Or like a Bee, in summer time,
That hums about a bed of thyme,
And gathers honey and delights
From ev'ry blossom where it 'lights;
If I, alas! had such a Muse,
To touch the Reader or amuse,
And breathe the true poetic vein,
This page should not be fill'd in vain!
But ah! the pow'r was never mine
To dig for gems in Fancy's mine:
Or wander over land and main
To seek the Fairies' old domain—
To watch Apollo while he climbs
His throne in oriental climes;
Or mark the “gradual dusky veil”

1st of April, 1840.

Drawn over Tempé's tuneful vale,
In classic lays remembered long—
Such flights to bolder wings belong;
To Bards who on that glorious height
Of sun and song, Parnassus high,
Partake the fire divine that burns,
In Milton, Pope, and Scottish Burns,
Who sang his native braes and burns. }

For me, a novice strange and new,
Who ne'er such inspiration knew,
But weave a verse with travail sore,
Ordain'd to creep and not to soar,
A few poor lines alone I write,
Fulfilling thus a friendly rite,
Not meant to meet the Critic's eye,
For oh! to hope from such as I,
For any thing that's fit to read,
Were trusting to a broken reed!

E. M. G.



HORSE AND FOOT.

HORSE AND FOOT.

“Fain would I climbe
But that I fear to fall.”—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

IT requires some degree of moral courage to make such a confession, for a horse-laugh will assuredly take place at my expense, but I never could sit on anything with four legs, except a chair, a table or a sofa, Possibly my birthplace was adverse, not being raised in Yorkshire, with its three Ridings—perhaps my education was in fault, for of course I was put to my feet like other children, but I do not remember being ever properly taken off them in the riding-school. It is not unlikely that my passion for sailing has been inimical to the accomplishment; there is a roll about a vessel so different from the pitch of a horse, that a person accustomed to a fore and aft sea-saw, or side lurch, is utterly disconcerted by a regular up-and-down motion—at any rate, seamen are notorious for riding at anchor better than at anything else. Finally, the Turk's principle, Predestination, may be accountable for my inaptitude. One man is evidently born under what Milton calls a “mounted sign,” whilst another comes into the world under the influence of Aries, predoomed to perform on no saddle but one of mutton. Thus we see one gentleman who can hardly keep his seat upon a pony, or a donkey; when another shall turn and wind a fiery Pegasus, or back a Bucephalus; to say nothing of those professional equestrians, who tumble *on* a horse instead of *off*. It has always

seemed to me, therefore, that our Astleys and Ducrows, whether they realised fortunes or not, deserved to do so, besides obtaining more honorary rewards. It would not, perhaps, have been out of character, if they had been made Knights of, or Cavaliers; especially considering that many Mayors, Aldermen, and Sheriffs have been so dubbed, whose pretensions never stood on more than two legs, and sometimes scarcely on one.

The truth is, I have always regarded horsemen with something of the veneration with which the savages beheld, for the first time, the Spanish chivalry—namely, as superior beings. With all respect then to our gallant Infantry, I have always looked on our Cavalry as a grade above them—indeed, the feat of Widdrington, who “fought upon his stumps,” and so far, on his own legs, has always appeared to me comparatively easy, whereas for a charge of cavalry,

Charge, Chester, charge.
Off, Stanley, off,

has always seemed to me the most natural reading.

The chase of course excites my admiration and wonder, and like Lord Chesterfield I unfeignedly marvel—but for a different reason—



THE MASTER OF THE HORSE.

that any gentleman ever goes to it a second time. A chapter of Nimrod's invariably gives me a crick in the neck. I can well believe that “it is the pace that kills,” but why rational beings with that conviction should ride to be killed exceeds my comprehension. For my own part could such a pace ever come into fashion, it would be suicidal in me to attempt to hunt at a trot, or

even in a walk. Ride and tie, perhaps, if, as I suppose, it means one's being tied on—but no, my evil genius would evade even that security.

Above all, but for certain visits to Epsom and Ascot I should have set down horse-racing as a pleasant fiction. That Buckle, without being buckled on, should have reached the age he attained to—or that Day should have had so long a day—are to my mind “remarkable instances of longevity” far more wonderful than any recorded in the newspapers. How a jockey can bestride, and what is more, start with

one of those thorough-bred steeds, is to me a standing, or rather running, or rather flying miracle. Were I a Robinson or a Rogers, I should certainly think of the plate as a coffin-plate, and that the stakes were such as those that were formerly driven through self-murderers' bodies.

It would appear, then, that a rider like a poet, must be born and not made—that there are two races of men as differently fated as the silver-spooned and the wooden-ladled—some coming into the world, so to speak, at *Ryde*, others, like myself, at *Footscray*, and thus by necessity, equestrians or pedestrians. In fact, to corroborate this theory, there is the Championship, which being hereditary, is at least one instance of a gentleman being ordained to horseback from his birth. As to me, instead of retrograding through Westminster Hall on Cato, I must have backed out of the office.

It is probable, however, that beside the causes already enumerated, something of my inaptitude may be due to my profession. It has been

remarked elsewhere as to riding, that "sedentary persons seldom have a good seat," and literary men generally appear to have been on a par, as to Horsemanship, with the sailors. The Author of "Paul Pry," in an extremely amusing paper,* has recorded his own quadrupedal mischances.

Coleridge, for a similar or a still greater incapacity, was discharged from a dragoon regiment. Lamb avowedly never went "horse-pickaback" in his life. Byron, for all his ambition to be thought a bold cavalier, and in spite of his own hints on the subject, appears to have

been but an indifferent performer—and Sir Walter Scott, as we read in his life, tumbled from his gallows, and Sir Humphrey Davy jumped over him. Even Shakspeare, as far as we have any account of his knowledge of horses, never got beyond holding them. Lord Chesterfield has described Doctor Johnson's appearance in the saddle; but the catalogue would be too tedious. Suffice it, if riding be the "poetry of motion," authors excel rather in its prose.

To affirm, however, that I never ventured on the quadruped in



FAST AND LOOSE.

* A Cockney's Rural Sports.

question would be beside the truth, having a dim notion of once getting astride a Shetland pony in my boyhood, but how or where it carried me, or how I sat, if I did sit on it for any distance, is in blank, having been picked up insensible within twenty yards of the door. I have a distinct recollection however of mounting a full-grown mahogany-coloured

animal of the same genus, after coming to man's estate, which I may be pardoned for relating, as it was my only performance of the kind.



"TARNATION!—HE'S LEFT HIS SHADOW BEHIND HIM!"

It was during my first unfortunate courtship, when I had the brief happiness of three weeks' visit at the residence of the lady's father in the county of Suffolk. I had made considerable progress, I flattered myself, in the affections of his "eldest daughter," when, alas! a letter arrived from London, which summoned me on urgent business to the metropolis. There was no neat postchaise to

be procured in the neighbourhood, nor indeed any other vehicle on account of the election; and my host kindly pressed upon me the use of one of his saddle-horses to carry me to the next market-town, where I should meet the mail. The urgency of the case induced me to accede to the proposal, and with feelings that all lovers will duly estimate, I took leave of my adored Honoria.

She evidently felt the parting—we might not meet again for an age, or even two or three ages, *alias* weeks, and to be candid, I fully participated in her feelings of anxiety, and something more, considering the perilous nature of the expedition. But the Horse came, and the last adieu—no, not the last, for the animal having merely taken me an airing, across a country of his own choosing, at last brought me back of his own head, for I was unable to direct it, safe to the house, or rather to the door of his own stable. At the time, despite some over-severe railery, I rather enjoyed the untoward event; but on mature reflection, I have since found reason to believe that the change which afterwards took place in the young lady's sentiments towards me, was greatly attributable to my equestrian failure. The popular novel of "Rob Roy" made its appearance soon afterwards, and along with a certainly

over-fervent admiration, of its heroine, Di Vernon, a notable horse-woman, it is not improbable that Honoria imbibed something of an opposite feeling towards her humble servant who was only a Foot-Man.

Since then, I have contrived to get married, to a lady of a more pedestrian taste; an escape from celibacy that might have been more difficult had my bachelorship endured till a reign when the example of the Sovereign has made riding so fashionable an exercise with the fair sex. Indeed, I have invariably found that every female but one whom I might have liked or loved, was a capital horsewoman. How other timid or inapt gentlemen are to procure matrimonial partners, is a problem that remains to be solved. They must seek companions, as W. says, in the humbler *walks* of life. Poor W.! He was deeply, devotedly attached to a young lady of family and fortune, to whom he was not altogether indifferent, but he could not ride out with her on horseback, and the captain could, which determined her choice. The rejected lover has had a twist in his brain and a warp in his temper ever since: but his bitterness, instead of falling on the sex as usual, has settled on the whole equine race. He hates them all, from the steed of sixteen hands high down to the Shetland pony, and insists, against Mr. Thomas, and his Brutally-Humane Society, that horses are never ill-used. There is a "bit of raw" in his own bosom that has made him regard their galled withers with indifference: a sore at his heart which has made him callous to their sufferings. They deserve all they get. The Dog is man's best friend, he says, and the Horse his worst.

* * * * *

Since writing the above, word has been brought to me that poor W. is no more. He deceased suddenly, and the report says, of apoplexy; but I know better. His death was caused, indeed, by a *full habit*—but it was a *blue one*.



"A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT."



CUT AND COME AGAIN.

THE CAPTAIN'S COW.

A NAUTICAL ROMANCE.

“Water, water everywhere,
But not a drop to drink.”—COLERIDGE.

It is a jolly Mariner
As ever knew the billows' stir,
Or battled with the gale;
His face is brown, his hair is black,
And down his broad gigantic back
There hangs a platted tail.

In clusters, as he rolls along,
His tarry mates around him throng,
Who know his budget well;
Betwixt Canton and Trinidad
No Sea-Romancer ever had
Such wondrous tales to tell!

Against the mast he leans a-slope,
And thence upon a coil of rope
Slides down his pitchy “starn;”
Heaves up a lusty hem or two,
And then at once without ado
Begins to spin his yarn:—

“As from Jamaica we did come,
Laden with sugar, fruit, and rum,
It blew a heavy gale:
A storm that scar'd the oldest men
For three long days and nights, and
then
The wind began to fail.

“Still less and less, till on the mast
The sails began to flap at last,
The breezes blew so soft;
Just only now and then a puff,
Till soon there was not wind enough
To stir the vane aloft.

“No, not a cat's paw anywhere:
Hold up your finger in the air
You couldn't feel a breath;
For why, in yonder storm that burst,
The wind that blew so hard at first
Had blown itself to death.

"No cloud aloft to throw a shade ;
No distant breezy ripple made
The ocean dark below.
No cheering sign of any kind ;
The more we whistled for the wind
The more it did not blow.

"The hands were idle, one and all ;
No sail to reef against a squall ;
No wheel, no steering now !
Nothing to do for man or mate,
But chew their cud and ruminate,
Just like the Captain's Cow.

"Day after day, day after day,
Becalm'd the Jolly Planter lay,
As if she had been moor'd :
The sea below, the sky a-top
Fierce blazing down, and not a drop
Of water left aboard !

"Day after day, day after day,
Becalm'd the Jolly Planter lay,
As still as any log ;
The parching seamen stood about,
Each with his tongue a-lolling out,
And panting like a dog—

"A dog half mad with summer
heat
And running up and down the street,
By thirst quite overcome ;
And not a drop in all the ship
To moisten cracking tongue and lip,
Except Jamaica rum !

"The very poultry in the coop
Began to pine away and droop—
The cook was first to go !
And glad we were on all our parts,
He used to damp our very hearts
With such a ropy crow.

"But worst it was, we did allow,
To look upon the Captain's Cow,
That daily seem'd to shrink ;
Deprived of water, hard or soft,
For, though we tried her oft and oft,
The brine she wouldn't drink ;

"But only turn'd her bloodshot eye,
And muzzle up towards the sky,
And gave a moan of pain,
A sort of hollow moan and sad,
As if some brutish thought she had
To pray to heav'n for rain ;

"And sometimes with a steadfast
stare
Kept looking at the empty air,
As if she saw, beyond,
Some meadow in her native land,
Where formerly she used to stand
A-cooling in the pond.

"If I had only had a drink
Of water then, I almost think
She would have had the half ;
But as for John the Carpenter,
He couldn't more have pitied her
If he had been her calf.

"So soft of heart he was and kind
To any creature lame, or blind,
Unfortunate, or dumb :
Whereby he made a sort of vow,
In sympathising with the Cow,
To give her half his rum ;—

"An oath from which he never
swerv'd,
For surely as the rum was serv'd
He shared the cheering dram ;
And kindly gave one half at least,
Or more, to the complaining beast,
Who took it like a lamb.

"At last with overclouding skies
A breeze again began to rise,
That stiffen'd to a gale :
Steady, steady, and strong it blew ;
And were not we a joyous crew,
As on the Jolly Planter flew
Beneath a press of sail !

"Swiftly the Jolly Planter flew,
And were not we a joyous crew,
At last to sight the land !
A glee there was on every brow,
That like a Christian soul the Cow
Appear'd to understand.

"And was not she, a mad-like thing,
To land again and taste the spring,
Instead of fiery glass :
About the verdant meads to scour,
And snuff the honey'd cowslip flower,
And crop the juicy grass !

"Whereby she grew as plump and
hale
As any beast that wears a tail,
Her skin as sleek as silk ;
And through all parts of England now
Is grown a very famous Cow,
By giving Rum-and-Milk !"



BILLS OF MORTALITY.

MR. WITHERING'S CONSUMPTION, AND ITS CURE.

A DOMESTIC EXTRAVAGANZA.

“Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, all stuck with yew,
Oh, prepare it!”—TWELFTH NIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

“And who was Mr. Withering?”

Mr. Withering, Gentle Reader, was a drysalter of Dowgate-hill. Not that he dealt in salt, dry or wet—or, as you might dream, in dry salt stockfish, ling, and Findon haddies, like the salesmen in Thames-street. The commodities in which he trafficked, wholesale, were chiefly drugs, and dyewoods, a business whereby he had managed to accumulate a moderate fortune. His character was unblemished,—his habits regular and domestic,—but although advanced in years beyond the middle age, he was still a bachelor.

“And consumptive? Why then according to Dr. Imray’s book, he had hair of a light colour, large blue eyes, long eyelashes, white and

regular teeth, long fingers with the nails contracted or curved, a slender figure, and a fair and blooming countenance."

Not exactly, miss. Mr. Withering was rather dark—

"Oh yes—as the doctor says, the tuberculous constitution is not confined to persons of sanguineous temperaments and fair complexion. It also belongs to those of a very different appearance. The subjects of this affection are often of a swarthy and dark complexion, with coarse skin, dark hair, long dark eyelashes, black eyes, thick upper lip, short fingers, broad nails, and a more robust habit of body, with duller intellect, and a careless or less active disposition."

Nay, that is still not Mr. Withering. To tell the truth, he was not at all like a consumptive subject:—not pigeon-breasted, but broad chested—not emaciated, but plump as a partridge—not hectic in colour, but as healthily ruddy

as a redstreak apple—not languid, but as brisk as a bee,—in short, a comfortable little gentleman, of the *Pickwick* class, something, perhaps, quizzical, but nothing phthisical in his appearance.

"Why, then, what was the matter with the man?"

A decline, madam. Not the rapid decay of nature, so called, but one of those declines which an unfortunate lover has sometimes to endure from the lips of a cruel beauty; for Mr. Withering, though a steady, plodding man of business, in his warehouse or counting-house, was, in his parlour or study, a rather romantic and sensitive creature, with a strong turn for the sentimental, which had been nourished by his course of reading—chiefly in the poets, and especially such as dealt in *Love Elegies*, like his favourite *Hammond*. Not to forget *Shenstone*, whom, in common with many readers of his standing, he regarded as a very nightingale of sweetness and pathos in expressing the tender passion. Nay, he even ventured occasionally to clothe his own amatory sentiments in verse, and in sundry poems painted his torments by flames and darts, and other instruments of cruelty, so shockingly, that, but for certain allegorical touches, he might have been thought to be describing the ingenious torture of some poor white captive by a red Indian squaw.



PREDESTINATION.

But, alas ! his poetry, original or borrowed, was of no more avail than his plain prose against that petrification which he addressed as a heart, in the bosom of Miss Puckle. He might as well have tried to move all Flintshire by a geological essay ; or have picked his way with a toothpick into a Fossil Saurian. The obdurate lady had a soul above trade, and the offer of the drysalter and lover, with his dying materials in either line, was met by what is called a *flat* refusal, though it sounded, rather, as if set in a *sharp*.

Now in such cases, it is usual for the Rejected One to go into something or other, the nature of which depends on the temperament and circumstances of the individual, and I will give you six guesses, Gentle Reader, as to what it was that Mr. Withering went into when he was refused by Miss Puckle.



LOOKING UP TO THE OVERSEER.

"Into mourning?"

No.

"Into a tantrum?"

No.

"Into the Serpentine?"

No—nor into the Thames, to sleep in peace in Bugsby's Hole.

"Into the Army or Navy?"

No.

"Into a madhouse?"

No.

"Into a Hermitage?"

No—nor into a Monastery.

The truth is, he opportunely remembered that his father's great aunt, Dinah, after a disappointment in love, was carried off by Phthisis Pulmonalis ; and as the disease is hereditary, he felt, morally as well as physically and grammatically, that he must, would, could, should, and ought to go like a true Withering into a Consumption.

"And did he, sir?"

He did, miss ;—and so resolutely, that he sold off his business, at a sacrifice, and retired, in order to devote the rest of his life to dying for Amanda—*alias* Miss Susan Puckle. And a long job it promised to be, for he gloried in dying very hard, and in pining for her, which of course is not to be done in a day. And truly, instead of a lover's going off, at a pop, like Werter, it must be much more satisfactory to a cruel Beauty, to see her victim deliberately expiring by inches, like a Dolphin, and dying of as many hues,—now crimson with indignation, then looking blue with despondence, anon yellow with jaundice, or green with jealousy—at last fading into a melancholy mud-colour, and thence darkening into the black tinge of despair and death. It is said, indeed, that when the cruel Miss Puckle was informed of his dying for her, she exclaimed, "Oh ! I hope he will let me *crimp* him first,—like a skate !"

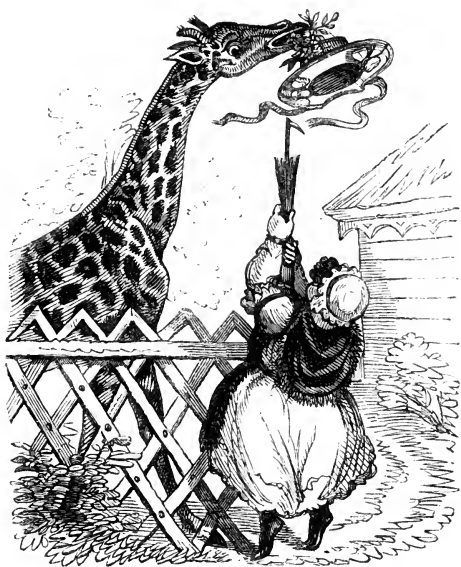
CHAPTER II.

"BUT did Mr. Withering actually go into a consumption?"

As certainly, miss, as a passenger steps of his own accord into an omnibus that is going to Gravesend. He had been refused, and had a strong sentimental impression that all the Rejected and Forsaken Martyrs of true love were carried off sooner or later, by the same insidious disease. Accordingly his first step was to remove from the too keen air of Pentonville, to the milder climate of Brompton, where he took a small detached house, adapted to the state of single unblestness, to which he was condemned. For with all his conviction of the propriety, or necessity of the catastrophe, his dying for love did not involve a love for dying; he might soon have to breathe his last, but it should be of a fine air.

His establishment consisted but of two female servants; namely, a housemaid, and a middle-aged woman, at once cook, housekeeper, and nurse, who professedly belonged to a consumptive family, and therefore knew what was good or bad, or neither, for all pulmonary complaints. Her name was Button.

She was tall, large-boned, and hard-featured; with a loud voice, a stern eye, and the decided manner of a military sergeant—a personage adapted, and in fact accustomed, to rule much more refractory patients than her master. It did not indeed require much persuasion to induce him to take to wear "flannin next his skin," or woollen comforters round his throat and wrists, or even a hareskin on his chest in an east wind. He was easily led to adopt cork soles and clogs against wet, and a great-coat in cold weather—nay, he was even out-talked into putting his jaw into one of those hideous contrivances called Respirators. But this was nothing. He was absolutely compelled to give up all animal food and fermented liquors—to renounce successively his joint, his steak, his chop, his chicken, his calves' feet, his drop of brandy, his gin-



"WELL, THIS IS A HIGH MOVE!"

and-water, his glass of wine, his bottled porter, his draught ditto, and his ale down to that bitter pale sort, that he used to call his *Bass* relief. No, he was not even allowed to taste the table-beer. He had promised to be consumptive, and Mrs. Button took him at his word. As much light pudding, sago, arrow-root, tapioca—or gruel—with toast-and-water, barley-water, whey, or apple-tea, as often as he pleased—but as to meat or “stimuluses,” she would as soon give him “Alick’s Acid, or Corrosive Supplement.”

To this dietary dictation, the patient first demurred, but soon submitted. Nothing is more fascinating or dangerous to a man just rejected by a female, than the show of kindness by another of the sex. It restores him to his self-love—nay, to his very self,—reverses the sentence of social excommunication just pronounced against him, and contradicts the moral annihilation implied in the phrase of being “nothing to nobody.” A secret well known to the sex, and which explains how so many unfortunate gentlemen, crossed in love, happen to marry the housemaid, the cook, or any kind creature in petticoats—the first Sister of Charity, black, brown, or carrotty, who cares a cuss—

“Oh!—”

—a custard for their appetite, or a comforter for their health. Even so with Mr. Withering. He had offered himself from the top of his Brutus to the sole of his shoe to Miss Puckle, who had plumply told him that he was not worth having as a gift. And yet, here—in the very depth of his humiliation, when he would hardly have ventured to bequeath his wretched body to an anatomical lecturer—here was a female, not merely caring for his person in general, but for parts of it in particular—his poor throat and his precious chest, his delicate trachea, his irritable bronchial tubes, and his tender lungs. Nevertheless, no onerous tax was imposed on his gratitude; the only return required—and how could he refuse it!—was his taking a Temperance, or rather Total Abstinence Pledge for his own benefit. So he supped his semi-solids and swallowed his slops; merely remarking on one occasion, after a rather rigorous course of barley-water, that if his consumption increased he thought he should “try *Madeira*,” but whether the island, or the wine, he left in doubt.



JO—AFTER VACCINATION.

CHAPTER III.

In the meantime Mr. Withering continued as plump as a partridge, and as rosy as a redstreak apple. No symptoms of the imputed disease made their appearance. He slept well, ate well of sago, &c., drank well of barley-water and the like, and shook hands with a palm not quite so hard and dry as a dead Palm of the Desert. He had neither hectic flushes nor shortness of breath—nor yet pain in the chest, to which three several physicians in consultation applied their stethoscopes.

Doctor A.—hearing nothing at all.

Doctor B.—Nothing particular.

Doctor C.—Nothing wrong.

And Doctor E. distinctly hearing a cad-like voice, proclaiming “all right.”

Mr. Withering, nevertheless, was dying—if not of consumption, of *ennui*—the mental weariness of which he mistook for the physical lassitude so characteristic of the other disease. In spite, therefore, of the faculty, he clung to the poetical theory that he was a blighted drysalter, withering prematurely on his stem; another victim of unrequited love, whom the utmost care could retain but a few short months from his cold grave. A conviction he expressed to posterity in a series of

Petrarchian sonnets, and in plain prose to his housekeeper, who only insisted the more rigidly on what she called her “regimental rules” for his regimen, with the appropriate addition of Iceland Moss. A recipe to which he quietly submitted, though obstinately rejecting another prescription of provincial origin—namely, snails beaten up with milk. In vain she told him from her own experience in Flanders, that they were reckoned not only nourishing but relishing by the Belgians, who after chopping them up with bread crumbs and sweet



PREPARING A HOT BED.

herbs, broiled them in the shells, in each of which a small hole was made, to enable the Flemish epicure to blow out the contents.* Her

* The origin perhaps of the vulgar phrase, “a good blow out.”

master decisively set his face against the experiment, alleging plausibly enough, that the operation of snails must be too slow for any galloping complaint.

There was, however, one experiment, of which on his own recommendation Mr. Withering resolved to make a trial—change of air, of course involving change of scene. Accordingly, packing his best suit and a few changes of linen in his carpet-bag, he took an inside place in the Hastings coach, and was whirled down ere night to that favourite Cinque Port. And for the first fortnight, thanks to the bracing yet mild air of the place, which gave tone to his nerves, without injury to his chest, the result exceeded his most sanguine expectations. But alas! he was doomed to a relapse, a revulsion so severe, that, in a more advanced stage of his complaint he ought to have “gone out like a snuff.”

“What, from wet feet, or a damp bed?”

No, madam—but from a promenade, with dry soles, on a bright day in June, and in a balmy air that would not have injured a lung of lawn-paper.

CHAPTER IV.

Poor Mr. Withering!

Happy for him had he but walked in any other direction—up to the Castle or down to the beach—had he only bent his steps westward to



LOVERS' SEAT.

Harlington or Bexhill, or eastward to Fairlight,—or to the Fish-ponds—but his sentimental bias would carry him towards Lovers' Seat,—and there—on the seat itself—he beheld his lost Amanda, or rather Miss Puckle, or still more properly, Mrs. Scrimgeour, who, with her bridegroom, had come to spend the honeymoon at green Hastings. The astounded drysalter stood aghast and agape at the unexpected encounter; but the lady, cold and cutting as the East wind, vouchsafed no sign of recognition.

The effect of this meeting was a new shock to his system. He felt, at the very moment, that he had a hectic flush, hot and cold fits, with palpitation of the heart,—and his disease set in

again with increased severity. Yes, he was a doomed man, and might at once betake himself to the last resource of the consumptive.

"Not," he said, "not that all the ass's milk in England would ever lengthen his years."

Impressed with this conviction, and heartily disgusted with Hastings, he repacked his carpet-bag, and returned by the first coach to London, fully convinced, whatever the pace of the Rocket, or the nature of the road, that he was going very fast, and all down hill.

CHAPTER V.

It was about ten o'clock at night when Mr. Withering arrived at his own residence in Brompton; but although there was a light in the parlour, a considerable time elapsed before he could obtain admittance.

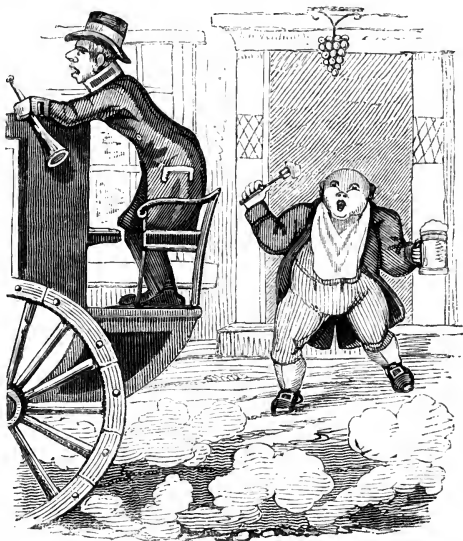
At last, after repeated knockings and ringings, the street-door opened, and disclosed Mrs. Button, who welcomed her master with an agitation which he attributed at once to his unexpected return, and the marked change for the worse which of course was visible in his face.

"Yes, you may well be shocked—but here, pay the coachman and shut the door, for I'm in a draught. You may well be shocked and alarmed, for I'm looking, I know, like death,—but bless me, Mrs. Button, the house smells very savoury!"

"It's the drains as you sniff, sir," said the Housekeeper; "they always do smell strongish afore rain."

"Yes, we shall have wet weather, I believe—and it may be the drains—though I never smelt anything in my life so like fried beef-steaks and onions!"

"Why, then, to tell the truth," said Mrs. Button, "it *is* beef and inguns; it's a favourite dish of mine, and as you're forbid animal food, I thought I'd jest treat myself, in your absence, so as not to tantalise you with the smell."



"ALL RIGHT!" "NO—I'M LEFT."

"Very good, Mrs. Button, and very considerate. Though with your lungs, I hardly approve of hot suppers. But there seems to me another smell about the house,—yes—most decidedly—the smell of tobacco."

"Oh, that's the plants!" exclaimed the Housekeeper—"the geraniums that I've been smoking,—they were eaten up alive with green animalcules."

"Humph!" said Mr. Withering, who, sniffing about like a spaniel, at last made a point at the Housekeeper herself.

"It's very odd—very odd, indeed—but there is a sort of perfume about *you*, Mrs. Button—not exactly lavender or Eau de Cologne—but more like the smell of liquor."

"Law, sir!" exclaimed the Housekeeper, with a rather hysterical chuckle, "the sharp nose that you have surely! Well, sure enough the tobacco-smoke did make me squeamish, and I sent out for a small quantity of arduous spirits just to settle my stomach. But never mind the luggage, sir, I'll see to that, while you go up to the drawing-room and the sofey, for you do look like death, and that's the truth."

And suiting her actions to her words, she tried to hustle her master towards the staircase; but his suspicions were now excited, and making



UNLICENSED VICTUALLERS.

a piglike dodge round his driver, he bolted into the parlour, where he beheld a spectacle that fully justified his misgivings.

"Lord! what did he see, sir?"

Nothing horrible, madam; only a cloth laid for supper, with plates, knives, and forks, and tumblers for two. At one end of the table stood a

foaming quart-pot of porter; at the other a black bottle, labelled "Cream of the Valley," while in the middle was a large dish of smoking hot beefsteaks and onions. For a minute he wondered who was to be the second party at the feast, till, guided by a reflection in the looking-glass, he turned towards the parlour-door, behind which, bolt upright and motionless as waxwork, he saw a man, as the old song says,

"Where nae man should be."

"Heyday! Mrs. Button, whom have we here?"

"If you please, sir," replied the abashed Housekeeper, "it's only a consumptious brother of mine, as is come up to London for physical advice."

"Humph!" said Mr. Withering, with a significant glance towards

the table, "and I trust that in the mean time you have advised him to abstain, like your master, from animal food and stimulants."

"Why you see, sir, begging your pardon," stammered Mrs. Button, "there's differences in constitutions. Some people requires more nourishing than others. Besides, there's two sorts of consumption."

"Yes, so I see," retorted Mr. Withering; "the one preys on your vitals and the other on your victuals."

Just at this moment a scrap of paper on the carpet attracted his eye, and at the same time catching that of Mrs. Button, and both parties making an attempt together to pick it up, their heads came into violent collision.

"It's only the last week's butcher's bill," said the Housekeeper, rubbing her forehead.

"I see it is," said the master, rubbing the top of his head with one hand, whilst, with the bill in the other, he ran through the items, from beef to veal, and from veal to mutton, boggling especially at the joints.

"Why, zounds! ma'am, your legs run very large!"

"My legs, sir?"

"Well, then, *mine*, as I pay for them. Here's one I see of eleven pounds, and another of ten and a half. I really think my two legs, cold one day and hashed the next, might have dined you through the week, without four pounds of my chops!"

"Your chops, sir?"

"Yes, my chops, woman—and if I had not dropped in, you and your consumptive brother there would be supping on my steaks. You would eat me up alive?"

"You forget, sir," muttered the Housekeeper, "there's a nousemaid."

"Forget the devil!" bel-
lowed Mr. Withering, fairly
driven beyond his patience, and
out of his temper by different
provocatives; for all this time
the fried beef and onions,—one
of the most savoury of dishes,
—had been steaming under
his nose, suggesting rather

annoying comparisons between the fare before him and his own diet.

"Yes, here have I been starving these two months on spoon victuals and slops, while my servants, my precious servants—confound them!—were feasting on the fat of the land! Yes, you, woman! you—with your favourite dishes,—my fried steaks, and my boiled legs, and my broiled



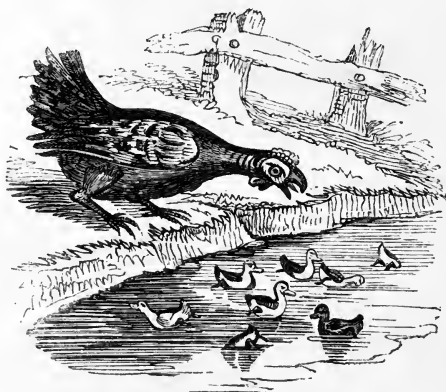
JEWISH DISABILITIES.—FIRST REMOVE.

chops, but forbidding *me*—*me* your master,—to dine even on my own kidneys, or my own sweetbread! But if I'll be consumptive any longer I'll be——”

The last word of the sentence, innocent or profane, was lost in the loud slam of the street-door—for Mrs. Button's consumptive brother, disliking the turn of affairs, had quietly stolen out of the parlour, and made his escape from the house.

“And did Mr. Withering observe his vow?”

Most religiously, madam. Indeed, after dismissing Mrs. Button with her “regimental rules,” he went rather to the opposite extreme, and dined and supped so heartily on his legs and shoulders, his breast and ribs, his loins, his heart, and liver, and his calf's head, and moreover washed them down so freely with wine, beer, and strong waters, that there was far more danger of his going out with an Apoplexy than of his going into a Consumption.



A FLEET OFF THE MOTHER BANK.

A REFLECTION ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

“THOSE Evening Bells—those Evening Bells!”

How sweet they used to be, and dear!
When full of all that Hope foretells,
Their voice proclaim'd the new-born Year!

But, ah! much sadder now I feel,
To hear that old melodious chime,
Recalling only how a *Peel*
Has tax'd the *comings-in* of Time!



"NOW FOR AN EFFECT!"

A HARD CASE.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?
'Tis with their judgments as their watches, none
Go just alike, but each believes his own."—POPE.

THAT Doctors differ, has become a common proverb; and truly, considering the peculiar disadvantages under which they labour, their variances are less wonders than matters of course. If any man works in the dark, like a mole, it is the Physician. He has continually, as it were, to divine the colour of a pig in a poke—or a cat in the bag. He is called in to a suspected *trunk* without the policeman's privilege of a search. He is expected to pass judgment on a physical tragedy going on in the house of life, without the critic's free admission to the performance. He is tasked to set to rights a disordered economy, without, as the Scotch say, going "*ben*," and must guess at riddles hard as Sampson's as to an animal with a honey-combed inside. In fact, every malady is an Enigma, and when the doctor gives you over, he "gives it up."

A few weeks ago one of these puzzles, and a very intricate one, was proposed to the faculty at a metropolitan hospital. The disorder was desperate: the patient writhed and groaned in agony—but his *lights* as usual threw none on the subject. In the meantime the case made a noise, and medical men of all degrees and descriptions,

magnetizers, homœopathists, hydropathists, mad doctors, sane doctors, quack doctors, and even horse doctors, flocked to the ward, inspected the symptoms, and then debated and disputed on the nature of the disease. It was in the brain, the heart, the liver, the nerves, the muscles, the skin, the blood, the kidneys, the "globes of the lungs," "the momentum," "the pancras," "the capilaire vessels," and the "gutty sereny." Then for its nature: it was chronic, and acute, and intermittent, and non-contagious, and "ketching," and "inflammable," and "hereditary," and "eclectic," and Lord knows what besides. However, the discussion ended in a complete wrangle, and every doctor being mounted on his own theory, never was there such a scene since the Grand Combat of Hobby Horses at the end of Mr. Bayes's Rehearsal!

"*It's in his STOMACH!*" finally shouted the House-Surgeon,—after the departing disputants,—"*it's in his stomach!*"

The poor patient, who in the interval had been listening between his groans, no sooner heard this decision, than his head seemed twitched by a spasm, that also produced a violent wink of the left eye. At the same time he beckoned to the surgeon.

"You're all right, Doctor—as right as a trivet."

"I know I am," said the surgeon,—"*it's in your stomach.*"

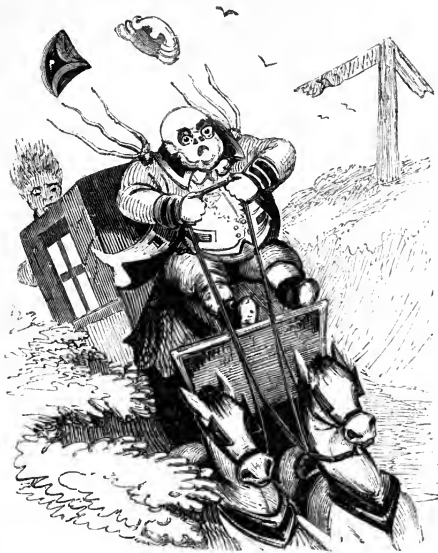
"*It is in my stomach, sure enough.*"

"Yes—flying gout—"

"Flying what!" exclaimed the patient. "No, no sich luck, Doctor," and he made a sign for the surgeon to put his ear near his lips, "*it's six Hogs and a Bull, as I've swaller'd.*"



DE LUNATICO INQUIRENDO.



"CIRCUMSTANCES OVER WHICH I HAVE NO CONTROL."

ENGLISH RETROGRESSION.

"*BACK her!*" shouted the Captain, from the paddle-box of the Lively to the cabin-boy on the deck, who repeated the command to the engineer in the hold—and the paddles being reversed to order, the packet, with a retrograde motion, began to approach the pier, to which she was soon secured by a hawser. Her passage across the Channel had been a rough one: but as all passages come to an end at last, she had arrived in a French harbour and smooth water.

There is this advantage in a stormy voyage by sea, that it makes one land on a foreign soil as cordially as if it were native; and accordingly with the most perfect satisfaction I found myself standing, high and dry, in that seaport, the name of which Queen Mary of England, surnamed the Bloody, declared would be found engraven on her heart—the earliest instance, by the by, of lithography. For my own part, my heart was also deeply interested in the locality, which, to an Englishman, is classical ground, and associated with literary fictions as well as historical facts. Not to name a certain slender figure of a Traveller in black, with a clerical wig and hat, my mind's eye was filled with the familiar phantoms of personages almost as real to me as the place itself; and the very scenery in which they had played their parts was shortly to be before me. With the help of a Calais touter, I had found my way to the wrong Hotel, the master of which stood bowing to me, as only a

Frenchman can bow, and congratulating me—or rather all France—if not all Europe—on my safe arrival. In compliment to my nation, he pretended to use our native language, but of course it was a strange jargon—for it seems to be the pleasure of “our Sweet Enemy France”—as Sir Philip Sidney called her—since she cannot break our ranks, or our banks, or our hearts, heads, winds, or spirits, to break our English. But my head and heart were too full of Monsieur Dessein, the Mendicant Monk, the Désobligeant, the Remise, the Fair Fleming, and the Snuff-Box, to notice or resent the liberties that were taken with our insular tongue.

“And now, Monsieur,” said I, after bandying civilities which employed us to the top of the first flight of stairs—“and now, Monsieur, be pleased to show me the chamber which was occupied by the Author of the ‘Sentimental Journey.’”

“La journée?”

“Yes, the apartment of our Tristram Shandy.”

“L’apartement—triste—”

“Exactly: the room where he had the memorable interview with the Monk of the Franciscan order.”

“Order?—ah!—oui—yes—you shall order, sare, what you will please—”

“All in good time, Monsieur,—but I must first see the room that was tenanted by our immortal Sterne.”

“Sterne!” ejaculated my host—“eh?—Sterne?—Diable l’emporte!—it is de oder Hotel. Mon Dieu! c’est une drole de chose—but de English pepels when dey come to Calais, dey always come *Sterne foremost!*”



“MAY WE NE’ER WANT A FRIEND, OR A BOTTLE TO GIVE HIM”



"SET DOWN ONE, AND CARRY ONE."

THE LITTLE BROWNS.

TAKING into account the peculiar circumstances of the country, and the particular juncture, coincident with the depreciation of our gold money, there is something strange and puzzling about the proposed issue of a new coinage of Half-Farthings.

In a cheap country one can understand the utility and convenience of such small monies :—for example, in France or Belgium with their centimes—or in Germany with its pfennings, ten of which are equivalent to one of our pence. For in any of these lands it is still possible to procure some article or other in exchange for a coin of the lowest denomination : but in England, dear England, what is there that one can purchase for such a mite as one of the new fractions? Nothing. The traditionary farthing rushlight has risen to four times the price, and the old ha'penny roll has rolled into a penny one. And half a farthing? The only commodity I know of to be obtained for such a trifle is—kicks!

"I'd kick him for half a farthing."

It is barely possible, however, that at the street stalls, or in hawkers' baskets, there may be something in the lozenge or lollipop line to be bought for one of these new doits. But the issue of a new coinage, of a novel value, expressly for the convenience of little children with limited incomes, is a thing not to be supposed.

It is not likely, either, that the penny has thus been split into

eighths, because the oranges have been eight for sixpence ; neither is it probable that our copper currency has been chopped so small only to make it more like mint sauce.

Is it possible that, alarmed by the depreciation of our sovereigns, our rulers have thought of producing a coin not valuable enough for plugging—and too little and light for sweating—even in the present warm weather ?

Is it plausible that to meet the haggling which hard times will produce, these copper minims have been invented so that two merchants or brokers who have boggled about a farthing, may split the difference and effect a bargain ? Such a supposition were too derogatory to our modern Greshams.

A certain Journal, indeed, has hinted that the measure will benefit the poor, by their receiving fractions which hitherto have never been

given to the petty purchaser ; but surely this argument is untenable, for will not the same coinage enable the seller to impose a fraction hitherto impracticable on his article—for example, a penny and one-eighth on his bun or roll ?

The new denomination can hardly be intended—against an universal Income Tax—to enable a man with four-pence-farthing a year to pay three per cent. on his annuity. The Victoria D.G. on the new coin, would never lend her royal countenance to any such speculation.

Is it possible, in consideration of the dearness of bread, that the Lilliputian currency has been invented for the purchase of such tiny little loaves as Gulliver used to devour by the dozen ? Alas ! the people who make money are not so considerate for those who don't !

With none of these views is it likely that the Demi Farthings have been minted—nor yet to encourage low play, by furnishing almost nominal stakes for short whist and games of chance.

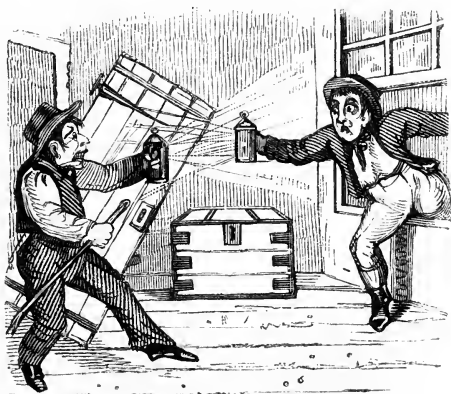
To what purpose, then, have the dwarf coppers been introduced ? There still remains one use for them, and really it appears on plausible grounds to have been the very use intended by the authors of the measure—namely, to be given away.



A RECEIPT IN FULL.

The universal distress of the working classes—the rapid increase of pauperism, and the broad hint which has been thrown out, that the wants of the starving population must be provided for by voluntary contribution, tend strongly to favour this hypothesis. The man and woman with a spare penny—the lady and gentleman with a spare shilling, will be enabled, by this very small change, to enlarge the sphere of their benevolence; and the noble philanthropist, whose generosity amounts to a guinea, may have a thousand beggars beset his gate, and “none go unrelieved away!” Yes—thanks to our mint-masters, we shall be indulged with cheap charity, if nothing else!

But besides the mendicants, the minute coin will be serviceable to give to children,—to crossing sweepers, watermen, Jacks-in-the-water, and other humble officials, who look to ladies and gentlemen for fees. Whether the Half-Farthings will do to tip servants, guards, chamber-maids, stage-coachmen, waiters, or box-keepers, is more problematical: how it might answer to slip such a gratuity into the itching palm of a powdered portly Footman, or Hall Porter, in crimson and gold, or sky blue and silver—one of those pampered menials who lounge about the doors of Portland Place, and vainly ask each other the meaning of “Destitution in the Metropolis”—how it might do, to present such a tipping to such a topping personage, to offer such tribute money to such a Cæsar, is very, very questionable: but in these hard times, when every retrenchment is desirable, the experiment at least ought to be made—nay, should even a young lady call with her subscription-book to beg for something for the little Blacks, it might not be amiss to introduce her to the little Browns.



DOUBLE ENTRY

SKIPPING.

A MYSTERY.

LITTLE Children skip,
The rope so gaily gripping,
Tom and Harry,
Jane and Mary,
Kate, Diana,
Susan, Anna,
All are fond of skipping !

The Grasshoppers all skip,
The early dew-drop sipping,
Under, over,
Bent and clover,
Daisy, sorrel,
Without quarrel,
All are fond of skipping !

The tiny Fairies skip,
At midnight softly tripping,
Puck and Peri,
Never weary,
With an antic,
Quite romantic,
All are fond of skipping !

The little Boats they skip,
Beside the heavy Shipping,
While the squalling
Winds are calling,
Falling, rising,
Rising, falling,
All are fond of skipping !

The pale Diana skips,
The silver billows tipping,
With a dancing
Lustre glancing
To the motion
Of the ocean—
All are fond of skipping !

The little Flounders skip,
When they feel the dripping ;
Scorching, frying,
Jumping, trying

If there is not
Any shying,
All are fond of skipping !

The very Dogs they skip,
While threatened with a whip—
Wheeling, prancing, [ping,
Learning dancing,
To a measure,
What a pleasure !
All are fond of skipping !

The little Fleas they skip,
And nightly come a nipping
Lord and Lady,
Jude and Thady,
In the night
So dark and shady—
All are fond of skipping !

The Autumn Leaves they skip ;
When blasts the trees are strip-
Bounding, whirling, [ping ;
Sweeping, twirling,
And in wanton
Mazes curling,
All are fond of skipping !

The Apparitions skip,
Some mortal grievance ripping,
Thorough many
A crack and cranny,
And the keyhole
Good as any—
All are fond of skipping !

But oh ! how Readers skip,
In heavy volumes dipping !
* * * * * and * * * * *
* * * * * and * * * * *
* * * * * and * * * * *
* * * * *
All are fond of skipping !

AN EPIGRAM.

'Tis said of Lord B., none is keener than he
To spit a Wild Boar with éclat ;
But he never gets near to the Brute with his spear,
He gives it so very much *law*.



THE OMNI-BUSS.

THE OMNIBUS.

A SKETCH ON THE ROAD.

It was a fine evening in Autumn, but late enough to be dusk, as my friend F. was driving me, in a gig, along a road near Chigwell, in Essex, when suddenly we were startled by loud and repeated screams, as from numerous female voices.

F. immediately pulled up:—whilst the alarming chorus was repeated from throats in better time than unison—followed by entreaties for help.

The sounds came from above; and looking up towards the top of the bank on the right hand side of the road, which was cut through a hill, we perceived an omnibus, with two females perched on the roof, and another on the box, who held the whip and the reins. At every window, moreover, appeared one or two caps or bonnets, accounting for the full chorus we had just heard.

Leaving our own vehicle in the road, we hastened to the rescue; and having first helped the ladies to alight, proceeded to get the omnibus into the road—a task of considerable difficulty. The females in the meanwhile scrambled down to the low ground, where we found them clustered round the senior of the party, who, seated on the stump of a tree, was giving way to sundry gesticulations and exclamations, which being echoed and imitated by a fuggle-woman on either side, were copied and

repeated again by some eighteen young ladies of various ages and very different sizes. In reality, the Principal, teachers, and pupils of Prospect-House Establishment, at Woodford.

"O! I never!" exclaimed the Governess: and eighteen juvenile voices and two middle-aged ones instantly reiterated, "O, I never!"

"It's a Providence we were not killed!" cried the Governess; and as if they had been at their responses in church, the twenty voices simultaneously repeated, "Providence we were not killed!"

My experience in the suburban woodlands suggested a tolerable guess at the truth, which the narrative of Mrs. Vandeleur afterwards confirmed. The ladies of Prospect-House Establishment had been enjoying their annual Gipsying in Epping Forest—a festival from



A SPILL CASE.

which prudence and principle rigorously excluded the other sex, with the exception of one Tobias, who during the illness of the household coachman, had been recommended for the service, as a sober, steady, civil, and family man. Well, they had gone, she said, to the old perennial rendezvous, a certain retired spot, secure from vulgar intrusion, and betaken themselves to their rural recreations, some pursuing Entomology (she meant hunting butterflies), others studying botany (by

picking harebells and looking for "eagles" and "oak trees" in sliced fern-stalks), the graphical sketching picturesque stumps, and land-skiping—and the young ones picking ladybirds, or playing at hide and seek. For herself, she had enjoyed "Sturm's Reflections" under an umbrageous beech, whilst Miss Tancred and Miss Groper spread the hospitable cloth on Flora's lap, and disposed on it the viands and beverages congenial to a Juvenile Fête Champêtre, namely, cold pigeon pie, ham and beef sandwiches, and tea-cakes, with flasks of home-made gooseberry, currant, and cowslip wine, and a few bottles of porter and ale, for the more mature of the sylvan revellers. These good things, with grace before and after, having been duly discussed, not forgetting the allotment of a portion for Tobias—the votaries of Flora, &c., again

betook themselves to their rural felicity till recalled by the sound of a large handbell, when the little flock having been counted over, they proceeded to the rendezvous,—a majestic Monarch of the Forest, alias oak—and punctual to appointment there stood the green Omnibus, the PARAGON, with its horses ready harnessed—but where was Tobias?

In vain twenty shrill voices made the woods ring with “Tobias!—bias!—ias!”—no Tobias answered. In speechless alarm, the anxious females clustered again around the Governess, gazing in each others’ faces with blank looks, when suddenly they were startled by a strange sound from the interior of the vehicle.—Yes, there certainly was somebody snoring in the omnibus, but nobody cared to verify the fact, by inspection, for suppose it should not be Tobias? At last the more courageous Miss Groper ventured to open the door and look in, and alas! for human frailty! Tobias it was indeed, helplessly, hopelessly drunk!



A ROCKING HORSE.

Poor Tobias! Too corpulent to skip after butterflies, or climb for birds’ nests, too ignorant to read “Sturm’s Reflections,” or in truth any thing else, and unable to play hide and seek with himself, he had found the time pass away very tediously,

“Under the shade of melancholy boughs.”

He had looked on the sole of each boot, more than once, and into the crown of his hat still oftener, and had blown his nose, and counted the fourpence halfpenny in his pocket over and over, but he could not always be blowing his nose without a cold, or counting fourpence halfpenny. How then was he to occupy or amuse himself but by eating and drinking?—the last, indeed, being encouraged by the heat of the weather, and the discovery of certain bottles of ale and stout, and home-made wines amongst the remnants of the feast. So tapping a bottle of ale, he quaffed it off, not without drinking the health of the Governess and the ladies in general, succeeded by more particular toasts, as the “young ’oman in the welwet cape,” “she in the blue bonnet,” and the like. Then he drank the porter, and then he instinctively put to the horses, for the fatigue of which he refreshed himself with another bottle of ale, and then tasted the wines, and then feeling drowsy, crept into the further corner of the ’bus for a nap, till the arrival of the company. But the malt liquor had been more potent, and his slumbers were deeper than he had reckoned on. The maidens might as well have attempted to rouse Rip Van Winkle.

What was to be done? There was not a house within reach, or a creature within hail. The gloom of evening was fast deepening, and the prospect of being benighted in the Forest, associated, by some



"I DO BESEECH YOU, PLAY UPON THIS PIPE."

at least, with wild beasts and banditti, reconciled the females, old and young, to the only alternative. The Governess and the majority of the ladies got into the omnibus, allowing the horrid creature as wide a birth as they could—the two teachers ascended outside to the roof—and the box was assigned to Miss Wrigglesworth, who on the strength of having once driven a donkey shay, assumed the whip and the ribbons, and set the horses in motion by one cut at the reins and another at the traces. Luckily the horses were steady and sensible animals, and being allowed their own way at first, kept the coach out of difficulties, till the cha-

rioteer attempting some manœuvres of her own, contrived to perch the omnibus on an eminence dangerous even for a Paragon.

The rest may be briefly told. Tobias was dragged from the vehicle by the legs, and after a hearty shaking, was secured by the side of F. in the gig. The omnibus, I volunteered to pilot to Prospect House, where I safely deposited its precious freight—the Governess literally overwhelming me with her acknowledgments—and the young ladies declaring one and all, with every appearance of sincerity, that "they would never, never, never go any where again *without Gentlemen*."



AN INGRATE.



LITTLE AND BIGAMY.

MORAL REFLECTIONS ON THE CROSS OF ST. PAUL'S.

THE man that pays his pence, and goes
 Up to thy lofty cross, St. Paul,
 Looks over London's naked nose,
 Women and men :
 The world is all beneath his ken,
 He sits above the *Ball*.
 He seems on Mount Olympus' top,
 Among the Gods, by Jupiter ! and lets drop
 His eyes from the empyreal clouds
 On mortal crowds.

Seen from these skies,
 How small those emmets in our eyes !
 Some carry little sticks—and one
 His eggs—to warm them in the sun :
 Dear ! what a hustle,
 And bustle !

And there's my aunt. I know her by her waist,
 So long and thin,
 And so pinch'd in,
 Just in the pismire taste.

Oh ! what are men ?—Beings so small,
 That, should I fall
 Upon their little heads, I must
 Crush them by hundreds into dust !

And what is life ? and all its ages—
 There's seven stages !
 Turnham Green ! Chelsea ! Putney ! Fulham !
 Brentford ! and Kew !
 And Tooting, too !
 And oh ! what very little nags to pull 'em.
 Yet each would seem a horse indeed,
 If here at Paul's tip-top we'd got 'em ;
 Although, like Cinderella's breed,
 They're mice at bottom.
 Then let me not despise a horse,
 Though he looks small from Paul's high cross !
 Since he would be,—as near the sky,
 —Fourteen hands high.

What is this world with London in its lap ?
 Mogg's Map.
 The Thames, that ebbs and flows in its broad channel ?
 A *tidy* kennel.
 The bridges stretching from its banks ?
 Stone planks.

Oh me ! hence could I read an admonition
 To mad Ambition !
 But that he would not listen to my call,
 Though I should stand upon the cross, and *ball* !



VERY DEAF, INDEED.



A HARPY.

THE PRAYSE OF IGNORANCE.

AN EXTRACT FROM AN ORATION DELIVERED BEFORE THE MOST GRAVE AND
LEARNED FACULTY OF PADUA, BY THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

Now your Clowne knoweth none of the Bokeman's troubles, and his dayes be the longer ; for he doth not vault upon the fierie Pegasus, but jumpes merrilye upon old Ball, who is a cart-horse, and singeth another man's song, which hath, it may be, thirty and six verses, and a burthen withal, and goes to a tune which no man knowes but himself. Alsoe, he wooes the ruddye Cicely, which is not a Muse, but as comely a maide of fleshe as needes be, and many daintye ballades are made of their loves, as may be read in our Poets their Pastoralls ; only that therein he is called Damon, which standes for Roger, and Cicely, belike, is yeleped Sylvia, as belongs to their pastorall abodes. Where they lead soe happye life as to stir up envye in the towne's women, who would faine become Shepherdesses, by hook and by crook, and get green gownes and lay down upon the sweet verdant grass. Oh, how pleasauntly they sit all the daye long under a shady tree, to hear the young lambes ; but at night they listen to the plaintive Philomell, and the gallaunts doe make them chapelets : or, if it chance to be May, they goe a Mayingé, whilst the yonge buds smell sweetlye, and the littel birdes are whistlynge and hoppinge all about.

Then Roger and Cicely sit adowne under the white haw-thorne, and he makes love to her in a shepherd-like waye, in the midst of her flocke. She doth not minde sheepes'-eyes. Even like Cupid and Psyche, as they are set forthe by a cunning Flemishe Limner, as hath been my hap to behold in the Low Countrie, wherein Cupid, with his one hand, is a toyinge with the haire of his head; but with the other, he handleth



ACTED PROVERB.—“SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.”

the fair neck of his mistress, who sitteth discreetly upon a flowerie bank, and lookes down as beseemes upon her shoon; for she is vain of her modestye. This I have seen at the Hague.

And Roger sayth, O Cicely, Cicely, how prettye you be; whereat she doth open her mouthe, and smiles loudly; which, when he heares, he sayth again, Nay, but I doe love thee passing well, and with that lays a loud buss upon her cheek, which cannot blushe by reason of its perfect ruddynesse. Anon, he spreadeth in her lap the pink ribbands which he bought at the wake, for her busking, and alsoe a great cake of ginger brede, which causeth her heart to



THE MAIN-PIPE.

be in her mouthe. Then, quoth he, The little Robins have got their mates, and the prettye Finches be all paired, and why sholde not we?

And, quoth she, as he kisseth her, O Robin, Robin, you be such a sweet-billed bird, that I must needes crye “Aye.” Wherefore, on the Sundaye, they go to the Parishe Church, that they may be joyned into one,

and be no more single. Whither they walk tenderly upon their toes, as if they stepped all the way upon eggshells. And Roger hath a brave bowpot at his bosom, which is full of Heart's Ease ; but Cicely is decked with ribbands, a knot here, and a knot there, and her head is furnished after a dainty fashion, soe that she wishes, belike, that she was Roger to see herselfe all round about,—and content her eyes upon her own



MISS TREF.

devices. Whereas, Roger smells to his nosegay ; but his looks travel, as the crabbe goeth, which is side-ways, towards Cicely ; and he smiles sweetly, to think how that he is going to be made a husband-man, and alsoe of the good cheere which there will be to eat that daye. Soe he walks up to the altar with a stout harte ; and when the parson hath made an ende, he kisseth Cicely afreshe, and their markes are registered as man and wife in the church bokes.

After which, some threescore yeares, it may befall you to light on a grave-stone, and, on the wood thereof, to read as followeth :—

“ Here I bee, Roger Rackstrawe, which did live at Dipmore Ende, of this Parishe—but now in this tomb.

Time was that I did sowe and plough,
That lyes beneath the furrowes now ;
But though Death sowes me with his graine,
I knowe that I shall spring againe.”

Now is not this a life to be envye, which needeth so many men's paynes to paint its pleasures ? For, saving the Law clerkes, it is set forth by all that write upon sheepe's skins, even the makers of pastoralls : wherein your Clowne is constantly a figure of Poetry,—being allways

amongst the leaves. He is their Jack-i'-the-Green.—Wherefore I crye, for my owne part, Oh ! that I were a Boore ! Oh ! that I were a Boore ! that troubleth no man, and is troubled of none. Who is written, wherein he cannot reade, and is mayde into Poetry, that yet is no Poet; for how sholde he make songs, that knoweth not King Cadmus his alphabet, to pricke them down withal?—

Seeing that he is nowayes learnede—nor hath never bitten of the Apple of Knowledge, which was but a sowre crabbe apple, whereby Adam his wisdom-teeth were set on edge. Wherefore, he is much more a happye man, saying unto his lusty yonge Dame, We twaine be one fleshe.—But the Poet sayth to his mate, Thou art skin of my skin, and bone of my bone; soe that this saying is not a paradoxe,—That the Boke Man is a Dunce in being Wise,—and the Clowne is Wise, in being a Dunce.



"I WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

EPIGRAM

ON A CERTAIN EQUESTRIAN STATUE AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

WHOEVER has looked upon Wellington's breast,
Knows well that he is not so full in the chest;
But the sculptor, to humour the Londoners partial,
Has turn'd the lean Duke to a plump City Marshal.



BETTER LATE THAN NEVER, AS THE GERMANS SALUTE.

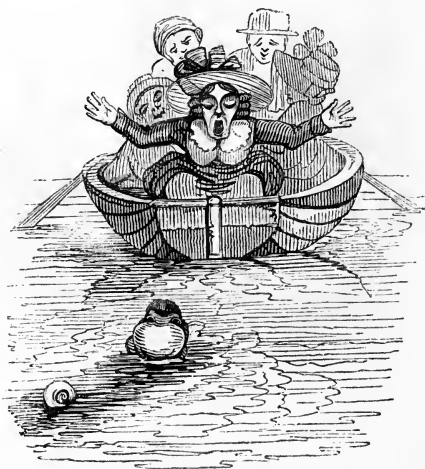
A VALENTINE.

OH! cruel heart! ere these posthumous papers
 Have met thine eyes, I shall be out of breath;
 Those cruel eyes, like two funereal tapers,
 Have only lighted me the way to death.
 Perchance, thou wilt extinguish them in vapours,
 When I am gone, and green grass covereth
 Thy lover, lost; but it will be in vain—
 It will not bring the vital spark again.

Ah! when those eyes, like tapers, burn'd so blue,
 It seemed an omen that we must expect
 The sprites of lovers; and it boded true,
 For I am half a sprite—a ghost elect;
 Wherefore I write to thee this last adieu,
 With my last pen—before that I effect
 My exit from the stage; just stopp'd before
 The tombstone steps that lead us to death's door.

Full soon these living eyes, now liquid bright,
 Will turn dead dull, and wear no radiance, save
 They shed a dreary and inhuman light,
 Illum'd within by glow-worms of the grave;

These ruddy cheeks, so pleasant to the sight,
 These lusty legs, and all the limbs I have,
 Will keep Death's carnival, and, foul or fresh,
 Must bid farewell, a long farewell, to flesh !



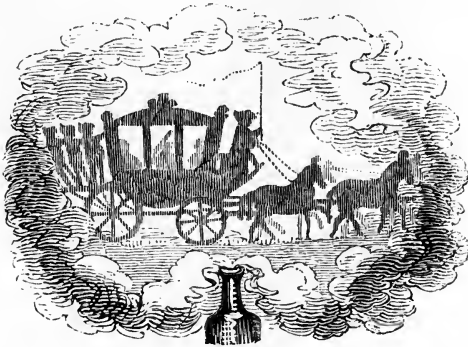
THE PARTING OF POMPEY AND CORNELIA.

Yea, and this very heart, that dies for thee,
 As broken victuals to the worms will go ;
 And all the world will dine again but me—
 For I shall have no stomach ;—and I know,
 When I am ghostly, thou wilt sprightly be
 As now thou art : but will not tears of woe
 Water thy spirits, with remorse adjunct,
 When thou dost pause, and think of the defunct ?

And when thy soul is buried in a sleep,
 In midnight solitude, and little dreaming
 Of such a spectre—what, if I should creep
 Within thy presence in such dismal seeming ?
 Thine eyes will stare themselves awake, and weep,
 And thou wilt cross thyself with treble screaming,
 And pray with mingled penitence and dread
 That I were less alive—or not so dead.

Then will thy heart confess thee, and reprove
 This wilful homicide which thou hast done :
 And the sad epitaph of so much love
 Will eat into my heart, as if in stone :

And all the lovers that around thee move,
 Will read my fate, and tremble for their own ;
 And strike upon their heartless breasts, and sigh ,
 " Man, born of woman, must of woman die ! "



" COME LIKE SHADOWS, SO DEPART,
 SHOW HIS EYES AND GRIEVE HIS HEART. "

Mine eyes grow dropsical—I can no more—
 And what is written thou may'st scorn to read,
 Shutting thy tearless eyes.—'Tis done—'tis o'er—
 My hand is destin'd for another deed.
 But one last word wrung from its aching core,
 And my lone heart in silentness will bleed ;
 Alas ! it ought to take a life to tell
 That one last word—that fare—fare—fare thee well !



" RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE. "



A LADY WITH A CAPTAIN IN HER EYE.

ANACREONTIC.

BY A FOOTMAN.

It's very well to talk in praise
Of Tea and Water-drinking ways,
In proper time and place ;
Of sober draughts, so clear and cool,
Dipp'd out of a transparent pool
Reflecting heaven's face.

Of babbling brooks, and purling rills,
And streams as gushes from the hills,
It's very well to talk ;—
But what becomes of all sich schemes,
With ponds of ice, and running streams,
As doesn't even walk ?

When Winter comes with piercing cold,
And all the rivers, new or old,
Is frozen far and wide ;
And limpid springs is solid stuff,
And crystal pools is hard enough
To skate upon, and slide ;—

What then are thirsty men to do,
 But drink of ale, and porter too,
 Champagne as makes a fizz;
 Port, sherry, or the Rhenish sort,
 And p'rhaps a drop of summut short—
 The water-pipes is friz!

A MORNING THOUGHT.

No more, no more will I resign
 My couch so warm and soft,
 To trouble trout with hook and line,
 That will not spring aloft.

With larks appointments one may fix
 To greet the dawning skies,
 But hang the getting up at six,
 For fish that will not *rise*!



BACON IN DEMAND—BRISTLES GETTING UP—A FULL SUPPLY OF BARK—IVORY RATHER BRISK
 —TALLOW IS FLAT—AND THERE'S A RISE IN TIMBER.



BELL ON "THE HAND."

"PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE."

I'LL tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore:—
 Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door :
 So he call'd upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—
 Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.

Now a hand-maid, whatever her fingers be at,
 Will run like a puss when she hears a *rat-tat* :
 So Lucy ran up—and in two seconds more
 Had question'd the stranger and answer'd the door.

The meeting was bliss ; but the parting was woe ;
 For the moment will come when such comers must go :
 So she kiss'd him, and whisper'd—poor innocent thing—
 "The next time you come, love, pray come with a ring."

ON A CERTAIN LOCALITY.

OF public changes, good or ill,
 I seldom lead the mooters,
 But really Constitution Hill
 Should change its name with Shooter's !



"TELL ME, MY HEART, CAN THIS BE LOVE?"

ON THE POPULAR CUPID.

THE figure above was copied, by permission, from a lady's Valentine. To the common apprehension, it represents only a miracle of stall-feeding—a babe-Lambert—a caravan-prodigy of grossness,—but, in the romantic mythology, it is the image of the Divinity of Love.—

In sober verity,—does such an incubus oppress the female bosom? Can such a monster of obesity be coeval with the gossamer natures of Sylph and Fairy in the juvenile faith? Is this he—the buoyant Camdeo,—that, in the mind's eye of the poetess, drifts adown the Ganges in a lotus—

"Pillow'd in a lotus flow'r
Gather'd in a summer hour,
Floats he o'er the mountain wave,
Which would be a tall ship's grave?"—

Is this personage the disproportionate partner for whom Pastorella sigheth,—in the smallest of cots?—Does the platonic Amanda (who is all soul) refer, in her discourses on Love, to this palpable being, who is all body? Or does Belinda, indeed, believe that such a substantial Sagittarius lies ambush'd in her perilous blue eye?

It is in the legend, that a girl of Provence was smitten once, and died, by the marble Apollo: but did impassioned damsel ever dote, and wither, beside the pedestal of this preposterous effigy? or, rather is not the unseemly emblem accountable for the coyness and proverbial reluctance of maidens to the approaches of Love?

I can believe in his dwelling alone in the heart—seeing that he must occupy it to repletion;—in his constancy, because he looks sedentary and not apt to roam. That he is given to melt—from his great pingitude.



BLACK EMANCIPATION.

That he burneth with a flame, for so all fat burneth—and hath languishings—like other bodies of his tonnage. That he sighs—from his size.—

I dispute not his kneeling at ladies' feet—since it is the posture of elephants,—nor his promise that the homage shall remain eternal. I doubt not of his dying,—being of a corpulent habit, and a short neck.—Of his blindness—with that inflated pig's cheek. But for his lodging in Belinda's blue eye, my whole faith is heretic—for *she hath never a sty in it.*



"SON OF THE SLEEPLESS!"



"O, MY BONNIE, BONNIE BET!"

BACKING THE FAVOURITE.

OH a pistol, or a knife!
 For I'm weary of my life,—
 My cup has nothing sweet left to flavour it;
 My estate is out at nurse,
 And my heart is like my purse—
 And all through backing of the Favourite!

At dear O'Neil's first start,
 I sported all my heart,—
 Oh, Becher, he never marr'd a braver hit!
 For he cross'd her in her race,
 And made her lose her place,
 And there was an end of that Favourite!

Anon, to mend my chance,
 For the Goddess of the Dance*
 I pin'd and told my enslaver it;
 But she wedded in a canter,
 And made me a Levanter,
 In foreign lands to sigh for the Favourite!

* The late favourite of the King's Theatre, who left the pas seul of life, for a perpetual *Ball*. Is not that her effigy now commonly borne about by the Italian image vendors—an ethereal form holding a wreath with both hands above her head—and her husband, in emblem, beneath her foot?

Then next Miss M. A. Tree
I adored, so sweetly she
 Could warble like a nightingale and quaver it ;
But she left that course of life
To be Mr. Bradshaw's wife,
 And all the world lost on the Favourite !

But out of sorrow's surf
Soon I leap'd upon the turf,
 Where fortune loves to wanton it and waver it ;
But standing on the pet,
" Oh my bonny, bonny Bet ! "
 Black and yellow pull'd short up with the Favourite !

Thus flung by all the crack,
I resolv'd to cut the pack,—
 The second-raters seem'd then a safer hit !
So I laid my little odds
Against Memnon ! Oh, ye Gods !
 Am I always to be floored by the Favourite !



WEIGHT FOR AGE.

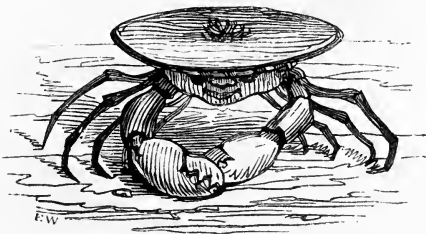


"O, THAT THIS TOO, TOO SOLID FLESH WOULD MELT!"

A COMPLAINT AGAINST GREATNESS.

I AM an unfortunate creature, the most wretched of all that groan under the burden of the flesh. I am fainting, as they say of kings, under my oppressive greatness. A miserable Atlas, I sink under the world of—myself.

But the curious will here ask me for my name. I am then, or they say I am, "The Reverend Mr. Farmer, a four years' old Durham Ox, fed by himself, upon oil cake and mangel-wurzel:" but I resemble that worthy agricultural Vicar only in my fat living. In plain truth I am



A SCOTCH CRAB.

an unhappy candidate for the show at Sadler's, not "the Wells," but the Repository. They tell me I am to bear the bell, (as if I had not enough to bear already!) by my surpassing tonnage—and, doubtless, the prize emblem will be proportioned to my uneasy merits. With a great

Tom of Lincoln about my neck—alas! what will it comfort me to have been “commended by the judges?”

Wearisome and painful was my Pilgrim-like-progress to this place, by short and tremulous steppings, like the digit’s march upon a dial. My owner, jealous of my fat, procured a crippled drover, with a withered limb, for my conductor; but even *he* hurried me beyond my breath. The drawling hearse left me labouring behind; the ponderous fly-waggon passed me like a bird upon the road, so tediously slow is my pace. It just sufficeth, Oh ye thrice happy Oysters! that have no locomotive faculty at all, to distinguish that I am not at rest. Wherever the grass grew by the wayside, how it tempted my natural longings—

the cool brook flowed at my very foot, but this short thick neck forbade me to eat or drink: nothing but my redundant dewlap is likely ever to graze on the ground!

If stalls and troughs were not extant, I must perish. Nature has given to the Elephant a long flexible tube, or trunk, so that he can feed his mouth, as it were, by his nose; but is man able to furnish me with such an implement? Or would he not still withhold it, lest I should prefer the green herb, my natural



PIGMY AND CRANE.

delicious diet, and reject his rank, unsavoury condiments? What beast, with free will, but would repair to the sweet meadow for its pasture; and yet how grossly is he labelled and libelled? Your bovine servant in the catalogue is a “Durham Ox, *fed by himself*, (as if he had any election,) upon oil-cake.”

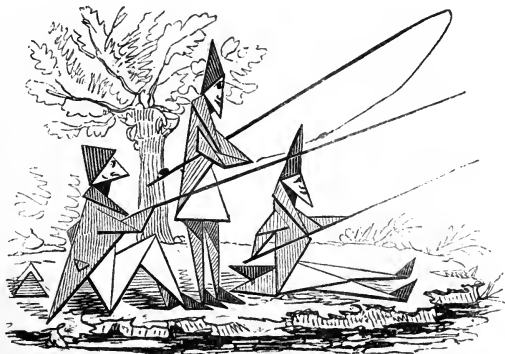
I wonder what rapacious Cook, with an eye to her insatiable greasepot and kitchen perquisites, gave the hint of this system of stall-feeding! What unctuous Hull Merchant, or candle-loving Muscovite, made this grossness a desideratum? If mine were, indeed, like the fat of the tender sucking pig, that delicate glutton, there would be reason for its unbounded promotion; but to see the prize-steak, loaded with that rank yellow abomination, (the lamp-lighters know its relish,) might wean a man from carnivorous habits for ever. Verily, it is an abuse of the Christmas holly, the emblem of Old English and wholesome cheer, to plant it upon such blubber. A gentlemanly entrail must be driven to

extreme straits, indeed, (Davis's Straits,) to feel any yearnings for such a meal; and yet I am told that an assembly of gentry, with all the celebrations of full bumpers and a blazing chimney-pot, have honoured the broiled slices of a prize-bullock, a dishful of stringy fibres, an animal cabbage-net, and that rank even hath been satisfied with its rankness.

Will the honourable club, whose aim it is thus to make the beastly nature more beastly, consider of this matter? Will the humane, when they provide against the torments of cats and dogs, take no notice of our condition? Nature, to the whales, and creatures of their corpulence, has assigned the cool deeps; but we have no such refuge in our melt-ings. At least, let the stall-feeder confine his system to the uncleanly swine which chews not the cud; for let the worthy members conceive on the palate of imagination, the abominable returns of the refuse-linseed in our after-ruminations. Oh! let us not suffer in vain! It may seem presumption in a brute, to question the human wisdom; but, truly, I can perceive no beneficial ends, worthy to be set off against our sufferings. There must be, methinks, a nearer way of augmenting the perquisites of the kitchen-wench and the fire-man,—of killing frogs,—than by exciting them, at the expense of us poor blown-up Oxen, to a mortal inflation.



THE SPARE BED.



TRI-ANGLERS.



SPADE HUSBANDRY.

THE MERMAID OF MARGATE.

“Alas ! what perils do environ
That man who meddles with a siren !”—HUDIBRAS.

On Margate beach, where the sick one roams,
And the sentimental reads ;
Where the maiden flirts, and the widow comes—
Like the ocean—to cast her weeds ;—

Where urchins wander to pick up shells,
And the Cit to spy at the ships,—
Like the water gala at Sadler's Wells,—
And the Chandler for watery dips ;—

There's a maiden sits by the ocean brim,
As lovely and fair as sin !
But woe, deep water and woe to him,
That she snareth like Peter Fin !

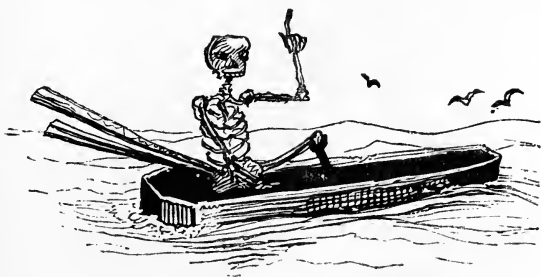
Her head is crown'd with pretty sea-wares,
And her locks are golden and loose ;
And seek to her feet, like other folks' heirs,
To stand, of course, in her shoes !

And, all day long, she combeth them well,
 With a sea-shark's prickly jaw ;
 And her mouth is just like a rose-lipp'd shell,
 The fairest that man e'er saw !



"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

And the Fishmonger, humble as love may be,
 Hath planted his seat by her side ;
 " Good even, fair maid ! Is thy lover at sea,
 To make thee so watch the tide ?"



" COME O'ER THE SEA."

She turn'd about with her pearly brows,
 And clasp'd him by the hand :—
 " Come, love, with me ; I've a bonny house
 On the golden Goodwin Sand."

And then she gave him a siren kiss,
No honeycomb e'er was sweeter :
Poor wretch ! how little he dreamt for this
That Peter should be salt-Peter !

And away with her prize to the wave she leapt,
Not walking, as damsels do,
With toe and heel, as she ought to have stept,
But she hopt like a Kangaroo !

One plunge, and then the victim was blind,
Whilst they gallop'd across the tide ;
At last on the bank he waked in his mind,
And the Beauty was by his side.

One half on the sand, and half in the sea,
But his hair all began to stiffen ;
For when he look'd where her feet should be,
She had no more feet than Miss Biffen !



CLOD AND STICKING.

But a scaly tail of a dolphin's growth
In the dabbling brine did soak :
At last she open'd her pearly mouth,
Like an oyster, and thus she spoke :—

“ You crimpt my father, who was a skate ;—
 And my sister you sold—a maid ;
 So here remain for a fishlike fate,
 For lost you are, and betray’d ! ”

And away she went, with a seagull’s scream,
 And a splash of her saucy tail ;
 In a moment he lost the silvery gleam
 That shone on her splendid mail !

The sun went down with a blood-red flame,
 And the sky grew cloudy and black,
 And the tumbling billows like leap-frog came,
 Each over the other’s back !



“ MOST POTENT, GRAVE, AND REVEREND SIGNIORS, ”

Ah, me ! it had been a beautiful scene,
 With the safe terra-firma round ;
 But the green water-hillocks all seem’d to him,
 Like those in a churchyard ground ;

And Christians love in the turf to lie,
 Not in watery graves to be ;
 Nay, the very fishes will sooner die
 On the land than in the sea :

And whilst he stood, the watery strife
 Encroached on every hand,
 And the ground decreas'd—his moments of life
 Seem'd measur'd, like Time's, by sand ;

And still the waters foam'd in, like ale,
 In front, and on either flank,
 He knew that Goodwin and Co. must fail,
 There was such a run on the bank.—



A BANK DIRECTOR.

A little more, and a little more,
 The surges came tumbling in ;
 He sang the evening hymn twice o'er,
 And thought of every sin !

Each flounder and plaice lay cold at his heart,
 As cold as his marble slab ;
 And he thought he felt in every part
 The pincers of scalded crab.

The squealing lobsters that he had boil'd,
 And the little potted shrimps,
 All the horny prawns he had ever spoil'd,
 Gnaw'd into his soul, like imps !

And the billows were wandering to and fro,
 And the glorious sun was sunk,
 And Day, getting black in the face, as tho'
 Of the night-shade she had drunk !



STRING-HALT.

Had there been but a smuggler's cargo adrift,
 One tub, or keg, to be seen,
 It might have given his spirits a lift
 Or an *anker* where *Hope* might lean !



"DUST O !"

But there was not a box or a beam afloat,
 To raft him from that sad place ;
 Not a skiff, nor a yawl, or a mackerel boat,
 Nor a smack upon Neptune's face.

At last, his lingering hopes to buoy,
He saw a sail and a mast,
And called "Ahoy!"—but it was not a hoy,
And so the vessel went past.

And with saucy wing that flapp'd in his face,
The wild bird about him flew,
With a shrilly scream that twitted his case,
"Why, thou art a sea-gull too!"

And lo! the tide was over his feet;
Oh! his heart began to freeze,
And slowly to pulse:—in another beat
The wave was up to his knees!

He was deafen'd amidst the mountain-tops,
And the salt spray blinded his eyes,
And wash'd away the other salt-drops
That grief had caused to arise;—

But just as his body was all afloat,
And the surges above him broke,
He was saved from the hungry deep by a boat,
Of Deal—(but builded of oak).

The skipper gave him a dram, as he lay,
And chafed his shivering skin;
And the Angel return'd that was flying away
With the spirit of Peter Fin!



'OH, BREATHE NOT HIS NAME!'



"WHO'LL BE MASTER?"

MY SON, SIR.

It happened, the other evening, that, intending to call in L—— Street, I arrived a few minutes before Hyson; when W * * * * *, seated beside the urn, his eyes shaded by his hand,—was catechising his learned progeny, the Master Hopeful, as if for a tea-table degree. It was a whimsical contrast, between the fretful pouting visage of the urchin, having his gums rubbed so painfully, to bring forward his wisdom-tooth—and the parental visage, sage, solemn, and satisfied, and appealing ever and anon, by a dramatic side look, to the circle of smirking auditors.

W * * * * * was fond of this kind of display, eternally stirring up the child for exhibition with his troublesome long pole,—besides lecturing him through the diurnal vacations so tediously, that the poor urchin was fain,—for the sake of a little play,—to get into school again.



"MY SON, SIR."

I hate all forcing-frames for the young intellect,—and the *Locke* system, which after all is but a *Canal* system for raising the babe-mind to unnatural levels. I pity the poor child that is learned in alpha

beta, but ignorant of top and taw—and was never so maliciously gratified, as when, in spite of all his promptings and leading questions, I beheld W * * * * * reddening, even to the conscious tips of his tingling ears, at the boy's untimely inaptitude. Why could he not rest contented, when the poor imp had answered him already, "What was a Roman Emperor?"—without requiring an interpretation of *the Logos*?



"WHO SAYS THERE IS NOT A SURPLUS!"

THE SURPLICE QUESTION.

BY A BENEDICT.

A VERY pretty public stir
Is making, down at Exeter,
About the surplice fashion:
And many bitter words and rude
Have been bestow'd upon the feud,
And much unchristian passion.

For me, I neither know nor care
Whether a Parson ought to wear
A black dress or a white dress;
Fill'd with a trouble of my own,—
A Wife who preaches in her gown,
And lectures in her night-dress!



A JUGLESS NIGHTINGALE.

AS IT FELL UPON A DAY.

I WONDER that W——, the *Ami des Enfants*, has never written a sonnet, or ballad, on a girl that had broken her pitcher. There are in the subject the poignant heart's anguish for sympathy and description—and the brittleness of jars and joys, with the abrupt loss of the watery fruits—(the *pumpkins* as it were) of her labours,—for a moral. In such childish accidents there is a world of woe;—the fall of earthenware is to babes, as, to elder contemplations, the Fall of Man.

I have often been tempted myself to indite a didactic ode to that urchin in Hogarth, with the ruined pie-dish. What a lusty agony is wringing him—so that all for pity he could die;—and then, there is the instantaneous falling-on of the Beggar Girl, to lick up the fragments—expressively hinting how universally want and hunger are abounding in this miserable world,—and ready gaping at every turn, for such windfalls and stray Godsend. But, hark!—what a shrill, feline cry startleth the wild Aldgate!

Oh! what's befallen Bessy Brown,
 She stands so squalling in the street;
 She's let her pitcher tumble down,
 And all the water's at her feet!

The little school-boys stood about,
And laughed to see her pumping, pumping;
Now with a curtsy to the spout,
And then upon her tiptoes jumping.

Long time she waited for her neighbours,
To have their turns ;—but she must lose
The watery wages of her labours,—
Except a little in her shoes !

Without a voice to tell her tale,
And ugly transport in her face;
All like a jugless nightingale,
She thinks of her bereaved case.

At last she sobs—she cries—she screams !—
And pours her flood of sorrows out,
From eyes and mouth, in mingled streams,
Just like the lion on the spout.

For well poor Bessy knows her mother
Must lose her tea, for water's lack,
That Sukey burns—and baby-brother
Must be dry-rubb'd with huck-a-back.



PLATES DONE ON STONE.



THE SPOILED CHILD.

THE SPOILED CHILD.

My Aunt Shakerly was of enormous bulk. I have not done justice to her hugeness in my sketch, for my timid pencil declined to hazard a sweep at her real dimensions. There is a vastness in the outline, of even moderate proportions, till the mass is rounded-off by shadows, that makes the hand hesitate, and be apt to stint the figure of its proper breadth: how, then, should I have ventured to trace, like mapping in a Continent, the surpassing boundaries of my Aunt Shakerly!—

What a visage was hers!—the cheeks, a pair of hemispheres:—her neck literally swallowed up by a supplementary chin. Her arm, cased in a tight sleeve, was as the bolster,—her body like the feather bed of Ware. The waist, which, in other trunks, is an isthmus, was in hers only the middle zone of a continuous tract of flesh;—her ankles overlapped her shoes.

With such a figure, it may be supposed that her habits were sedentary.—When she did walk, the Tower Quay, for the sake of the fresh river-breeze, was her favourite resort. But never, in all her water-side promenades, was she hailed by the uplifted finger of the Waterman. With looks purposely averted he declined, tacitly, such a Fairlopian Fair.—The Hackney-coach driver, whilst she halted over against him, mustering up all her scanty puffings for an exclamation, drove off to the nether pavement, and pleaded a prior call. The chairman, in answer to her signals, had just broken his poles. Thus, her goings were cramped within a narrow circle: many thoroughfares, besides, being strange to her and inaccessible, such as Thames Street, through

the narrow pavements ;—others, like the Hill of Holborn,—from their impracticable steepness. How she was finally to master a more serious ascension, (the sensible incumbrance of the flesh clinging to her even in her spiritual aspirations) was a matter of her serious despondency—a picture of Jacob's Ladder, by Sir F. Bourgeois, confirming her that the celestial staircase was without a landing.

For a person of her elephantine proportions, my Aunt was of a kindly nature—for I confess a prejudice against such Giantesses. She was cheerful, and eminently charitable to the poor,—although she did not condescend to a personal visitation of their very limited abodes. If she had a fault, it was in her conduct towards children—not spoiling them by often repeated indulgences, and untimely severities, the common practice of bad mothers :—it was by a shorter course that the latent and hereditary virtues of the infant Shakerly were blasted in the bud.—

Oh, my tender cousin * * ! (for thou wert yet unbaptised.) Oh ! would thou had'st been,—my little babe-cousin,—of a savager mother born !—For then, having thee comfortably swaddled, upon a backboard, with a hole in it, she would have hung thee up, out of harm's way,



ROCKING-EM, RIDDEN BY DARLING.

above the mantel-shelf, or behind the kitchen-door—whereas, thy parent was no savage, and so, having her hands full of other matters, she laid thee down, helpless, upon the parlour chair !—

In the meantime, the “Herald” came.—Next to an easy seat, my Aunt dearly loved a police newspaper ;—when she had once plunged into its columns, the most vital question obtained from her only a random answer ;—the world and the roasting-jack stood equally still.——So, without a second thought, she dropped herself on the nursing chair.

One little smothered cry—my cousin's last breath, found its way into the upper air,—but the still small voice of the reporter engrossed the maternal ear.

My Aunt never skimmed a newspaper, according to some people's practice. She was as solid a reader as a sitter, and did not get up, therefore, till she had gone through the "Herald" from end to end. When she did rise,—which was suddenly,—the earth quaked—the windows rattled—the ewers plashed over—the crockery fell from the shelf—and the cat and rats ran out together, as they are said to do from a falling house.

"Heyday!" said my uncle, above stairs, as he staggered from the concussion—and, with the usual curiosity, he referred to his pocket-book for the Royal Birthday. But the almanack not accounting for the explosion, he ran down the stairs, at the heels of the housemaid, and there lay my Aunt, stretched on the parlour-floor, in a fit. At the very first glimpse, he explained the matter to his own satisfaction, in three words—

"Ah—the apoplexy!"

Now the housemaid had done her part to secure him against this error, by holding up the dead child; but as she turned the body *edge-ways*, he did not perceive it. When he did see it—but I must draw a curtain over the parental agony—

* * * *

About an hour after the catastrophe, an inquisitive she-neighbour called in, and asked if we should not have the Coroner to sit on the body—: but my uncle replied, "There was no need."—"But in cases, Mr. Shakerly, where the death is not natural."—"My dear Madam," interrupted my uncle,—“it was a natural death enough.”



THE HAIR APPARENT TO THE CROWN.



"MOPPET."



"DOES YOUR MOTHER KNOW YOU'RE OUT?"

THE FALL OF THE DEER.

[FROM AN OLD MS.]

Now the loud Crye is up, and harke !
 The barkye Trees give back the Bark ;
 The House Wife heares the merrie rout,
 And runnes,—and lets the beere run out,
 Leaving her Babes to weepe,—for why ?
 She likes to heare the Deer Dogges crye,
 And see the wild Stag how he stretches
 The naturall Buck-skin of his Breeches,
 Running-like one of Human kind
 Dogged by fleet Bailiffes close behind—
 As if he had not payde his Bill
 For Ven'son, or was owing still
 For his two Hornes, and soe did get
 Over his Head and Ears in Debt ;—
 Wherefore he strives to paye his Waye
 With his long Legges the while he maye :—
 But he is chased, like Silver Dish,
 As well as anye Hart may wish

Except that one whose Heart doth beat
 So faste it hasteneth his feet ;—
 And runninge soe, he holdeth Death
 Four Feet from him,—till his Breath
 Faileth, and slacking Pace at last,
 From runninge slow he standeth faste,



ARCHER, IN THE BOW'S STRATAGEM.

With hornie Bayonettes at baye,
 To baying Dogges around, and they
 Pushing him sore, he pusheth sore,
 And goreth them that seek his Gore,—
 Whatever Dogge his Horne doth rive
 Is dead—as sure as he's alive !
 Soe that courageous Hart doth fight
 With Fate, and calleth up his might,
 And standeth stout that he maye fall
 Bravelye, and be avenged of all,
 Nor like a Craven yield his Breath
 Under the Jawes of Dogges and Death !



“HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER !”



"TAKE, O TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY!"

DECEMBER AND MAY.

"Crabbed Age and Youth cannot live together."—SHAKESPEARE.

SAID Nestor, to his pretty wife, quite sorrowful one day,
 "Why, dearest, will you shed in pearls those lovely eyes away?
 You ought to be more fortified;" "Ah, brute, be quiet, do,
 I know I'm not so fortyfied, nor fiftyfied, as you!"

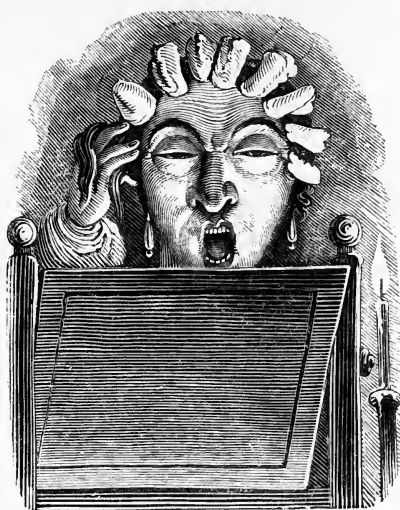
"Oh, men are vile deceivers all, as I have ever heard,
 You'd die for me you swore, and I—I took you at your word.
 I was a tradesman's widow then—a pretty *th*ange I've made;
 To live, and die the wife of one, a widower's trade!"

"Come, come, my dear, these flighty airs declare, in sober truth,
 You want as much in age, indeed, as I can want in youth;
 Besides, you said you liked old men, though now at me you huff."
 "Why, yes," she said, "and so I do—but you're not old enough!"

"Come, come, my dear, let's make it up, and have a quiet hive;
 I'll be the best of men,—I mean,—I'll be the best *alive*!
 Your grieving so will kill me, for it cuts me to the core."—
 "I thank ye, Sir, for telling me—for now I'll grieve the more!"



POINTED INDIFFERENCE.



THE EVENING PAPERS.

A WINTER NOSEGAY.

O, WITHER'D winter Blossoms,
 Dowager-flowers,—the December vanity.
 In antiquated visages and bosoms,—
 What are ye plann'd for,
 Unless to stand for
 Emblems, and peevish morals of humanity?

There is my Quaker Aunt,
 A Paper-Flower,—with a formal border
 No breeze could e'er disorder,
 Pouting at that old beau—the Winter Cherry,
 A pucker'd berry ;
 And Box, like a tough-liv'd annuitant,—
 Verdant alway—
 From quarter-day even to quarter-day ;
 And poor old Honesty, as thin as want,
 Well named—God-wot ;
 Under the baptism of the water-pot,
 The very apparition of a plant ;
 And why,
 Dost hold thy head so high,

Old Winter-Daisy ;—
 Because thy virtue never was infirm,
 Howe'er thy stalk be crazy ?
 That never wanton fly, or blighted worm,



A WINTER NOSEGAY.

Made holes in thy most perfect indentation ?
 'Tis likely that sour leaf,
 To garden thief,
 Forcepp'd or wing'd, was never a temptation ;—
 Well,—still uphold thy wintry reputation ;



A DREAM.

Still shalt thou frown upon all lovers' trial :
 And when, like Grecian maids, young maids of ours
 Converse with flow'rs,
 Then thou shalt be the token of denial.

Away! dull weeds,
 Born without beneficial use or needs!
 Fit only to deck out cold winding-sheets;
 And then not for the milkmaid's funeral-bloom,
 Or fair Fidele's tomb——
 To tantalise,—vile cheats!
 Some prodigal bee, with hope of after-sweets,
 Frigid, and rigid,
 As if ye never knew
 One drop of dew,



“ALL IN THE DOWNS.”

Or the warm sun resplendent;
 Indifferent of culture and of care,
 Giving no sweets back to the fostering air,
 Churlishly independent——
 I hate ye, of all breeds!
 Yea, all that live so selfishly—to self,
 And not by interchange of kindly deeds——
 Hence!—from my shelf!



ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

EQUESTRIAN COURTSHIP.

It was a young maiden went forth to ride,
And there was a wooer to pace by her side;
His horse was so little, and hers so high,
He thought his angel was up in the sky.

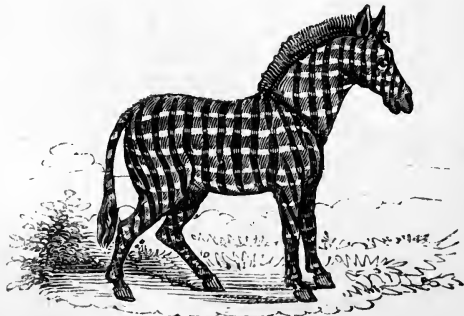
His love was great tho' his wit was small;
He bade her ride easy—and that was all.
The very horses began to neigh,—
Because their betters had nought to say.

They rode by elm, and they rode by oak,
They rode by a church-yard, and then he spoke :—
“My pretty maiden, if you'll agree
You shall always amble through life with me.”

The damsel answer'd him never a word,
But kick'd the gray mare, and away she spurr'd.
The wooer still follow'd behind the jade,
And enjoy'd—like a wooer—the dust she made.

They rode thro' moss, and they rode thro' moor,—
The gallant behind and the lass before :—
At last they came to a miry place,
And there the sad wooer gave up the chase.

Quoth he, “If my nag were better to ride,
I'd follow her over the world so wide.
Oh, it is not my love that begins to fail,
But I've lost the last glimpse of the gray mare's tail !”



CROSS'S ZEBRA.



"SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND."

"SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND."

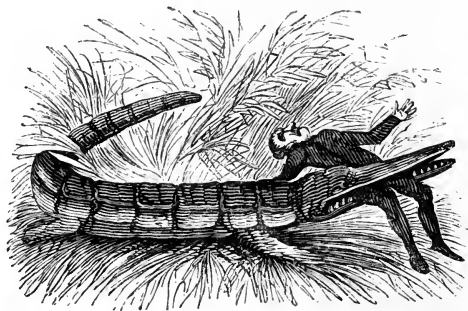
It has been my fortune, or misfortune, sometimes to witness the distresses of females upon shipboard;—that is, in such fresh-victual passages as to Ramsgate—or to Leith. How they can contemplate or execute those longer voyages, beyond Good Hope's Cape,—even with the implied inducements of matrimony,—is one of my standard wonders. There is a natural shrinking—a cat-like antipathy—to water, in the lady-constitution,—(as the false Argonaut well remembered when he shook off Ariadne)—that seems to forbid such sea-adventures. Betwixt a younger daughter, in Hampshire for example,—and a Judge's son of Calcutta, there is, apparently, a great gulf fixed:—

How have I felt, and shuddered, for a timid, shrinking, anxious female, full of tremblings as an aspen,—about to set her first foot upon the stage—but it can be nothing to a maiden's debüt on the deck of an East Indiaman.

Handkerchiefs waving—not in welcome, but in farewell,—Crowded boxes,—not filled with living Beauty and Fashion—but departing luggage. Not the mere noisy Gods of the gallery to encounter,—but those, more boisterous, of the wind and wave. And then, all before her,—the great salt-water Pit!—

As I write this, the figure of Miss Oliver rises up before me,—just as she looked on her first introduction, by the Neptune, to the Ocean. It was her first voyage,—and she made sure would be her last. Her storms commenced at Gravesend,—her sea began much higher up. She had qualms at Blackwall. At the Nore, she came to the mountain-billows of her imagination; for however the ocean may disappoint the expectation, from the land,—on ship-board, to the uninitiated, it hath all its terrors.—The sailor's capful of wind was to her a North-wester.

Every splash of a wave shocked her, as if each brought its torpedo. The loose cordage did not tremble and thrill more to the wind than her nerves. At every tack of the vessel,—on all-fours, for she would not trust to her own feet, and the outstretched hand of courtesy,—she scrambled up to the higher side. Her back ached with straining against the bulwark, to preserve her own, and the ship's, perpendicular :—her eyes glanced right, left, above, beneath, before, behind—with all the alacrity of alarm. She had not organs enough of sight, or hearing, to keep watch against all her imagined perils ; her ignorance of nautical



LONG DIVISION.

matters, in the meantime, causing her to mistake the real sea-dangers for subjects of self-congratulation. It delighted her to understand that there were barely three fathoms of water between the vessel and the ground ;—her notion had been, that the whole sea was bottomless.—When the ship struck upon the sand, and was left there high and dry by the tide, her pleasure was, of course, complete. "We could walk about," she said, "and pick up shells." I believe, she would have been as well contented, if our Neptune had been pedestalled upon a rock ;—deep water and sea-room were the only subjects of her dread. When the vessel, therefore, got afloat again, the old terrors of the landswoman returned upon her with their former force. All possible marine difficulties and disasters were huddled, like an auction medley, in one lot, into her apprehension :—

Cables entangling her,
 Shipspars for mangling her,
 Ropes, sure of strangling her ;
 Blocks over-dangling her ;
 Tiller to batter her,
 Topmast to shatter her,
 Tobacco to spatter her ;
 Boreas blustering,
 Boatswain quite flustering,
 Thunder clouds mustering

To blast her with sulphur—
 If the deep don't engulf her ;
 Sometimes fear's scrutiny
 Pries out a mutiny,
 Sniffs conflagration,
 Or hints at starvation :—
 All the sea-dangers,
 Buccaneers, rangers,



"WHAT WILL THE PEERS DO NEXT?"

Pirates, and Sallee-men,
 Algerine galley-men,
 Tornadoes and typhons,
 And horrible syphons,
 And submarine travels
 Thro' roaring sea-navels ;
 Every thing wrong enough,
 Long-boat not long enough,
 Vessel not strong enough ;
 Pitch marring frippery,
 The deck very slippery,
 And the cabin—built sloping,
 The Captain a-topping,
 And the Mate a blasphemer,
 That names his Redeemer,—

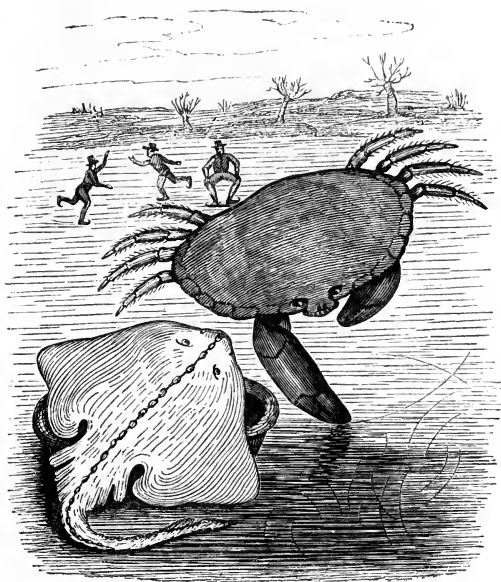
With inward uneasiness ;
 The cook, known by greasiness,
 The victuals beslubber'd,
 Her bed—in a cupboard ;



A DUTCH CODDLING.

Things of strange christening,
 Snatch'd in her listening,
 Blue lights and red lights
 And mention of dead lights,
 And shrouds made a theme of,
 Things horrid to dream of,—
 And *buoys* in the water
 To fear all exhort her ;
 Her friend no Leander,
 Herself no sea gander,
 And ne'er a cork jacket
 On board of the packet ;
 The breeze still a stiffening,
 The trumpet quite deafening ;
 Thoughts of repentance,
 And doomsday and sentence ;
 Every thing sinister,
 Not a church minister,—
 Pilot a blunderer,

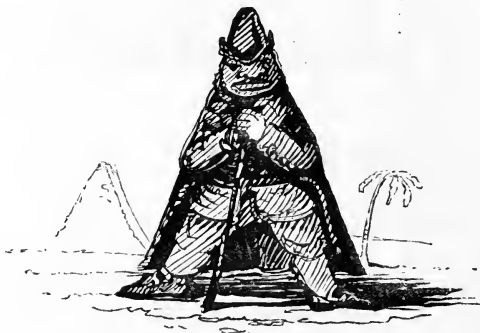
Coral reefs under her,
Ready to sunder her;
Trunks tipsy-topsy,
The ship in a dropsy;
Waves oversurging her,
Syrens a-dirgeing her;
Sharks all expecting her,
Sword-fish dissecting her,
Crabs with their hand-vices
Punishing land vices;
Sea-dogs and unicorns,
Things with no puny horns,
Mermen carnivorous—
"Good Lord deliver us!"



"SEE ME, SKATE!"

The rest of the voyage was occupied,—excepting one bright interval, —with the sea malady and sea-horrors. We were off Flamborough Head. A heavy swell, the consequence of some recent storm to the Eastward, was rolling right before the wind upon the land :—and, once under the shadow of the bluff promontory, we should lose all the advantage of a saving Westerly breeze. Even the seamen looked anxious : but the passengers (save one) were in despair. They were, already, bones of contention, in their own misgivings, to the myriads of cormo-

rants and water-fowl inhabiting that stupendous cliff. Miss Oliver alone was sanguine :—she was all nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles ;—her cheeriness increased in proportion with our dreariness. Even the dismal pitching of the vessel could not disturb her unseasonable levity ;—it was like a lightening before death—but, at length, the mystery was explained. She had springs of comfort that we knew not of. Not brandy,—for that we shared in common ;—nor supplications,—for those we had all applied to ;—but her ears, being jealously vigilant of whatever passed between the mariners, she had overheard from the captain, —and it had all the sound, to her, of a comfortable promise,—that “ if the wind held, we should certainly *go on shore*.”



“ MY NATURE IS SUBDUED TO WHAT IT WORKS IN.”

FANCY PORTRAIT.—DENON.

EPIGRAM.

ON LIEUTENANT EYRE'S NARRATIVE OF THE DISASTERS AT CABUL.

A SORRY tale, of sorry plans,
Which this conclusion grants,
That Affghan clans had all the *Khans*
And we had all the *can'ts*.



NAVY STOCK.



"O! THERE'S NOTHING HALF SO SWEET IN LIFE."

FANCIES ON A TEA-CUP.

I LOVE to pore upon old china—and to speculate, from the images, on Cathay. I can fancy that the Chinese manners betray themselves, like the drunkard's, in their cups.—

How quaintly pranked and patterned is their vessel!—exquisitely outlandish, yet not barbarian.—How daintily transparent!—It should be no vulgar earth, that produces that superlative ware, nor does it so seem in the enamell'd landscape.

There, are beautiful birds; there—rich flowers and gorgeous butterflies, and a delicate clime, if we may credit the porcelain. There be also horrible monsters, dragons, with us obsolete, and reckoned fabulous; the main breed, doubtless, having followed Fohi (our Noah), in his wanderings thither from the Mount Ararat.—But how does that impeach the loveliness of Cathay?—There are such creatures even in Fairyland.

I long often to loiter in those romantic Paradises—studded with pretty temples—holiday pleasure-grounds—the true Tea-Gardens. I like those meandering waters, and the abounding little islands.

And here is a Chinese nurse-maid,—Ho-Fi, chiding a fretful little Pekin child. The urchin hath just such another toy, at the end of a string, as might be purchased at our own Mr. Dunnett's. It argues an advanced state of civilisation, where the children have many playthings; and the Chinese infants—witness their flying fishes and whirligigs, sold by the stray natives about our streets—are far-gone in such juvenile luxuries.

But here is a better token.—The Chinese are a polite people: for

they do not make household, much less husbandry, drudges of their wives. You may read the women's fortune in their tea-cups. In nine cases out of ten, the female is busy only in the lady-like toils of the



STORKS AND LEAVES.

toilette. Lo! here, how sedulously the blooming Hy-son is pencilling the mortal arches, and curving the cross-bows of her eye-brows. A musical instrument, her secondary engagement, is at her almost invisible feet. Are such little extremities likely to be tasked with laborious offices?—Marry, in kicking, they must be ludicrously impotent,—but then she hath a formidable growth of

nails.

By her side, the obsequious Hum is pouring his soft flatteries into her ear. When she walketh abroad, (here it is on another sample) he shadeth her

at two miles off with his umbrella. It is like an allegory of Love triumphing over space. The lady is walking upon one of those frequent

petty islets, on a plain, as if of porcelain, without any herbage, only a solitary flower springs up, seemingly by enchantment, at her fairy-like foot. The watery space between the lovers is aptly left as a blank, excepting her adorable shadow, which is tending towards her slave.



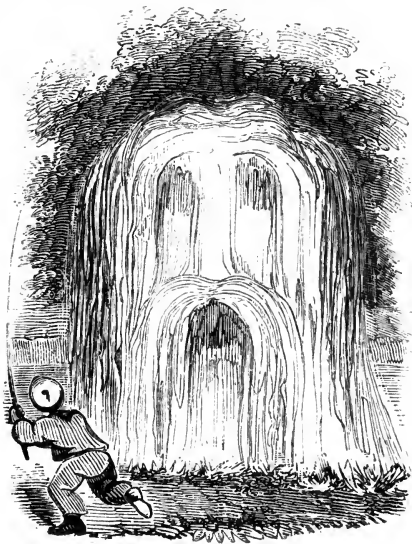
THE SARACEN'S HEAD.

How reverentially is yon urchin presenting his flowers to the Grey-beard! So honourably is age considered in China! There would be some sense, *there*, in birth-day celebrations.

Here, in another compartment, is a solitary scholar, apparently studying the elaborate didactics of Con-Fuse-Ye.

The Chinese have, verily, the advantage of us upon earthenware!

They trace themselves as lovers, contemplatists, philosophers:—whereas, to judge from our jugs and mugs, we are nothing but sheepish piping shepherds and fox-hunters.



THE NEW RIVER HEAD.

WALTON REDIVIVUS.

A NEW-RIVER ECOLOGUE.

“My old New River hath presented no extraordinary novelties lately. But there Hope sits, day after day, speculating on traditionary gudgeons. I think she hath taken the Fisheries. I now know the reasons why our forefathers were denominated East and West Angles. Yet is there no lack of spawn, for I wash my hands in fishets that come through the pump, every morning, thick as motelings—little things that perish untimely, and never taste the brook.”—*From a Letter of C. Lamb.*

[Piscator is fishing,—near the Sir Hugh Middleton’s Head, without either a basket or can. Viator cometh up to him, with an angling-rod and a bottle.]

Via. Good morrow, Master Piscator. Is there any sport afloat?

Pis. I have not been here time enough to answer for it. It is barely two hours ago since I put in.

Via. The fishes are shyer in this stream than in any water that I know.

Pis. I have fished here a whole Whitsuntide through without a nibble. But then the weather was not so excellent as to-day. This nice shower will set the gudgeons all agape.

Via. I am impatient to begin.

Pis. Do you fish with gut?

Via. No—I bait with gentles.

Pis. It is a good taking bait: though my question referred to the nature of your line. Let me see your tackle. Why this is no line, but a ship's cable. It is a six-twist. There is nothing in this water but you may pull out with a single hair.

Via. What, are there no dace, nor perch?—

Pis. I doubt not but there have been such fish here, in former ages. But now-a-days there is nothing of that size. They are gone extinct, like the mammoths.

Via. There was always such a fishing at 'em. Where there was one Angler in former times, there is now a hundred.

Pis. A murrain on 'em!—A New-River fish, now-a-days, cannot take his common swimming exercise without hitching on a hook.

Via. It is the natural course of things, for man's populousness to

terminate other breeds. As the proverb says "The more Scotchmen the fewer herrings." It is curious to consider the family of whales growing thinner according to the propagation of parish lamps.

Pis. Ay, and withal, how the race of man, who is a terrestrial animal, should have been in the greatest jeopardy of extinction by the element of water; whereas the whales, living in the ocean, are most liable to be burnt out.

Via. It is a pleasant speculation. But how is this?—I thought to have brought my gentles comfortably in an old snuff-box, but they are all stark dead!

Pis. The odour hath killed them. There is nothing more mortal than tobacco, to all kinds of vermin. Wherefore, a new box will be indispensable, though, for my own practice I prefer my waistcoat pockets for their carriage. Pray mark this:—and in the meantime I will lend you some worms.

Via. I am much beholden: and when you come to Long Acre, I will faithfully repay you. But, look you, my tackle is still amiss. My float will not swim.

Pis. It is no miracle—for here is at least a good ounce of swan-shots upon your line. It is over-charged with lead.

Via. I confess, I am only used to killing sparrows, and such small fowls, out of the back-casement. But my ignorance shall make me the more thankful for your help and instruction.

Pis. There. The fault is amended. And now, observe,—you must



A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

watch your float very narrowly, without even an eye-wink another way ;—for, otherwise, you may overlook the only nibble throughout the day.

Via. I have a bite already !—my float is going up and down like a ship at sea.

Pis. No. It is only that house-maid dipping in her bucket, which causes the agitation you perceive. 'Tis a shame so to interrupt the honest Angler's diversion. It would be but a judgment of God, now, if the jade should fall in !

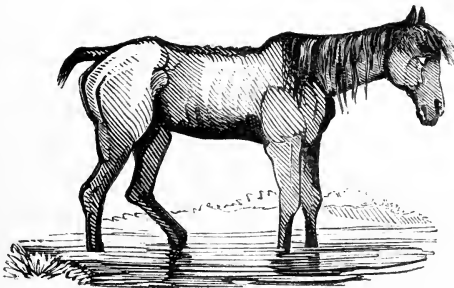
Via. But I would have her only drowned for some brief twenty minutes or so—and then restored again by the Surgeons. And yet I have doubts of the lawfulness of that dragging of souls back again, that have taken their formal leaves. In my conscience, it seems like flying against the laws of predestination.

Pis. It is a doubtful point ; for, on the other hand, I have heard of some that were revived into life by the Doctors, and came afterwards to be hanged.

Via. Marry ! 'tis pity such knaves' lungs were ever puff'd up again ! It was good tobacco-smoke ill wasted ! Oh, how pleasant, now, is this angling, which furnishes us with matter for such agreeable discourse !



"'VOT A BURNIN' SHAME !"



BALL'S FOND.

Surely, it is well called a contemplative recreation, for I never had half so many thoughts before !

Pis. I am glad you relish it so well.

Via. I will take a summer lodging hereabouts, to be near the stream.

How pleasant is this solitude! There are but fourteen a-fishing here, —and of those but few men.

Pis. And we shall be still more lonely on the other side of the City Road.—Come, let's across. Nay, we will put in our lines lower down. There was a butcher's wife dragged for, at this bridge, in the last week.

Via. Have you, indeed, any qualms of that kind?

Pis. No—but, hereabouts, 'tis likely the gudgeons will be gorged.

Now, we are far enough. Yonder is the row of Colebrooke. What a balmy wholesome gust is blowing over to us from the cow-lair.

Via. For my part I smell nothing but dead kittens—for here lies a whole brood in soak. Would you believe it,—to my phantasy, the nine days' blindness of these creatures smacks somewhat of a type of the human pre-existence. Methinks, I have had myself such a mysterious being, before I beheld the light. My dreams hint at it. A sort of world before eyesight.

Pis. I have some dim sympathy with your meaning. At the Creation, there was such a kind of blind-man's-buff work. The atoms

jostled together, before there was a revealing sun. But are we not fishing too deep?

Via. I am afeard on't! Would we had a plummet! We shall catch weeds.

Pis. It would be well to fish thus at the bottom, if we were fishing for flounders in the sea. But there, you must have forty fathom, or so, of stout line; and then, with your fish at the end, it will be the boy's old pastime carried into another element. I assure you, 'tis like swimming a kite!

Via. It should be pretty sport—but hush! My cork has just made a bob. It is diving under the water!—Holla!—I have catch'd a fish!

Pis. Is it a great one?

Via. Purely, a huge one! Shall I put it into the bottle?

Pis. It will be well,—and let there be a good measure of water, too, lest he scorch against the glass.

Via. How slippery and shining it is!—Ah, he is gone!



PISCATOR.

Pis. You are not used to the handling of a New-River fish!—and, indeed, very few be. But hath he altogether escaped?

Via. No; I have his chin here, which I was obliged to tear off, to get away my hook.

Pis. Well, let him go:—it would be labour wasted to seek for him amongst this rank herbage. 'Tis the commonest of Anglers' crosses.

Via. I am comforted to consider he did not fall into the water again, as he was without a mouth,—and might have pined for years. Do you think there is any cruelty in our Art?

Pis. As for other methods of taking fish, I cannot say: but I think none in the hooking of them.—For, to look at the gills of a fish, with those manifold red leaves, like a housewife's needle-book, they are admirably adapted to our purpose; and manifestly intended by Nature to stick our steel in.

Via. I am glad to have the question so comfortably resolved,—for, in truth, I have had some misgivings.—Now, look how dark the water grows! There is another shower towards.

Pis. Let it come down and welcome. I have only my working-day clothes on. Sunday coats spoil holidays. Let every thing hang loose, and time too will sit easy.

Via. I like your philosophy. In this world, we are the fools of restraint. We starch our ruffs till they cut us under the ear.

Pis. How pleasant it would be to discuss these sentiments over a tankard of ale!—I have a simple bashfulness against going into a public tavern, but I think we could dodge into the Castle, without being much seen.

Via. And I have a sort of shuddering about me, that is willing to go



"NOW THEN, WHAT ARE YOU HAT?"



"EASY DOES IT!"

more frankly in. Let us put up, then.—By my halidom! here is a little dead fish hanging at my hook:—and yet I never felt him bite.

Pis. 'Tis only a little week-old gudgeon, and he had not strength enough to stir the cork. However, we may say boldly, that we have caught a fish.

Via. Nay, I have another here, in my bottle. He was sleeping on his back at the top of the water, and I got him out nimbly with the hollow of my hand.

Pis. We have caught a brace then;—besides the great one that was lost amongst the grass. I am glad on't, for we can bestow them upon some poor hungry person in our way home. It is passable good sport for the place.

Via. I am satisfied it must be called so. But the next time I come hither, I shall bring a reel with me, and a ready-made minnow, for I am certain there must be some marvellous huge pikes here; they always make a scarcity of other fish. However, I have been bravely entertained, and, at the first holiday, I will come to it again.

EPIGRAM.

THREE traitors, Oxford—Francis—Bean,
Have miss'd their wicked aim;
And may all shots against the Queen,
In future do the same:
For why, I mean no turn of wit,
But seriously insist,
That if Her Majesty were *hit*,
No one would be so *miss'd*.



SPRING AND FALL.



"DE GUSTIBUS NON EST DISPUTANDUM."

THE SEA-SPELL.

"*Could, could, he lies beneath the deep.*"—*Old Scotch Ballad.*

It was a jolly mariner !
 The tallest man of three,—
 He loosed his sail against the wind,
 And turned his boat to sea :
 The ink-black sky told every eye,
 A storm was soon to be !

But still that jolly mariner
 Took in no reef at all,
 For, in his pouch, confidingly,
 He wore a baby's caul ;
 A thing, as gossip-nurses know,
 That always brings a squall !

His hat was new,—or newly glaz'd
 Shone brightly in the sun ;
 His jacket, like a mariner's,
 True blue as e'er was spun ;
 His ample trowsers, like Saint Paul,
 Bore forty stripes save one.

And now the fretting foaming tide
 He steer'd away to cross ;
 The bounding pinnace play'd a game
 Of dreary pitch and toss ;
 A game that, on the good dry land,
 Is apt to bring a loss !

Good Heaven befriend that little boat,
 And guide her on her way !
 A boat, they say, has canvas wings,
 But cannot fly away !
 Though, like a merry singing-bird,
 She sits upon the spray !



FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES.

Still east by south the little boat,
 With tawny sail, kept beating :
 Now out of sight, between two waves,
 Now o'er th' horizon fleeting :
 Like greedy swine that feed on mast,—
 The waves her mast seem'd eating !

The sullen sky grew black above,
 The waves as black beneath ;
 Each roaring billow show'd full soon
 A white and foamy wreath ;
 Like angry dogs that snarl at first,
 And then display their teeth.

The boatman looked against the wind,
 The mast began to creak,
 The wave, per saltum, came and dried,
 In salt, upon his cheek !
 The pointed wave against him rear'd,
 As if it own'd a pique !



BLACK MONDAY.

Nor rushing wind, nor gushing wave,
 That boatman could alarm,
 But still he stood away to sea,
 And trusted in his charm ;
 He thought by purchase he was safe,
 And arm'd against all harm !

Now thick and fast and far aslant,
 The stormy rain came pouring,
 He heard, upon the sandy bank,
 The distant breakers roaring.—
 A groaning intermitting sound,
 Like Gog and Magog snoring !

The sea-fowl shriek'd around the mast,
 Ahead the grampus tumbled,
 And far off, from a copper cloud,
 The hollow thunder rumbled ;
 It would have quail'd another heart,
 But his was never humbled.

For why? he had that infant's caul;
 And wherefore should he dread?
 Alas! alas! he little thought,
 Before the ebb-tide sped,—
 That like that infant, he should die,
 And with a watery head!

The rushing brine flowed in apace;
 His boat had ne'er a deck;
 Fate seem'd to call him on, and he
 Attended to her beck;
 And so he went, still trusting on,
 Though reckless—to his wreck!

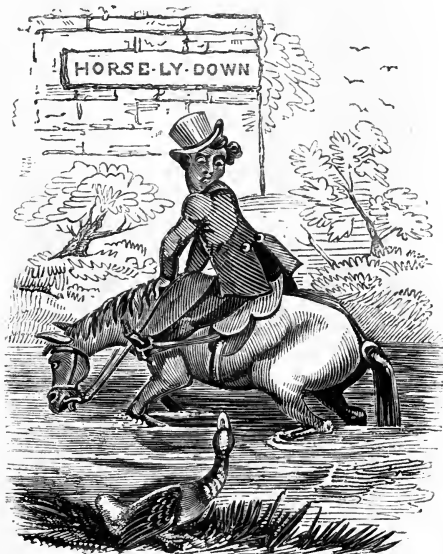


"A PART IS GREATER THAN THE HOLE."

For as he left his helm, to heave
 The ballast-bags a-weather,
 Three monstrous seas come roaring on,
 Like lions leagued together.
 The two first waves the little boat
 Swam over like a feather.—

The two first waves were past and gone,
 And sinking in her wake;

The hugest still came leaping on,
 And hissing like a snake ;
 Now helm a-lee ! for through the midst,
 The monster he must take !



A WATERING-PLACE.

Ah, me ! it was a dreary mount !
 Its base as black as night,
 Its top of pale and livid green,
 Its crest of awful white,
 Like Neptune with a leprosy,—
 And so it rear'd upright !

With quaking sails, the little boat
 Climb'd up the foaming heap ;
 With quaking sails it paused awhile,
 At balance on the steep ;
 Then rushing down the nether slope,
 Plunged with a dizzy sweep !

Look, how a horse, made mad with fear,
 Disdains his careful guide ;
 So now the headlong headstrong boat,
 Unmanaged turns aside,
 And straight presents her reeling flank
 Against the swelling tide !

'The gusty wind assaults the sail ;
 Her ballast lies a-lee !
 The sheet's to windward taut and stiff !
 Oh ! the Lively—where is she ?
 Her capsiz'd keel is in the foam,
 Her pennon's in the sea !



FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

The wild gull, sailing overhead,
 Three times beheld emerge
 The head of that bold mariner,
 And then she screamed his dirge !
 For he had sunk within his grave,
 Lapp'd in a shroud of surge !

The ensuing wave, with horrid foam,
 Rush'd o'er and covered all,—
 The jolly boatman's drowning scream
 Was smother'd by the squall,—
 Heaven never heard his cry, nor did
 The ocean heed his *caul*.



ON THE DART.



"HOW LUCKY, BILL, WE'RE UP HERE!"

A NEW LIFE PRESERVER.

"Of hair-breadth 'scapes."—OTHELLO.

I HAVE read somewhere of a Traveller, who carried with him a brace of pistols, a carbine, a cutlass, a dagger, and an umbrella, but was indebted for his preservation to the umbrella: it grappled with a bush, when he was rolling over a precipice. In like manner, my friend W——, though armed with a sword, rifle, and hunting-knife, owed his existence to his wig!

He was specimen-hunting (for W—— is a first-rate naturalist), somewhere in the backwoods of America, when, happening to light upon a dense covert, there sprang out upon him,—not a panther or catamountain,—but, with a terrible whoop and yell, a wild Indian,—one of a tribe then hostile to our settlers. W——'s gun was mastered in a twinkling, himself stretched on the earth, the barbarous knife, destined to make him balder than Granby's celebrated Marquis, leaped eagerly from its sheath.

Conceive the horrible weapon making its preliminary flourishes and circumgyrations; the savage features, made savager by paint and ruddle, working themselves up to a demoniacal crisis of triumphant malignity; his red right hand clutching the shearing knife; his left the frizzled top-knot; and then, the artificial scalp coming off in the Mohawk grasp!

W—— says the Indian catchpole was, for some moments, motionless, with surprise: recovering, at last, he dragged his captive along, through brake and jungle, to the encampment. A peculiar whoop soon brought the whole horde to the spot. The Indian addressed them with

vehement gestures, in the course of which, W—— was again thrown down, the knife again performed its circuits, and the whole transaction was pantomimically described. All Indian sedateness and restraint were overcome. The assembly made every demonstration of wonder; and the wig was fitted on, rightly, askew, and hind part before, by a hundred pair of red hands. Captain Gulliver's glove was not a greater puzzle to the Hounhyhns. From the men, it passed to the squaws; and from them, down to the least of the urchins; W——'s head, in the meantime, frying in a midsummer sun. At length the phenomenon returned into the hands of the chief—a venerable grey-beard: he examined it afresh, very attentively, and, after a long deliberation, maintained with true Indian silence and gravity, made a speech in his own tongue, that procured for the anxious trembling captive very unexpected honours. In fact, the whole tribe of women and warriors danced round him, with such unequivocal marks of homage, that even W—— comprehended that he was not intended for sacrifice. He was then carried in triumph to their wigwams; his body daubed with their body-colours of the most honourable patterns; and he was given to understand, that he might choose any of their marriageable maidens for a squaw. Availing himself of this privilege, and so becoming, by degrees, more a proficient in their language, he learned the cause of this extraordinary respect.—It was considered, that he had been a great warrior; that he had, by mischance of war, been overcome and tufted; but, that, whether by valour or stratagem, each equally estimable amongst the savages, he had recovered his liberty and his scalp.

As long as W—— kept his own counsel, he was safe; but trusting his Indian Dalilah with the secret of his locks, it soon got wind amongst the squaws, and, from them, became known to the warriors and chiefs. A solemn sitting was held at midnight, by the chiefs, to consider the propriety of knocking the poor wig-owner on the head; but he had received a timely hint of their intention, and, when the tomahawks sought for him, he was on his way, with his Life-preserver, towards a British settlement.



FANCY PORTRAIT.—CAPTAIN HEAD.



SERJEANT MEREWETHER.

FANCY PORTRAITS.

MANY authors preface their works with a portrait, and it saves the reader a deal of speculation. The world loves to know something of the features of its favourites;—it likes the Geniuses to appear bodily, as well as the Genii. We may estimate the liveliness of this curiosity, by the abundance of portraits, masks, busts, china and plaster casts, that are extant, of great or would-be great people. As soon as a gentle-



MR. BOWLES.



ANACREON JUNIOR.

man has proved, in print, that he really has a head,—a score of artists begin to brush at it. The literary lions have no peace to their manes.

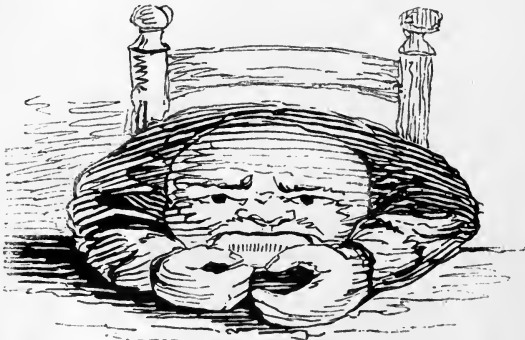
Sir Walter is eternally sitting like Theseus to some painter or other ;—and the late Lord Byron threw out more heads before he died than Hydra. The first novel of Mr. Galt had barely been announced in the second edition, when he was requested to allow himself to be taken “in one minute ;”—Mr. Geoffrey Crayon was no sooner known to be Mr.



THE BARD OF HOPE.

Washington Irving, than he was waited upon with a sheet of paper and a pair of scissors. The whole world, in fact, is one Lavater :—it likes to find its prejudices confirmed by the Hook nose of the Author of Sayings and Doings—or the lines and angles in the honest face of Izaak Walton. It is gratified in dwelling on the repulsive features of a Newgate ordinary ; and would be disappointed to miss the seraphic expression on the Author of the Angel of the World. The Old Bailey jurymen are physiognomists to a fault ; and if a rope can transform a malefactor into an Adonis, a hard gallows face as often brings the malefactor to the rope. A low forehead is enough to bring down its head to the dust. A well-favoured man meets with good countenance ; but when people are plain and

hard-featured (like the poor, for instance,) we grind their faces ; an expression, I am convinced, that refers to the physiognomical theory.



MR. CRABBE.

For my part, I confess a sympathy with the common failing. I take likings and dislikings, as some play music,—at sight. The polar attractions and repulsions insisted on by the phrenologist, affect me not ; but I am not proof against a pleasant or villainous set of features.

Sometimes, I own, I am led by the nose, (not my own, but that of the other party)—in my prepossessions.

My curiosity does not object to the disproportionate number of portraits in the annual exhibition,—nor grudge the expense of engraving a gentleman's head and shoulders. Like Judith, and the daughter of Herodias, I have a taste for a head in a plate, and accede cheerfully to the charge of the charger. A book without a portrait of the author, is worse than anonymous. As in a church-yard, you may look on any number of ribs and shin-bones, as so many sticks merely, without interest; but if there should chance to be a skull near hand, it claims the relics at once,—so it is with the author's head-piece in front of his pages. The portrait claims the work. The *Arcadia*, for instance, I know is none of mine—it belongs to that young fair gentleman, in armour, with a ruff.



THE AUTHOR OF BROAD GRINS.

So necessary it is for me to have an outward visible sign of the



GALILEO.

inward spiritual poet or philosopher, that in default of an authentic resemblance, I cannot help forging for him an effigy in my mind's eye, a Fancy portrait. A few examples of contemporaries I have sketched down, but my collection is far from complete.

How have I longed to glimpse, in fancy, the Great Unknown!—the

Roc of Literature !—but he keeps his head, like Ben Lomond, enveloped in a cloud. How have I sighed for a beau ideal of the author of *Christabel*, and the *Ancient Marinere* !—but I have been mocked with a dozen images, confusing each other, and indistinct as water is in water. My only clear revelation was a pair of Hessian boots, highly polished, or what the ingenious Mr. Warren would denominate his “Aids to Reflection !”

I was more certain of the figure at least of Dr. Kitchener, (p. 510) though I had a misgiving about his features, which made me have recourse to a substitute for his head. Moore's profile struck me over a bottle after dinner, and the countenance of Mr. Bowles occurred to me as in a mirror,—by a tea-table suggestion ; Colman's at the same service ;—and Mr. Crabbe entered my mind's eye with the supper. But the Bard of Hope—the Laureate of promise and expectation,—occurred to me at no meal-time. We all know how Hope feeds her own.

I had a lively image of the celebrated Denon, in a *Midnight dream* (p. 430) and made out the full length of the juvenile Graham, from a hint of Mr. Hilton's.

At a future season I hope to complete my gallery of Fancy-Portraits.



THE OULD GENTLEMAN.



RAMMOHUN ROY.



PANDEANS.

A BALLAD SINGER

Is a town crier for the advertising of lost tunes. Hunger hath made him a wind instrument: his want is vocal, and not he. His voice had gone a-begging before he took it up and applied it to the same trade; it was too strong to hawk mackarel, but was just soft enough for Robin Adair. His business is to make popular songs unpopular,—he gives the air, like a weather-cock, with many variations. As for a key, he has but one—a latch-key—for all manner of tunes; and as they are to pass current amongst the lower sorts of people, he makes his notes like a country banker's, as thick as he can. His tones have a copper sound, for he sounds for copper; and for the musical divisions he hath no regard, but sings on, like a kettle, without taking any heed of the bars. Before beginning he clears his pipe with gin; and he is always hoarse from the thorough draught in his throat. He hath but one shake, and that is in winter. His voice sounds flat, from flatulence; and he fetches breath, like a drowning kitten, whenever he can. Notwithstanding all this his music gains ground, for it walks with him from end to end of the street.

He is your only performer that requires not many entreaties for a song; for he will chaunt, without asking, to a street cur or a parish post. His only backwardness is to a stave after dinner, seeing that he never dines; for he sings for bread, and though corn has ears, sings very commonly in vain. As for his country, he is an Englishman, that by his birthright may sing whether he can or not. To conclude, he is reckoned passable in the city, but is not so good off the stones.



"GIN A BODY MEET A BODY.

MARY'S GHOST.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

'Twas in the middle of the night,
To sleep young William tried,
When Mary's ghost came stealing in,
And stood at his bed-side.

O William dear ! O William dear !
My rest eternal ceases ;
Alas ! my everlasting peace
Is broken into pieces.

I thought the last of all my cares
Would end with my last minute ;
But tho' I went to my long home,
I didn't stay long in it.

The body-snatchers they have come,
And made a snatch at me ;
It's very hard them kind of men
Won't let a body be !

You thought that I was buried deep,
Quite decent like and chary,
But from her grave in Mary-bone
They've come and boned your Mary.

The arm that used to take your arm
Is took to Dr. Vyse ;
And both my legs are gone to walk
The hospital at Guy's.

I vow'd that you should have my hand,
But fate gives us denial ;
You'll find it there, at Doctor Bell's,
In spirits and a phial.

As for my feet, the little feet
You used to call so pretty,
There's one, I know, in Bedford Row,
The t'other's in the city.

I can't tell where my head is gone,
But Doctor Carpue can :
As for my trunk, it's all pack'd up
To go by Pickford's van.

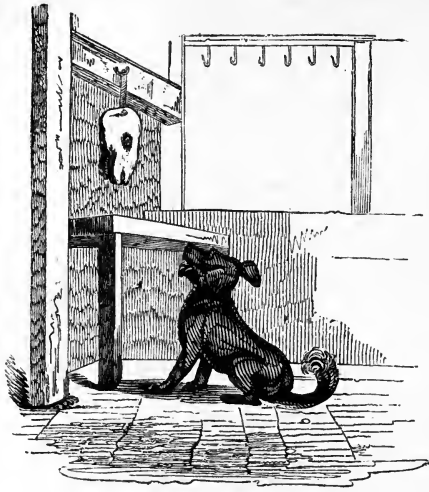
I wish you'd go to Mr. P.
And save me such a ride ;
I don't half like the outside place,
They've took for my inside.

The cock it crows—I must be gone !
My William, we must part !
But I'll be your's in death, altho'
Sir Astley has my heart.

Don't go to weep upon my grave,
And think that there I be ;
They haven't left an atom there
Of my anatomie.



"WHY DON'T YOU GET UP BEHIND?"



STUDY OF A HEAD,—CARLO DOLCE.

THE PROGRESS OF ART.

O HAPPY time ! Art's early days !
 When o'er each deed, with sweet self-praise,
 Narcissus-like I hung !
 When great Rembrandt but little seem'd,
 And such Old Masters all were deem'd
 As nothing to the young !

Some scratchy strokes—abrupt and few,
 So easily and swift I drew,
 Suffic'd for my design ;
 My sketchy, superficial hand,
 Drew solids at a dash—and spann'd
 A surface with a line.

Not long my eye was thus content,
 But grew more critical—my bent
 Essay'd a higher walk ;
 I copied leaden eyes in lead—
 Rheumatic hands in white and red.
 And gouty feet—in chalk.

Anon my studious art for days
 Kept making faces—happy phrase,
 For faces such as mine !
 Accomplish'd in the details then,
 I left the minor parts of men,
 And drew the form divine.

Old Gods and Heroes—Trojan—Greek,
 Figures—long after the antique,
 Great Ajax justly fear'd ;
 Hectors, of whom at night I dreamt
 And Nestor, fring'd enough to tempt
 Bird-nesters to his beard.



INFANT GENIUS.

A Bacchus, leering on a bowl,
 A Pallas, that out-star'd her owl,
 A Vulcan—very lame ;
 A Dian stuck about with stars ;
 With my right hand I murder'd Mars—
 (One Williams did the same.)

But tir'd of this dry work at last,
 Crayon and chalk aside I cast,
 And gave my brush a drink !
 Dipping—" as when a painter dips
 In gloom of earthquake and eclipse,"—
 That is—in Indian ink.

Oh then, what black Mont Blancs arose,
Crested with soot, and not with snows :

What clouds of dingy hue !
In spite of what the bard has penn'd,
I fear the distance did not "lend
Enchantment to the view."

Not Radclyffe's brush did e'er design
Black Forests, half so black as mine,
Or lakes so like a pall ;
The Chinese cake dispers'd a ray
Of darkness, like the light of Day
And Martin over all.



"TOGETHER LET US RANGE THE FIELDS."

Yet urchin pride sustain'd me still,
I gazed on all with right good will,
And spread the dingy tint ;
"No holy Luke help'd me to paint,
The devil surely, not a Saint,
Had any finger in't !"

But colours came !—like morning light,
With gorgeous hues displacing night,
Or Spring's enliven'd scene ;
At once the sable shades withdrew ;
My skies got very, very blue ;
My trees extremely green.

And wash'd by my cosmetic brush,
 How Beauty's cheek began to blush ;
 With lock of auburn stain—
 (Not Goldsmith's Auburn)—nut-brown hair,
 That made her loveliest of the fair ;
 Not "loveliest of the plain !"



POPLAR AND WAPPING.

Her lips were of vermilion hue ;
 Love in her eyes, and Prussian blue,
 Set all my heart in flame !
 A young Pygmalion, I ador'd
 The maids I made—but time was stor'd
 With evil—and it came !

Perspective dawn'd—and soon I saw
 My houses stand against its law ;
 And "keeping " all unkept !
 My beauties were no longer things
 For love and fond imaginings ;
 But horrors to be wept !

Ah ! why did knowledge ope my eyes ?
 Why did I get more artist-wise ?

It only serves to hint,
 What grave defects and wants are mine ;
 That I'm no Hilton in design—
 In nature no Dewint !



FITTED TO A T.

Thrice happy time !—Art's early days !
 When o'er each deed, with sweet self-praise,
 Narcissus-like I hung !
 When great Rembrandt but little seem'd,
 And such Old Masters all were deem'd
 As nothing to the young !



SURIMP SAUCE TO A LOBSTER.

A SCHOOL FOR ADULTS.

-
- Servant.* How well you saw
Your father to school to-day, knowing how apt
He is to play the truant.
- Son.* But is he not
Yet gone to school ?
- Servant.* Stand by, and you shall see.
- Enter three Old Men with satchels, singing.*
- All Three.* Domine, Domine, duster,
Three knaves in a cluster.
- Son.* O this is gallant pastime. Nay, come on ;
Is this your school ? was that your lesson, ha ?
- 1st Old Man.* Pray, now, good son, indeed, indeed—
- Son.* Indeed
You shall to school. Away with him ! and take
Their wagships with him, the whole cluster of them.
- 2d Old Man.* You shan't send us, now, so you shan't—
- 3d Old Man.* We be none of your father, so we ben't.—
- Son.* Away with 'em, I say ; and tell their school-mistress
What truants they are, and bid her pay 'em soundly.
- All Three.* Oh ! oh ! oh !
- Lady.* Alas ! will nobody beg pardon for
The poor old boys ?
- Traveller.* Do men of such fair years here go to school ?
- Native.* They would die dunces else.
These were great scholars in their youth ; but when
Age grows upon men here, their learning wastes,
And so decays, that, if they live until
Threescore, their sons send 'em to school again ;
They'd die as speechless else as new-born children.
- Traveller.* 'Tis a wise nation, and the piety
Of the young men most rare and commendable :
Yet give me, as a stranger, leave to beg
Their liberty this day.
- Son.* 'Tis granted.
Hold up your heads ; and thank the gentleman,
Like scholars, with your heels now.
- All Three.* Gratias ! Gratias ! Gratias ! [Exeunt Singing.]
"THE ANTIPODES,"—By R. Brome.
-

AMONGST the foundations for the promotion of National Education, I had heard of Schools for Adults ! but I doubted of their existence. They were, I thought, merely the fancies of old dramatists, such as that scene just quoted ; or the suggestions of philanthropists—the theoretical buildings of modern philosophers—benevolent prospectuses drawn up by warm-hearted enthusiasts, but of schemes never to be realised. They were probably only the bubble projections of a junto of interested pedagogues, not content with the entrance monies of the rising generation, but aiming to exact a premium from the unlettered greybeard. The age, I argued, was not ripe for such institutions, in spite of the spread of intelligence, and the vast power of knowledge insisted on by the public journalist. I could not conceive a set of men, or gentlemen, of mature years, if not aged, entering themselves as members of preparatory schools, and petty seminaries, in defiance of shame, humiliation,

and the contumely of a literary age. It seemed too whimsical to contemplate fathers, and venerable grandfathers, emulating the infant generation, and seeking for instruction in the rudiments. My imagination refused to picture the hoary abecedarian,

“ With satchel on his back, and shining morning face,
Creeping, like snail, unwillingly to school.”

Fancy grew restive at a patriarchial ignoramus with a fool's-cap, and a rod thrust down his bosom; at a palsied truant dodging the palmy



“ BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.”

inflictions of the cane; or a silver-headed dunce horsed on a pair of rheumatic shoulders for a paralytic flagellation. The picture notwithstanding is realised! Elderly people seem to have considered that they will be as awkwardly situated in the other world, as here, without their alphabet,—and Schools for Grown Persons to learn to read, are no more Utopian than New Harmony. The following letter from an old gentleman, whose education had been neglected, confirms me in the fact. It is copied, verbatim and literatim, from the original, which fell into my hands by accident.

Black Heath, November, 1827.

Deer Brother,

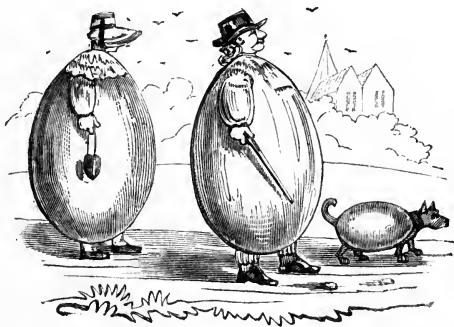
My honnerd Parents being Both desist I feal my deuty to give you Sum Account of the Proggress I have maid in my studdys since last Vocation. You will be gratefied to hear I am at the Hed of my Class and Tom Hodges is at its Bottom tho He was Seventy last Burth Day and I am onely going on for Three Skore. I have begun Gografy and do exsizes on the Globs. In figgers I am all most out of the fore Simples and going into Compounds next weak. In the mean time hop you will aprove my Hand riting as well as my Speling witch I have took grate panes with as you desird. As for the French Tung Mr.

Legender says I shall soon get the pronounciation as well as a Parisihiner but the Master thinks its not advisable to begin Lattin at my advanced ears.



THE QUINARY SYSTEM.

With respects to my Pearsonal comfits I am verrey happy and midling Well xcept the old Cumplant in my To—but the Master is so kind as to let me have a Cushin for my feat. If their is any thing to cumplane of its the Vittles. Our Cook dont understand Maid dishes. Her Currys is xcrabble. Tom Hodges Foot Man brings him Evry Day



EGGS ARE VERY NOURISHING.

soop from Birches. I wish you providid me the same. On the hole I wish on menny Acounts I was a Day border partickly as Barlow sleeps in our Room and coffs all nite long. His brother's Ashmy is wus then his. He has took lately to snuff and I have wishes to do the like. Its very dull after Supper since Mr. Grierson took away the fellers Pips, and forbid smocking, and allmost raized a Riot on that hed, and some of the Boys was to have Been horst for it. I am happy (to) say I

have never been floged as yet and onely Caind once and that was for damming at the Cooks chops becous they were so overdun, but there was to have been fore Wiped yeaster day for Playing Wist in skool hours, but was Begd off on account of their Lumbargo.

I am sorry to say Ponder has had another Stroak of the perrylaticks and has no Use of his Lims. He is Parrs fag—and Parr has got the



THE DAY AFTER THE FAIR.

Roomytix bysides very bad but luckily its onely stiffind one Arm so he has still Hops to get the Star for Heliocution. Poor Dick Combs eye site has quite gone or he would have a good chance for the Silvr Pen.

Mundy was one of the Fellers Burths Days and we was to have a hole Hollday but he dyed sudnly over nite of the apoplxy and disappointed us very much. Two moor was fetcht home last Weak so that we are getting very thin partickly when we go out Wauking, witch is seldom more than three

at a time, their is always so menny in the nusry. I forgot to say Garrat run off a month ago he got verry Home-sick ever since his Grandchilderen cum to sea him at skool,—Mr. Grierson has expeld him for running away.

On Tuesday a new Schollard cum. He is a very old crusty Chap and not much lick'd for that resin by the rest of the Boys, whom all Teas him, and call him Phig because he is a retired Grosser. Mr. Grierson declind another New Boy because he hadn't had the Mizzles. I have red Gays Febbles and the other books You were so kind to send me—and would be glad of moor, partickly the Gentlemans with a Welsh Wig and a Worming Pan when you foreward my Closebox with my clean Lining like wise sum moor Fleasy Hoshery for my legs and the Cardmums I rit for with the French Grammer &c. Also weather I am to Dance next quarter. The Gimnystacks are being interdeuced into our Skool but is so Voilent no one follows them but Old Parr and He cant get up his Pole.

I have no more to rite but hop this letter will find you as Well as me; Mr. Grierson is in Morning for Mr. Linly Murry of whose loss

you have herd of—xcept which he is in Quite good Helth and desires
his Respective Complements with witch I remane

Your deutful and
loving Brother

**** *

S.P. Barlow and Phigg have just had a fite in the Yard about
calling names and Phigg has pegged Barlows tooth out But it was
loose before. Mr. G. dont allow Puglism, if he nose it, among the Boys,
as at their Times of lifes it might be fatle partickly from pulling their
Coats of in the open Are.

Our new Husher is cum and is verry well Red in his Mother's tung,
witch is the mane thing with Beginers but We wish the French
Master was changed on Account of his Pollyticks and Religun. Brass-
brige and him is always Squabbling about Bonnyparty and the Pop of
Room. Has for Barlow we cant tell weather He is Wig or Tory for he
cant express his Sentymints for coffing.



MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE.

EPIGRAM.

CHARM'D with a drink which Highlanders compose,
A German traveller exclaim'd with glee,—
"Potztausend! sare, if dis is Athol Brose,
How goot dere Athol Boetry must be!"



"WHOLESALE—RETAIL—AND FOR EXPORTATION."

THE DECLINE OF MRS. SHAKERLY.

TOWARDS the close of her life, my Aunt Shakerly increased rapidly in bulk: she kept adding growth unto her growth,

"Giving a sum of more to that which had too much,"

till the result was worthy of a Smithfield premium. It was not the triumph, however, of any systematic diet for the promotion of fat,—(except oyster-eating there is no human system of *stall-feeding*,) on the contrary, she lived abstemiously, diluting her food with pickle-acids, and keeping frequent fasts, in order to reduce her compass; but they failed of this desirable effect. Nature had planned an original tendency in her organisation that was not to be overcome:—she would have fattened on saur krout.

My uncle, on the other hand, decreased daily; originally a little man he became lean, shrunken, wizened. There was a predisposition in his constitution that made him spare, and kept him so:—he would have fallen off even on brewers' grains.

It was the common joke of the neighbourhood to designate my aunt, my uncle, and the infant Shakerly, as "WHOLESALE, RETAIL, and FOR EXPORTATION;" and, in truth, they were not inapt impersonations of that popular inscription,—my aunt a giantess, my uncle a pigmy, and the child "being carried abroad."

Alas! of the three departments, nothing now remains but the Retail portion—my uncle, a pennyworth, a mere sample.

It is upon record, that Dr. Watts, though a puny man in person,

took a fancy, towards his latter days, that he was too large to pass through a door: an error which Death shortly corrected by taking him through his own portal. My unhappy aunt, with more show of reason, indulged in a similar delusion; she conceived herself to have grown inconveniently cumbersome for the small village of ****, and my uncle, to quiet her, removed to the metropolis. There she lived for some months in comparative ease, till at last an unlucky event recalled all her former inquietude. The Elephant of Mr. Cross, a good feeder, and with a natural tendency to corpulence, throve so well on his rations, that, becoming too huge for his den, he was obliged to be dispatched. My aunt read the account in the newspapers, and the catastrophe with its cause took possession of her mind. She seemed to herself as that Elephant. An intolerable sense of confinement and oppression haunted her by day and in her dreams. First she had a tightness at her chest, then in her limbs, then all over; she felt too big for her chair—then for her bed—then for her room—then for the house! To divert her thought my uncle proposed to go to Paris; but she was too huge for a boat—for a barge—for a packet—for a frigate—for a country—for a continent! “She was too big,” she said, “for this world—but she was going to one that is boundless.”

Nothing could wean her from this belief: her whole talk was of “cumber-grounds:” of the “burthen of the flesh:” and of “infinity.” Sometimes her head wandered, and she would then speak of disposing of the “bulk of her personals.”

In the meantime her health decayed slowly, but perceptibly: she was dying, the doctor said, by inches—

Now my uncle was a kind husband and meant tenderly, though it sounded untender: but when the doctor said that she was dying by inches—

“God forbid!” cried my uncle: “consider what a great big creature she is!”



“LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG.”



THE JUDGES OF A-SIZE.

TIM TURPIN.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

TIM TURPIN he was gravel blind,
 And ne'er had seen the skies :
 For Nature when his head was made,
 Forgot to dot his eyes.

So, like a Christmas pedagogue,
 Poor Tim was forc'd to do—
 Look out for pupils, for he had
 A vacancy for two.

There's some have specs to help their sight
 Of objects dim and small :
 But Tim had *specks* within his eyes,
 And could not see at all.

Now Tim he woo'd a servant maid,
 And took her to his arms ;
 For he, like Pyramus, had cast
 A wall-eye on her charms.

By day she led him up and down
 Where'er he wished to jog,
 A happy wife, altho' she led
 The life of any dog.

But just when Tim had liv'd a month
 In honey with his wife,
 A surgeon ope'd his Milton eyes,
 Like oysters with a knife.

But when his eyes were open'd thus,
 He wish'd them dark again :
 For when he look'd upon his wife,
 He saw her very plain.



"SHALL I TAKE OFF THE BEARDS? ..

Her face was bad, her figure worse,
 He couldn't bear to eat :
 For she was anything but like
 A Grace before his meat.

Now Tim he was a feeling man :
 For when his sight was thick
 It made him feel for every thing—
 But that was with a stick.

So with a cudgel in his hand—
 It was not light or slim—
 He knock'd at his wife's head until
 It open'd unto him.

And when the corpse was stiff and cold
He took his slaughter'd spouse,
And laid her in a heap with all
The ashes of her house.

But like a wicked murderer,
He liv'd in constant fear
From day to day, and so he cut
His throat from ear to ear.



LOSING GROUND.

The neighbours fetch'd a doctor in :
Said he, " This wound I dread
Can hardly be sow'd up—his life
Is hanging on a thread."

But when another week was gone,
He gave him stronger hope,
Instead of hanging on a thread,
Of hanging on a rope.

Ah ! when he hid his bloody work,
In ashes round about,
How little he supposed the truth,
Would soon be sifted out.

But when the parish dustman came,
His rubbish to withdraw,
He found more dust within the heap.
Than he contracted for !

A dozen men to try the fact,
 Were sworn that very day;
 But tho' they all were jurors, yet
 No conjurors were they.



JURORS—NOT CON-JURORS.

Said Tim unto those jurymen,
 "You need not waste your breath,
 For I confess myself at once,
 The author of her death.

"And, oh! when I reflect upon
 The blood that I have spilt,
 Just like a button is my soul,
 Inscrib'd with double *guilt*!"

Then turning round his head again,
 He saw before his eyes,
 A great judge, and a little judge,
 The judges of a-size!

The great judge took his judgment cap,
 And put it on his head,
 And sentenc'd Tim by law to hang,
 Till he was three times dead.

So he was tried, and he was hung
 (Fit punishment for such)
 On Horsham-drop, and none can say
 It was a drop too much.



BANDITTI.

BANDITTI.

OF all the saints in the Calendar, none has suffered less from the Reformation than St. Cecilia, the great patroness of Music. Lofty and lowly are her votaries—many and magnificent are her holiday festivals—and her common service is performing at all hours of the day. She has not only her regular high-priests and priestesses; but, like the Wesleyans, her itinerants and street missionaries, to make known her worship in the highways and in the byeways. Nor is the homage confined to the people of one creed;—the Protestant exalts her on his barrel-organ—the Catholic with her tambourine—the above wandering Jew with his Pan's-pipe and double-drum. The group was sketched from a company of these "Strolling Players."

It must be confessed that their service is sometimes of a kind rather to drive angels higher into heaven, than to entice them earthward; and there are certain retired streets—near the Adelphi, for instance—where such half-hourly deductions from the natural quiet of the situation should justly be considered in the rent. Some of the choruses, in truth, are beyond any but a saintly endurance. Conceive a brace of opposition organs, a fife, two hurdy-gurdies, a clarionet, and a quartette of decayed mariners, all clubbing their music in common, on the very principle of Mr. Owen's *New Harmony*!

In the Journal of a recent Traveller through the Papal States, there is an account of an adventure with Neapolitan robbers, that would serve, with very slight alterations, for the description of an encounter with our own banditti.

"To-day, Mrs. Graham and I mounted our horses and rode towards Islington. We had not proceeded far, when we heard sounds as of

screaming and groaning, and presently a group of men appeared at a turn of the road. It was too certain that we had fallen in with one of those roving bands. Escape was impossible, as they extended across the road. Their leader was the celebrated Flanigan, notorious for his murder of Fair Ellen, and the Bewildered Maid. One of the fellows advanced close up to Mrs. G., and putting his instrument to her ear, threatened to blow out her brains. We gave them what coppers we had, and were allowed to proceed. We were informed by the country-people, that a gentlewoman and her daughter had been detained by them, near the same spot, and robbed of their hearings, with circumstances of great barbarity; Flanigan in the meantime, standing by with his pipe in his mouth!

"Innumerable other travellers have been stopped and tortured by these wretches, till they gave up their money: and yet these excesses are winked at by the police. In the meantime, the government does not interfere, in the hope, perhaps, that some day those gangs may be broken up, and separated, by discord amongst themselves."

Sometimes to the eye of fancy these wandering minstrels assume another character, and illustrate Collins's Ode on the Passions, in a way that might edify Miss Macauley. First, Fear, a blind harper, lays his bewildered hand amongst the chords, but recoils back at the sound of an approaching carriage. Anger, with starting eye-balls, blows a rude clash on the bugle-horn; and Despair, a snipe-faced wight, beguiles his grief with low sullen sounds on the bassoon. Hope, a consumptive Scot, with golden hair and a clarionet, indulges, like the flatterer herself, in a thousand fantastic flourishes beside the tune—with a lingering quaver at the close; and would quaver longer, but Revenge shakes his matted locks, blows a fresh alarum on his pandeans, and thumps with double heat his double-drum. Dejected Pity at his side, a hunger-bitten urchin, applies to his silver-toned triangle; whilst Jealousy, sad proof of his distracted state, grinds on, in all sorts of time, at his barrel-organ. With eyes upraised, pale Melancholy sings retired and unheeded at the corner of the street; and



PERSECUTED ACCORDING TO LAW.

Mirth,—yonder he is, a brisk little Savoyard, jerking away at the hurdy-gurdy, and dancing himself at the same time, to render his jig-tune more jigging.



CRANE-IOLOGY.

CRANIOLOGY.

'Tis strange how like a very dunce,
 Man—with his bumps upon his sconce,
 Has lived so long, and yet no knowledge he
 Has had, till lately, of Phrenology—
 A science that by simple dint of
 Head-combing he should find a hint of,
 When scratching o'er those little pole-hills,
 The faculties throw up like mole-hills,—
 A science that, in very spite
 Of all his teeth, ne'er came to light,
 For tho' he knew his skull had *grinders*,
 Still there turned up no *organ* finders,
 Still sages wrote, and ages fled,
 And no man's head came in his head—
 Not even the pate of Erra Pater
 Knew aught about its pia mater.
 At last great Dr. Gall bestirs him—
 I don't know but it might be Spurzheim—
 Tho' native of a dull and slow land,
 And makes partition of our Poll-land ;

At our Acquisitiveness guesses,
 And all those necessary *nesses*
 Indicative of human habits,
 All burrowing in the head like rabbits.
 Thus Veneration, he made known,
 Had got a lodging at the Crown :
 And Music (see Deville's example)
 A set of chambers in the Temple :
 That Language taught the tongues close by,
 And took in pupils thro' the eye,
 Close by his neighbour Computation,
 Who taught the eyebrows numeration.

The science thus—to speak in fit
 Terms—having struggled from its nit,
 Was seiz'd on by a swarm of Scotchmen,
 Those scientific hotch-potch men,
 Who have at least a penny dip
 And wallop in all doctorship,



A VIOLINIST.

Just as in making broth they smatter
 By bobbing twenty things in water :
 These men, I say, made quick appliance
 And close, to phrenologic science ;
 For of all learned themes whatever,
 That schools and colleges deliver,
 There's none they love so near the bodles,
 As analysing their own noddles ;
 Thus in a trice each northern blockhead
 Had got his fingers in his shock head
 And of his bumps was babbling yet worse
 Than poor Miss Capulet's dry wet-nurse ;

Till having been sufficient rangers
 Of their own heads, they took to strangers'
 And found in Presbyterians' polls
 The things they hated in their souls ;
 For Presbyterians hear with passion
 Of organs join'd with veneration.
 No kind there was of human pumpkin
 But at its bumps it had a bumpkin ;
 Down to the very lowest gullion,
 And oiliest scull of oily scullion.
 No great man died but this they *did* do,
 They begged his cranium of his widow :
 No murderer died by law disaster,
 But they took off his sconce in plaster ;



A PLASTER CAST.

For thereon they could show depending
 "The head and front of his offending,"
 How that his philanthropic bump
 Was master'd by a baser lump ;
 For every bump (these wags insist)
 Has its direct antagonist,
 Each striving stoutly to prevail,
 Like horses knotted tail to tail ;
 And many a stiff and sturdy battle
 Occurs between these adverse cattle,

The secret cause, beyond all question,
Of aches ascrib'd to indigestion,—
Whereas 'tis but two knobby rivals
Tugging together like sheer devils,
Till one gets mastery good or sinister,
And comes in like a new prime-minister.

Each bias in some master node is :—
What takes M'Adam where a road is,
To hammer little pebbles less ?
His organ of Destructiveness.

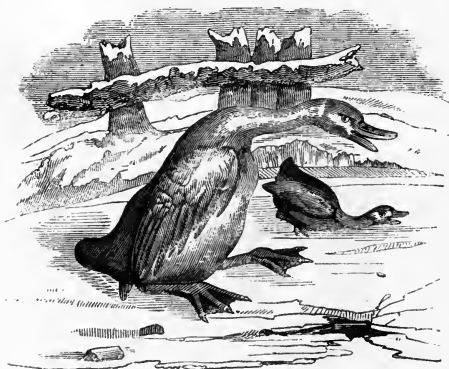


FANCY PORTRAIT.—SIR ANDREW AGNEW WITH HIS BILL.

What makes great Joseph so encumber
Debate ? a lumping lump of Number :
Or Malthus rail at babies so ?
The smallness of his Philopro—.
What severs man and wife ? a simple
Defect of the Adhesive pimple :
Or makes weak women go astray ?
Their bumps are more in fault than they.

These facts being found and set in order
By grave M.D.s beyond the Border,
To make them for some months eternal,
Were enter'd monthly in a journal,

That many a northern sage still writes in,
 And throws his little Northern Lights in,
 And proves and proves about the phrenos,
 A great deal more than I or he knows.
 How Music suffers, *par exemple*,
 By wearing tight hats round the temple :
 What ills great boxers have to fear
 From blisters put behind the ear :



"MY DANCING DAYS ARE OVER."

And how a porter's Veneration
 Is hurt by porter's occupation :
 Whether shillelaghs in reality
 May deaden Individuality :
 Or tongs and poker be creative
 Of alterations in th' Amative :
 If falls from scaffolds make us less
 Inclined to all Constructiveness :
 With more such matters, all applying
 To heads—and therefore *headifying*.



UATRE BRAS.



"SHE IS ALL HEART."

"NOTHING BUT HEARTS!"

It must have been the lot of every whist-player to observe a phenomenon at the card-table, as mysterious as any in nature—I mean the constant recurrence of a certain trump throughout the night—a run upon a particular suit, that sets all the calculations of Hoyle and Cocker at defiance. The chance of turning-up is equal to the Four Denominations. They should alternate with each other, on the average—whereas a Heart, perhaps, shall be the last card of every deal. King or Queen, Ace or Deuce,—still it is of the same clan. You cut—and it comes again. "Nothing but hearts!"

The figure herewith might be fancied to embody this kind of occurrence; and, in truth, it was designed to commemorate an evening dedicated to the same red suit. I had looked in by chance at the Royal Institution: a Mr. Professor Pattison, of New York, I believe, was lecturing, and the subject was—"Nothing but Hearts!"

Some hundreds of grave, curious, or scientific personages were ranged on the benches of the Theatre;—every one in his solemn black. On a table in front of the Professor, stood the specimens: hearts of all shapes and sizes—man's, woman's, sheep's, bullock's,—on platters or in cloths,—were lying about as familiar as household wares. Drawings of hearts, in black or blood-red, (dismal valentines!) hung around the fearful walls. Preparations of the organ in wax, or bottled, passed currently from hand to hand, from eye to eye, and returned to the gloomy table. It was like some solemn Egyptian Inquisition—a looking into dead men's hearts for their morals.

The Professor began. Each after each he displayed the samples; the words "auricle" and "ventricle" falling frequently on the ear, as he explained how those "solemn organs" pump in the human breast. He showed, by experiments with water, the operation of the valves with the blood, and the impossibility of its revulsion. As he spoke, an indescribable thrilling or tremor crept over my left breast—thence down my side—and all over. I felt an awful consciousness of the bodily presence of my heart, till then nothing more than it is in song—a mere metaphor—so imperceptible are all the grand vital workings of the human frame! Now I felt the organ distinctly. There it was!—a fleshy core—aye, like *that* on the Professor's plate—throbbing away, auricle, and ventricle, the valve allowing the gushing blood at so many gallons per minute, and ever prohibiting its return!



A SAURIAN.

The Professor proceeded to enlarge on the important office of the great functionary, and the vital engine seemed to dilate within me, in proportion to the sense of its stupendous responsibility. I seemed nothing but auricle, and ventricle, and valve. I had no breath, but only pulsations. Those who have been present at anatomical discussions can alone corroborate this feeling—how the part discoursed of, by a

surpassing sympathy and sensibility, causes its counterpart to become prominent and all-engrossing to the sense; how a lecture on hearts makes a man seem to himself as all heart; or one on heads causes a Phrenologist to conceive he is "all brain."

Thus was I absorbed:—my "bosom's lord," lording over every thing beside. By and bye, in lieu of one solitary machine, I saw before me a congregation of hundreds of human forcing pumps, all awfully working together—the palpitations of hundreds of auricles and ventricles, the flapping of hundreds of valves! And anon they collapsed—mine—the Professor's—those on the benches—all! all!—into one great auricle—one great ventricle—one vast universal heart!

The lecture ended—I took up my hat and walked out, but the discourse haunted me. I was full of the subject. A kind of fluttering,

which was not to be cured even by the fresh air, gave me plainly to understand that my heart was not "in the Highlands,"—nor in any lady's keeping—but where it ought to be, in my own bosom, and as hard at work as a parish pump. I plainly felt the blood—like the carriages on a birth-night—coming in by the auricle, and going out by the ventricle; and shuddered to fancy what must ensue either way, from any "breaking the line." Then occurred to me the danger of little particles absorbed in the blood, and accumulating to a stoppage at the valve,—the "pumps getting choked,"—a suggestion that made me feel rather qualmish, and for relief I made a call on Mrs. W——. The visit was ill-chosen and mistimed, for the lady in question, by dint of good-nature, and a romantic turn—principally estimated by her young and female acquaintance—had acquired the reputation of being "all heart." The phrase had often provoked my mirth,—but, alas! the description was now over true. Whether nature had formed her in that mould, or my own distempered fancy, I know not—but there she sate, and looked the Professor's lecture over again. She was like one of those games alluded to in my beginning—"Nothing but Hearts!" Her nose turned up. It was a heart—and her mouth led a trump. Her face gave a heart—and her cap followed suit. Her sleeves puckered and plumped themselves into a heart-shape—and so did her body. Her pincushion was a heart—the very back of her chair was a heart—her bosom was a heart. She was "all heart" indeed!



A SHOOTING TOOTH.



CROSS-PATCH.



DEATH'S DOOR.

JACK HALL.

'Tis very hard when men forsake
 This melancholy world, and make
 A bed of turf, they cannot take
 A quiet doze,
 But certain rogues will come and break
 Their "bone repose."

'Tis hard we can't give up our breath,
 And to the earth our earth bequeath,
 Without Death Fetches after death,
 Who thus exhume us;
 And snatch us from our homes beneath,
 And hearths posthumous.

The tender lover comes to rear
 The mournful urn, and shed his tear—
 Her glorious dust, he cries, is here!
 Alack! Alack!
 The while his Sacharissa dear
 Is in a sack!

'Tis hard one cannot lie amid
 The mould, beneath a coffin-lid,
 But thus the Faculty will bid
 Their rogues break through it,
 If they don't want us there, why did
 They send us to it?

One of these sacrilegious knaves,
 Who crave as hungry vulture craves,
 Behaving as the goul behaves,
 'Neath church-yard wall—
 Mayhap because he fed on graves,
 Was nam'd Jack Hall.

By day it was his trade to go
 Tending the black coach to and fro;
 And sometimes at the door of woe,
 With emblems suitable,
 He stood with brother Mute, to show
 That life is mutable.



HIGH AND DRY.

But long before they pass'd the ferry,
 The dead that he had help'd to bury,
 He sack'd—(he had a sack to carry
 The bodies off in.)
 In fact, he let them have a very
 Short fit of coffin.

Night after night, with crow and spade,
 He drove this dead but thriving trade,

Meanwhile his conscience never weigh'd
 A single horsehair;
 On corses of all kinds he prey'd,
 A perfect corsair !

At last—it may be, Death took spite,
 Or, jesting only, meant to fright—
 He sought for Jack night after night
 The churchyards round ;
 And soon they met, the man and sprite,
 In Pancras' ground.



" OTIUM CUM DIG : "

Jack, by the glimpses of the moon
 Perceiv'd the bony knacker soon,
 An awful shape to meet at noon
 Of night and lonely ;
 But Jack's tough courage did but swoon
 A minute only.

Anon he gave his spade a swing
 Aloft, and kept it brandishing,
 Ready for what mishaps might spring
 From this conjunction ;
 Funking indeed was quite a thing
 Beside his function.

“Hollo!” cried Death, “d’ye wish your sands
 Run out? the stoutest never stands
 A chance with me,—to my commands
 The strongest truckles;
 But I’m your friend—so let’s shake hands,
 I should say—knuckles.”

Jack, glad to see th’ old sprite so sprightly
 And meaning nothing but uprightly,
 Shook hands at once, and, bowing slightly,
 His mull did proffer:
 But Death, who had no nose, politely
 Declin’d the offer.



THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.

Then sitting down upon a bank,
 Leg over leg, shank over shank,
 Like friends for conversation frank,
 That had no check on:
 Quoth Jack unto the Lean and Lank,
 “You’re Death, I reckon.”

The Jaw-bone grinn’d:—“I am that same,
 You’ve hit exactly on my name;

In truth it has some little fame
 Where burial sod is."
 Quoth Jack, (and wink'd,) "of course ye came
 Here after bodies."

Death grinn'd again and shook his head :—
 "I've little business with the dead ;
 When they are fairly sent to bed
 I've done my turn :
 Whether or not the worms are fed
 Is your concern.

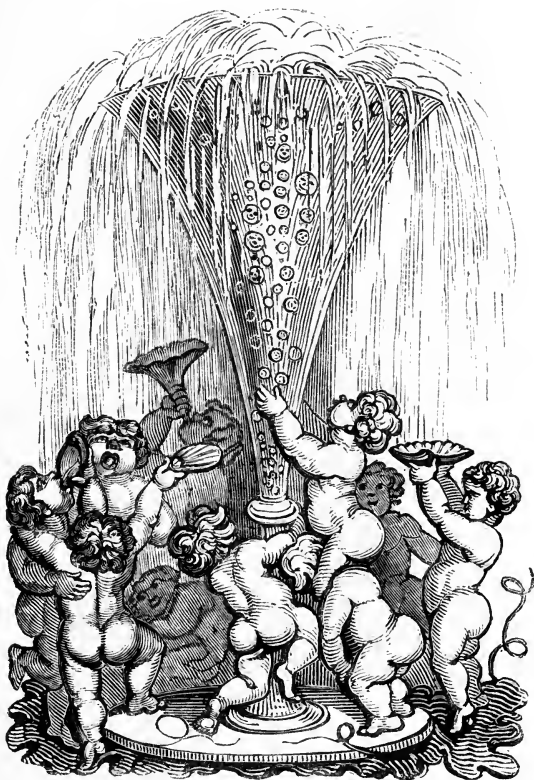


SACRED TO THE ASHES OF BRENNHOLZ.

"My errand here, in meeting you,
 Is nothing but a 'how-d'ye do ;'
 I've done what jobs I had—a few
 Along this way ;
 If I can serve a crony too,
 I beg you'll say."

Quoth Jack, "Your Honour's very kind ;
 And now I call the thing to mind,
 This parish very strict I find ;
 But in the next 'un
 There lives a very well-inclined
 Old sort of sexton."

Death took the hint, and gave a wink
 As well as eyelet holes can blink ;
 Then stretching out his arm to link
 The other's arm,—
 “ Suppose,” says he, “ we have a drink
 Of something warm.”



A CHEERFUL GLASS.

Jack nothing loth, with friendly ease
 Spoke up at once :—“ Why, what ye please ;
 Hard by there is the Cheshire Cheese,
 A famous tap.”
 But this suggestion seem'd to tease
 The bony chap.

“ No, no—your mortal drinks are heady,
 And only make my hand unsteady ;

I do not even care for Deady,
 And loathe your rum ;
 But I've some glorious brewage ready,
 My drink is—mum ! ”

And off they set, each right content—
 Who knows the dreary way they went ?
 But Jack felt rather faint and spent,
 And out of breath ;
 At last he saw, quite evident,
 The Door of Death.



A BARRISTER ON CIRCUIT

All other men had been unmann'd
 To see a coffin on each hand,
 That served a skeleton to stand
 By way of sentry ;
 In fact, Death has a very grand
 And awful entry.

Throughout his dismal sign prevails,
 His name is writ in coffin nails ;

The mortal darts make area rails ;
 A skull that mocketh,
 Grins on the gloomy gate, and quails
 Whoever knocketh.



DUE AT MICHAELMAS.

And lo ! on either side, arise
 Two monstrous pillars—bones of thighs ;
 A monumental slab supplies
 The step of stone,
 Where waiting for his master lies
 A dog of bone.



A DOUBLE MEANING.

The dog leapt up, but gave no yell,
 The wire was pull'd, but woke no bell,
 The ghastly knocker rose and fell,
 But caused no riot ;
 The ways of Death, we all know well,
 Are very quiet.

Old Bones stept in ; Jack stepp'd behind :
 Quoth Death, " I really hope you'll find
 The entertainment to your mind,
 As I shall treat ye—
 A friend or two of goblin kind,
 I've asked to meet ye."



"HAS YOUR MOTHER ANY MORE OF YE?"

And lo ! a crowd of spectres tall,
 Like jack-a-lanterns on a wall,
 Were standing—every ghastly ball
 An eager watcher.
 " My friends," says Death—" friends, Mr. Hall,
 The body-snatcher."

Lord, what a tumult it produced,
 When Mr. Hall was introduced !
 Jack even, who had long been used
 To frightful things,
 Felt just as if his back was sluic'd
 With freezing springs !

Each goblin face began to make
 Some horrid mouth—ape—gorgon—snake ;

And then a spectre-hag would shake
 An airy thigh-bone ;
 And cried, (or seem'd to cry,) I'll break
 Your bone, with *my* bone !

Some ground their teeth—some seem'd to spit—
 (Nothing, but nothing came of it,)
 A hundred awful brows were knit
 In dreadful spite.
 Thought Jack—I'm sure I'd better quit,
 Without good night.



“I WISH YOU MAY GET IT !”

One skip and hop and he was clear,
 And running like a hunted deer,
 As fleet as people run by fear
 Well spurr'd and whipp'd,
 Death, ghosts, and all in that career
 Were quite outstripp'd.

But those who live by death must die ;
 Jack's soul at last prepar'd to fly ;
 And when his latter end drew nigh,
 Oh ! what a swarm
 Of doctors came,—but not to try
 To keep him warm.

No ravens ever scented prey
 So early where a dead horse lay,
 Nor vultures sniff'd so far away
 A last convulse :
 A dozen " guests " day after day
 Were " at his pulse."



JOINING IN A CATCH.

'Twas strange, altho' they got no fees,
 How still they watch'd by twos and threes :
 But Jack a very little ease
 Obtain'd from them ;
 In fact he did not find M. D.'s
 Worth one D—M.

The passing bell with hollow toll
 Was in his thought—the dreary hole !
 Jack gave his eyes a horrid roll,
 And then a cough :—
 " There's something weighing on my soul
 I wish was off ;

" All night it roves about my brains,
 All day it adds to all my pains,
 It is concerning my remains
 When I am dead : "
 Twelve wigs and twelve gold-headed canes
 Drew near his bed.

“Alas ! ” he sigh’d, “ I’m sore afraid,
 A dozen pangs my heart invade ;
 But when I drove a certain trade
 In flesh and bone,
 There was a little bargain made
 About my own.”

Twelve suits of black began to close,
 Twelve pair of sleek and sable hose,
 Twelve flowing cambric frills in rows,
 At once drew round ;
 Twelve noses turn’d against his nose,
 Twelve snubs profound.



“THE POMPS AND VANITIES OF THIS WICKED WORLD.”

“ Ten guineas did not quite suffice,
 And so I sold my body twice ;
 Twice did not do—I sold it thrice,
 Forgive my crimes !
 In short I have received its price
 A dozen times ! ”

Twelve brows got very grim and black,
 Twelve wishes stretched him on the rack,
 Twelve pair of hands for fierce attack
 Took up position,
 Ready to share the dying Jack
 By long division.

Twelve angry doctors wrangled so,
 That twelve had struck an hour ago,
 Before they had an eye to throw
 On the departed ;
 Twelve heads turn'd round at once, and lo !
 Twelve doctors started.



"REMEMBER, I'M OFF THE BARGAIN."

Whether some comrade of the dead,
 Or Satan took it in his head
 To steal the corpse—the corpse had fled !
 'Tis only written,
 That "*there was nothing in the bed*
 But twelve were bitten !"



"IF NOT ENGAGED FOR THE NEXT SET."



"HONOUR CALLS HIM TO THE FIELD."

AN AFFAIR OF HONOUR.

"—AND those were the only duels," concluded the major, "that ever I fought in my life."

Now the major reminded me strongly of an old boatman at Hastings, who, after a story of a swimmer that was snapped asunder by a "sea attorney" in the West Indies, made an end in the same fashion:—"And that was the only time," said he, "I ever saw a man bit in two by a shark."

A single occurrence of the kind seemed sufficient for the experience of one life; and so I reasoned upon the major's nine duels. He must, in the first place, have been not only jealous and swift to quarrel; but, in the second, have met with nine intemperate spirits equally forward with himself. It is but in one affront out of ten that the duellist meets with a duellist: a computation assigning ninety mortal disagreements to his single share; whereas I, with equal irritability and as much courage perhaps, had never exchanged a card in my life. The subject occupied me all the walk homeward through the meadows:—"To get involved in nine duels," said I: "'tis quite improbable!"



A CRACK SHOT.

As I thought thus, I had thrust my body halfway under a rough bar that was doing duty for a stile at one end of a field. It was just too

high to climb comfortably, and just low enough to be inconvenient to duck under; but I chose the latter mode, and began to creep through with the deliberateness consistent with doubtful and intricate speculation. "To get involved in nine duels"—here my back hitched a little at the bar—" 'tis quite impossible."

I am persuaded that there is a spirit of mischief afoot in the world—some malignant fiend to seize upon and direct these accidents: for just at this nick, whilst I was boggling below the bar, there came up



NOBODY'S ENEMY BUT HIS OWN.

another passenger by the same path: so seeing how matters stood, he made an attempt at once to throw his leg over the impediment: but mistaking the altitude by a few inches, he kicked me—where I had never been kicked before.

"By Heaven! this is too bad," said I, staggering through head foremost from the concussion: my back was up, in every sense, in a second.

The stranger apologised in the politest terms,—but with such an intolerable chuckle, with such a provoking grin lurking about his face, that I felt fury enough, like Beatrice, to "eat his heart in the marketplace." In short, in two little minutes, from venting my conviction upon duelling, I found myself engaged to a meeting for the vindication of my honour.

There is a vivid description in the *Hitsory* of Robinson Crusoe, of the horror of the solitary Mariner at finding the mark of a foot in the

sandy beach of his Desert Island. That abominable token, in a place that he fancied was sacred to himself—in a part, he made sure, never trodden by the sole of man—haunted him wherever he went. So did mine. I bore about with me the same ideal imprint—to be washed out, not by the ocean-brine, but with blood!

As I walked homeward after this adventure, and reflected on my former opinions, I felt that I had done the gallant major an injustice. It seemed likely that a man of his profession might be called out even to the ninth time—nay, that men of the peaceful cloth might, on a chance, be obliged to have recourse to mortal combat,——

As for *Gentlemen at the Bar*, I have shown how they may get into an *Affair of Honour* in a twinkling.



THE LATTER END OF MARCH.



FANCY PORTRAIT.—MR. HUME.



A HARD ROE.

THE WEE MAN.

A ROMANCE.

It was a merry company,
And they were just afloat,
When lo! a man, of dwarfish span,
Came up and hail'd the boat.

“Good morrow to ye, gentle folks,
And will you let me in?—
A slender space will serve my case,
For I am small and thin.”

They saw he was a dwarfish man,
And very small and thin;
Not seven such would matter much,
And so they took him in.

They laugh'd to see his little hat,
With such a narrow brim;
They laugh'd to note his dapper coat
With skirts so scant and trim.

But barely had they gone a mile,
When, gravely, one and all,
At once began to think the man
Was not so very small.

His coat had got a broader skirt,
His hat a broader brim,
His leg grew stout, and soon plump'd out
A very proper limb.

Still on they went, and as they went,
 More rough the billows grew,—
 And rose and fell, a greater swell,
 And he was swelling too!

And lo! where room had been for seven,
 For six there scarce was space!
 For five!—for four!—for three!—Not more
 Than two could find a place!

There was not even room for one!
 They crowded by degrees—
 Aye—closer yet, till elbows met,
 And knees were jogging knees.



CLOSE CORPORATIONS.

“Good sir, you must not sit a-stern.
 The wave will else come in!”
 Without a word he gravely stirr’d,
 Another seat to win.

“Good sir, the boat has lost her trim,
 You must not sit a-lee!”
 With smiling face and courteous grace,
 The middle seat took he.

But still, by constant quiet growth,
His back became so wide,
Each neighbour wight, to left and right,
Was thrust against the side.

Lord ! how they chided with themselves,
That they had let him in ;
To see him grow so monstrous now,
That came so small and thin.

On every brow a dew-drop stood,
They grew so scared and hot,—
“ I’ the name of all that’s great and tall,
Who are ye, sir, and what ? ”

Loud laugh’d the Gogmagog, a laugh
As loud as giant’s roar—
“ When first I came, my proper name
Was Little—now I’m *Moore* ! ”



“ BANISH PLUMP JACK, AND BANISH ALL THE WORLD.”



"YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, HE CANT WAG HIS TAIL."

PYTHAGOREAN FANCIES.

OF all creeds—after the Christian—I incline most to the Pythagorean. I like the notion of inhabiting the body of a bird. It is the next thing to being a cherub—at least, according to the popular image of a boy's head and wings; a fancy that savours strangely of the Pythagorean.

I think nobly of the soul with Malvolio, but not so meanly, as he does by implication, of a bird-body. What disparagement would it seem to shuffle off a crippled, palsied, languid, bed-ridden carcase, and find yourself floating above the world—in a flood of sunshine—under the feathers of a Royal Eagle of the Andes?

For a beast-body I have less relish—and yet how many men are there who seem predestined to such an occupancy, being in this life even more than semibrutal! How many human faces that at least countenance, if they do not confirm, this part of the Brahminical Doctrine. What apes, foxes, pigs, curs, and cats, walk our metropolis—to say nothing of him shambling along Carnaby or Whitechapel—

A BUTCHER!

Whoe'er has gone thro' London Street,
Has seen a Butcher gazing at his meat,
And how he keeps
Gloating upon a sheep's

Or bullock's personals, as if his own ;
 How he admires his halves,
 And quarters—and his calves,
 As if in truth upon his own legs grown ;—
His fat ! his suet !
His kidneys peeping elegantly thro' it !
His thick flank !
And his thin !
His shank !
His shin !
 Skin of his skin, and bone too of his bone !

With what an air
 He stands aloof, across the thoroughfare
 Gazing—and will not let a body by,
 'Tho' buy ! buy ! buy ! be constantly his cry ;



TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.

Meanwhile with arms a-kimbo, and a pair
 Of Rhodian legs, he revels in a stare
 At his Joint Stock—for one may call it so,
 Howbeit without a *Co.*
 The dotage of self-love was never fonder
 Than he of his brute bodies all a-row

Narcissus in the wave did never ponder
 With love so strong,
 On his "portrait charmant,"
 As our vain Butcher on his carcase yonder.

Look at his sleek round skull!
 How bright his cheek, how rubicund his nose is!
 His visage seems to be
 Ripe for beef-tea;
 Of brutal juices the whole man is full—
 In fact, fulfilling the metempsychosis
 The Butcher is already half a Bull.

Surpassing the Butcher, in his approximation to the brute, behold yon vagrant Hassan—a wandering camel-driver and exhibitor, parading, for a few pence, the creature's outlandish hump, yet burthened himself



COMPARATIVE PHYSIOLOGY.

with a bunch of flesh between the shoulders. For the sake of the implicit moral merely, or as an illustration of comparative physiology, the show is valuable; but as an example of the Pythagorean dispensation, it is above appraisal. The retributive metamorphosis has commenced—the Beast has set his seal upon the Human Form—a little further, and he will be ready for a halter and a show-man.

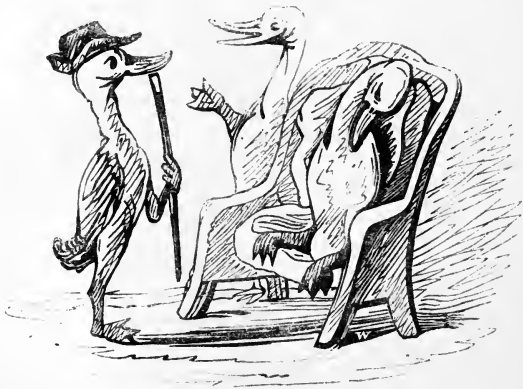
As there are instances of men thus transmuting into the brute; so there are brutes, that, by peculiar human manners and resemblance, seem to hint at a former and a better condition. The ourang-outang, and the monkey, notoriously claim this relationship; and there are other tribes, and in particular some which use the erect posture, that are apt to provoke such Pythagorean associations. For example:—I could never read of the great William Penn's interview with the American

savages, or look on the painting commemorative of that event, without dreaming that I had seen it acted over again at the meeting of a tribe



PENN'S CONFERENCE WITH THE NATIVES.

of Kangaroos and a Penguin. The Kangaroos, sharp-sighted, vigilant, cunning, wild, swift, and active, as the Indians themselves;—the Penguin, very sleek, guiltless of arms, very taciturn, very sedate, except



THE LAST VISIT.

when jumping; upright in its conduct—a perfect Quaker. It confirmed me, in this last fancy, to read of the conduct of these gentle birds when assaulted, formerly, with long poles, by the seamen of Captain

Cook—buffetings which the Penguins took quietly on either cheek, or side of the head, and died as meekly and passively as the primitive Martyrs of the Sect!

It is difficult to say to what excesses the desire of fresh victual, after long salt junketting, may drive a mariner; for my own part, I could not have handled a pole in that persecution without strong Pythagorean misgivings.

There is a Juvenile Poem,—“The Notorious Glutton,” by Miss Taylor of Ongar, in which a duck falls sick and dies in a very human-like way. I could never eat duck for some time after the perusal of those verses;—it seemed as if in reality the soul of my grandam might inhabit such a bird. In mere tenderness to past womanhood, I could never lay the death-scene else-

where than in a lady's chamber—with the body of the invalid propped up by comfortable pillows on a nursery chair. The sick-attendant seemed one that had relished drams aforetime—had been pompously officious at human dissolutions, and would announce that “all was over!” with the same flapping of paws and duck-like inflections of tone. As for the Physician, he was an Ex-Quack of our own kind, just called in from the pond—a sort of Man-Drake, and formerly a brother by nature, as now by name, of the author of “Winter Nights.”



A LION.





“DON'T YOU SMELL FIRE?”

RUN!—run for St. Clements's engine!
 For the Pawnbroker's all in a blaze,
 And the pledges are frying and singing—
 Oh! how the poor pawners will craze!
 Now where can the turncock be drinking?
 Was there ever so thirsty an elf?—
 But he still may tope on, for I'm thinking
 That the plugs are as dry as himself.

The engines!—I hear them come rumbling;
 There's the Phoenix! the Globe! and the Sun!
 What a row there will be, and a grumbling
 When the water don't start for a run!
 See! there they come racing and tearing,
 All the street with loud voices is fill'd;
 Oh! it's only the firemen a-swearing
 At a man they've run over and kill'd!

How sweetly the sparks fly away now,
 And twinkle like stars in the sky;
 It's a wonder the engines don't play now,
 But I never saw water so shy!

Why there isn't enough for a snipe,
And the fire it is fiercer, alas !
Oh ! instead of the New River pipe,
They have gone—that they have—to the gas !

Only look at the poor little P——'s
On the roof—is there anything sadder ?
My dears, keep fast hold, if you please,
And they won't be an hour with the ladder !
But if any one's hot in their feet,
And in very great haste to be saved,
Here's a nice easy bit in the street,
That M'Adam has lately unpaved !



"MASSA WILBERFORCE MAKE WE FREE!"

'There is some one—I see a dark shape
At that window—the hottest of all,—
My good woman, why don't you escape ?
Never think of your bonnet and shawl :
If your dress isn't perfect, what is it
For once in a way to your hurt ?
When your husband is paying a visit
There, at Number Fourteen, in his shirt !

Only see how she throws out her *chaney* !
 Her basons, and teapots, and all
 The most brittle of *her* goods—or any,
 But they all break in breaking their fall :
 Such things are not surely the best
 From a two-story window to throw—
 She might save a good iron-bound chest,
 For there's plenty of people below !

O dear ! what a beautiful flash !
 How it shone thro' the window and door ;
 We shall soon hear a scream and a crash,
 When the woman falls thro' with the floor
 There ! there ! what a volley of flame,
 And then suddenly all is obscured !—
 Well—I'm glad in my heart that I came ;—
 But I hope the poor man is insured !



ALL HAIL !



"I'VE, LET'S A' TO THE BRIDAL!"

A MARRIAGE PROCESSION.

It has never been my lot to marry—whatever I may have written of one Honoria to the contrary. My affair with that lady never reached beyond a very embarrassing declaration, in return for which she breathed into my dull deaf ear an inaudible answer. It was beyond my slender assurance, in those days, to ask for a repetition, whether of acceptance or denial.

One chance for explanation still remained. I wrote to her mother, to bespeak her sanction to our union, and received, by return of post, a scrawl, that for aught I knew, might be in Sanscrit. I question whether, even at this time, my intolerable bashfulness would suffer me to press such a matter any farther.

My thoughts of matrimony are now confined to occasional day-dreams, originating in some stray glimpse in the Prayer Book, or the receipt of bride-cake. It was on some such occurrence that I fell once, Bunyan-like, into an allegory of a wedding.



"MY BANKS THEY ARE FURNISHED."

My fancies took the order of a procession. With flaunting banners it wound its Alexandrine way—in the manner of some of Martin's painted pageants—to a taper spire in the distance. And first, like a



BRIDE AND BRIDESMAID.

band of livery, came the honourable company of Match-makers, all mature spinsters and matrons—and as like aunts and mothers as may be. The Glovers trod closely on their heels. Anon came, in blue and gold, the parish beadle, *Scarabæus Parochialis*, with the ringers of the



JOINERS.

hand-bells. Then came the Banns—it was during the reign of Lord Eldon's Act—three sturdy pioneers, with their three axes, and likely to hew down sterner impediments than lie commonly in the path of marriage. On coming nearer, the countenance of the first was right

foolish and perplex; of the second, simpering; and the last, methought, looked sedate, as if dashed with a little fear. After the banns—like the judges following the halberts—came the joiners: no rough mechanics, but a portly, full-blown vicar, with his clerk—both rubicund—a peony paged by a pink. It made me smile to observe the droll clerical turn of the clerk's beaver scrubbed into that fashion by his coat, at the nape. The marriage-knot—borne by a ticket-porter—came after the divine, and raised associations enough to sadden one, but for a pretty Cupid that came on laughing and trundling a hoop-ring.

The next group was a numerous one, Firemen of the Hand-in-Hand,



THE MAN IN THE HONEYMOON.

with the Union flag—the chief actors were near. With a mixture of anxiety and curiosity, I looked out for the impending couple, when, how shall I tell it? I beheld, not a brace of young lovers—a Romeo and Juliet, not a “he-moon here, and a she-sun there”—not bride and bridegroom—but the happy *pear*, a solitary Bergamy, carried on a velvet cushion by a little foot-page. I could have foresworn my fancy for ever for so wretched a conceit, till I remembered that it was intended perhaps to typify, under that figure, the mysterious resolution of two into one, a pair nominally, but in substance single, which belongs to marriage. To make amends, the high contracting parties approached in proper person—a duplication sanctioned by the practice of the oldest masters in their historical pictures. It took a brace of Cupids, with a halter, to overcome the “sweet reluctant delay” of the Bride, and make her keep pace with the procession. She was absorbed like a nun, in her veil; tears, too, she dropped, large as sixpences, in her path; but her attendant bridesmaid put on such a coquettish look, and tripped along so airily, that it cured all suspicion of heart-ache in such maiden showers. The Bridegroom, drest for the Honeymoon, was ushered by

Hymen—a little link-boy; and the imp used the same importunity for his dues. The next was a motley crew. For nuptial ode or *Carmen*, there walked two carters, or draymen, with their whips; a leash of



THE COOK'S ORACLE.

footmen in livery indicated Domestic Habits; and Domestic Comfort was personated by an ambulating advertiser of "Hot Dinners every Day."

I forget whether the Bride's Character preceded or followed her—but it was a lottery placard, and blazoned her as One of Ten Thousand. The parents of both families had a quiet smile on their faces, hinting that their enjoyment was of a

retrospective cast; and as for the six sisters of the bride, they would have wept with her, but that six young gallants came after them. The friends of the family were Quakers, and seemed to partake of the happiness of the occasion in a very quiet and quaker-like way. I ought to mention that a band of harmonious sweet music preceded the Happy Pair. There was none came after—the veteran, Townsend, with his constables, to keep order, making up the rear of the Procession.



A CHRYSALIS.



"ENCOMPASS'D IN AN ANGEL'S FRAME."

THE WIDOW.

ONE widow at a grave will sob
 A little while, and weep, and sigh !
 If two should meet on such a job,
 They'll have a gossip by and by.
 If three should come together—why,
 Three widows are good company !
 If four should meet by any chance,
 Four is a number very nice,
 To have a rubber in a trice—
 But five will up and have a dance !

Poor Mrs. C———(why should I not
 Declare her name ?—her name was Cross)
 Was one of those the "common lot"
 Had left to weep "no common loss !"—
 For she had lately buried then
 A man, the "very best of men,"
 A lingering truth, discover'd first
 Whenever men "are at the worst."
 To take the measure of her woe,
 It was some dozen inches deep—
 I mean in crape, and hung so low,
 It hid the drops she did *not* weep :
 In fact, what human life appears,
 It was a perfect "veil of tears."

Though ever since she lost "her pro,
And stay,"—alas! he wouldn't stay—
She never had a tear to mop,
Except one little angry drop,



THE OUTSKIRTS.

From Passion's eye, as Moore would say;
Because when Mister Cross took flight,
It look'd so very like a spite—
He died upon a washing-day!



AN OVERDRIVEN C..I.F.

Still Widow Cross went twice a week,
As if "to wet a widow's cheek,"
And soothe his grave with sorrow's gravy,—
'Twas nothing but a make-believe,

She might as well have hoped to grieve
 Enough of brine to float a navy;
 And yet she often seem'd to raise
 A cambric kerchief to her eye—
 A *duster* ought to be the phrase,
 Its work was all so very dry.
 The springs were lock'd that ought to flow—
 In England or in widow-woman—
 As those that watch the weather know,
 Such "backward Springs" are not uncommon.



THE WIDOW'S MITE.

But why did Widow Cross take pains,
 To call upon the "dear remains,"—
 Remains that could not tell a jot,
 Whether she ever wept or not,
 Or how his relict took her losses?
 Oh! my black ink turns red for shame—
 But still the naughty world must learn,
 There was a little German came
 To shed a tear in "Anna's Urn,"
 At the next grave to Mr. Cross's!
 For there an angel's virtue slept,
 "Too soon did Heaven assert its claim!"
 But still her painted face he kept,
 "Encompass'd in an angel's frame."

He look'd quite sad and quite deprived,
 His head was nothing but a hat-band;
 He look'd so lone, and so *unwived*,
 That soon the Widow Cross contrived
 To fall in love with even *that* band;
 And all at once the brackish juices
 Came gushing out thro' sorrow's sluices—



"FAITHFUL BELOW HE DID HIS DUTY,
 AND NOW HE'S GONE ALOFT."

Tear after tear too fast to wipe,
 Tho' sopp'd, and sopp'd, and sopp'd again—
 No leak in sorrow's private pipe,
 But like a bursting on the main!
 Whoe'er has watch'd the window-pane—
 I mean to say in showery weather—
 Has seen two little drops of rain,
 Like lovers very fond and fain,
 At one another creeping, creeping,
 Till both, at last, embrace together:
 So far'd it with that couple's weeping!
 The principle was quite as active—
 Tear unto tear,
 Kept drawing near,
 Their very blacks became attractive.
 To cut a shortish story shorter,

Conceive them sitting tête à tête—
 Two cups,—hot muffins on a plate,—
 With “Anna’s Urn” to hold hot water!
 The brazen vessel for a while
 Had lectured in an easy song,
 Like Abernethy—on the bile—
 The scalded herb was getting strong;



“THIS INDENTURE WITNESSETH.”

All seem'd as smooth as smooth could be,
 To have a cosey cup of tea;
 Alas! how often human sippers
 With unexpected bitters meet,
 And buds, the sweetest of the sweet,
 Like sugar, only meet the nippers!

The Widow Cross, I should have told,
 Had seen three husbands to the mould;
 She never sought an Indian pyre,
 Like Hindoo wives that lose their loves,
 But with a proper sense of fire,
 Put up, instead, with “three removes:”
 Thus, when with any tender words
 Or tears she spoke about her loss,
 The dear departed, Mr. Cross,
 Came in for nothing but his thirds;

For, as all widows love too well,
She liked upon the list to dwell,
And oft ripp'd up the old disasters—
She might, indeed, have been supposed
A great *ship* owner, for she prosed
Eternally of her Three Masters!

Thus, foolish woman! while she nursed
Her mild souchong, she talk'd and reckon'd
What had been left her by her first,
And by her last, and by her second.
Alas! not all her annual rents
Could then entice the little German,—
Not Mr. Cross's Three Per Cents,
Or Consols, ever make him *her* man;
He liked her cash, he liked her houses,
But not that dismal bit of land
She always settled on her spouses.
So taking up his hat and band,
Said he, "You'll think my conduct odd—
But here my hopes no more may linger;
I thought you had a wedding-finger,
But oh!—it is a curtain-rod!"



MASTER GRAHAM.



MR. SEABRIGHT'S HOUNDS.

A MAD DOG

Is none of my bug-bears. Of the bite of dogs, large ones especially, I have a reasonable dread; but as to any participation in the canine frenzy, I am somewhat sceptical. The notion savours of the same fanciful superstition that invested the subjects of Dr. Jenner with a pair of horns. Such was affirmed to be the effect of the vaccine matter—and I shall believe what I have heard of the canine virus, when I see a rabid gentleman, or gentlewoman, with flap-ears, dew-claws, and a brush-tail!

I lend no credit to the imputed effects of a mad dog's saliva. We hear of none such amongst the West Indian Negroes—and yet their condition is always *slavery*.

I put no faith in the vulgar stories of human beings betaking themselves, through a dog-bite, to dog-habits: and consider the smotherings and drownings, that have originated in that fancy, as cruel as the murders for witchcraft. Are we, for a few yelpings, to stifle all the disciples of Loyola—Jesuit's Bark—or plunge unto death all the convalescents who may take to bark and wine?

As for the Hydrophobia, or loathing of water, I have it mildly myself. My head turns invariably at thin washy potations. With a dog, indeed, the case is different—he is a water-drinker; and when he takes to grape-juice, or the stronger cordials, may be dangerous. But I have never seen one with a bottle—except at his tail.

There are other dogs who are born to haunt the liquid element, to dive and swim—and for such to shun the lake or the pond would look suspicious. A Newfoundler, standing up from a shower at a door-way, or a Spaniel with a Parapluie, might be innocently destroyed. But when does such a cur occur?



HYDROPHOBIA.

reasonable saying—but the rest is not so plausible, viz. that if you keep a dog till he is very dry, he will refuse to drink. It is a gross libel on the human-like instinct of the animal, to suppose him to act so clean contrary to human-kind.



"POOR-TRAY CHARMANT."

There are persons, however, who lecture on Hydrophobia very dog-matically. It is one of their maggots, that if a puppy be not wormed, he is apt to go rabid. As if forsooth it made so much difference, his merely speaking or not with, what Lord Duberly calls, his "vermicular tongue?" Verily, as Izaak Walton would say, these gudgeons take the worm very kindly!

Next to a neglect of calling in Dr. Gardner, want of water is prone to drive a dog mad. A

A crew of sailors, thirsting at sea, will suck their pumps or the canvass—anything that will afford a drop of moisture; whereas a parching dog, instead of cooling his tongue at the next gutter, or licking his own kennel for imaginary relief, runs senselessly up and down to over-heat himself, and resents the offer of a bucket like a mortal affront. Away he scuds, straight forward like a marmot—except when he dodges a pump. A glimmering instinct guides him to his old haunts. He bites his Ex-master—grips his trainer—takes a snap with a friend or two where he used to visit—and then biting right and left at the public, at last dies—a pitchfork in his eye,

fifty slugs in his ribs, and a spade through the small of his back.

The career of the animal is but a type of his victim's—suppose some Bank Clerk. He was not bitten, but only splashed on the hand by the

mad foam or dog-spray: a recent flea-bite gives entrance to the virus, and in less than three years it gets possession. Then the tragedy begins. The unhappy gentleman first evinces uneasiness at being called on for his New River rates. He answers the Collector snappishly, and when summoned to pay for his supply of water, tells the Commissioners doggedly, that they may cut it off. From that time he gets worse. He refuses slops—turns up a pug nose at pump-water—and at last, on a washing-day, after flying at the laundress, rushes out, ripe for hunting, to the street. A twilight remembrance leads him to the house



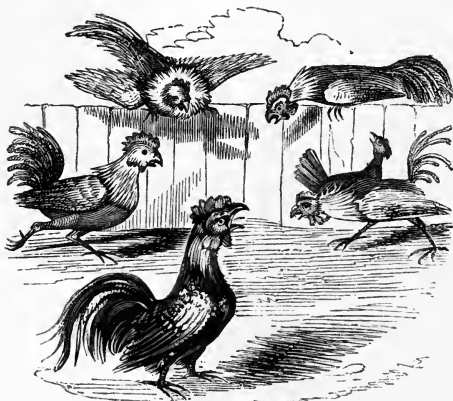
"DON'T POINT—IT'S RUDE."

of his intended. He fastens on her hand—next worries his mother—takes a bit apiece out of his brothers and sisters—runs a-muck, "giving tongue," all through the suburbs—and finally, is smothered by a pair of bed-beaters in Moorfields.

According to popular theory the mischief ends not here. The dog's master—the trainer, the friends, human and canine—the Bank Clerks—the laundresses—sweetheart—mother and sisters—the two bed-beaters—all inherit the rabies, and run about to bite others. It is a wonder, the madness increasing by this ratio, that examples are not running in packs at every turn:—my experience, notwithstanding, records but one instance.

It was my Aunt's brute. His temper, latterly, had altered for the worse, and in a sullen, or insane fit, he made a snap at the cook's radish-like fingers. The act demanded an inquest De Lunatico In-

quirendo—he was lugged neck and crop to a full bucket ; but you may bring a horse to the water, says the Proverb, yet not make him drink, and the cur asserted the same independence. To make sure, Betty cast the whole gallon over him, a favour that he received with a mood that would have been natural in any mortal. His growl was conclusive.



CALLING A MEETING.

The cook alarmed, first the family, and then the neighbourhood, which poured all its males capable of bearing arms into the passage. There were sticks, staves, swords, and a gun ; a prong or two, moreover, glistened here and there. The kitchen-door was occupied by the first rank of the column, their weapons all bristling in advance ; and right opposite—at the further side of the kitchen, and holding all the army at

bay—stood Hydrophobia—“ in its most dreadful form ! ”

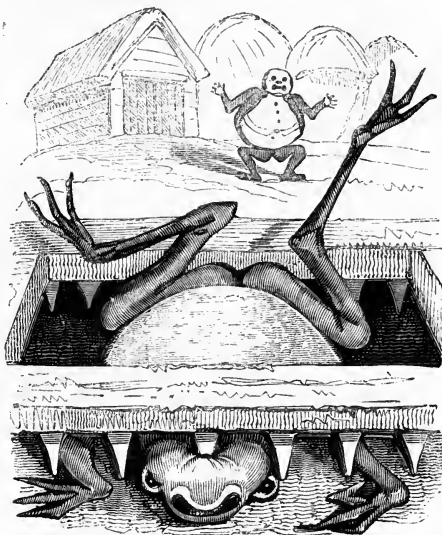
Conceive, Mulready ! under this horrible figure of speech, a round, goggle-eyed pug-face, supported by two stumpy bandy-legs—the forelimbs of a long, pampered, sausage-like body, that rested on a similar pair of crotchets at the other end ! Not without short wheezy pantings, he began to waddle towards the guarded entry—but before he had accomplished a quarter of the distance, there resounded the report of a musket. The poor Turnspit gave a yell—the little brown bloated body tumbled over, pierced by a dozen slugs, but not mortally ; for before the piece could be reloaded, he contrived to lap up a little pool—from Betty’s bucket—that had settled beside the hearth.



THE MANE CHANCE.

PIROUETTES.

"Don't tell me," said my uncle, "of your Operatives (he meant Opera-dancers) who spin about like teetotums or peg-tops. I am for none of your whirligigs. It is a mere *tour de force*, to show how many revolutions they can make on one leg; and nine times in ten the performer, especially a male one, shows by his face, at the conclusion, what a physical exertion it has been. The best dancers are sparing of such manœuvres; for they know that any appearance of effort is fatal to Grace. When I say the best dancers, I mean such Artistes as Taglioni, and others of the same school; who, by the way, always seemed to me to deserve the same encomium that King Solomon bestowed on the lilies —*they TOIL not, neither do they SPIN.*"



AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

EPIGRAM

ON THE ART-UNIONS.

THAT Picture-Raffles will conduce to nourish
 Désign, or cause good Colouring to flourish,
 Admits of logic-chopping and wise sawing,
 But surely Lotteries encourage Drawing!



UNCONSCIOUS IMITATION.

ODE TO THE CAMELEOPARD.

WELCOME to Freedom's birth-place—and a den!

Great Anti-climax, hail!

So very lofty in thy front—but then,

So dwindling at the tail!—

In truth, thou hast the most unequal legs!

Has one pair gallopp'd, whilst the other trotted,

Along with other brethren, leopard-spotted,

O'er Afric sand, where ostriches lay eggs?

Sure thou wert caught in some hard uphill chase,

Those hinder heels still keeping thee in check!

And yet thou seem'st prepared in any case,

Tho' they had lost the race,

To win it by a neck!

That lengthy neck—how like a crane's it looks!

Art thou the overseer of all the brutes?

Or dost thou browse on tip-top leaves or fruits—

Or go a bird-nesting amongst the rooks?

How kindly Nature caters for all wants;

Thus giving unto thee a neck that stretches,

And high food fetches—

To some a long nose, like the elephant's!

Oh ! hadst thou any organ to thy bellows,
 To turn thy breath to speech in human style,
 What secrets thou mightst tell us,
 Where now our scientific guesses fail ;
 For instance of the Nile,
 Whether those Seven Mouths have any tail—
 Mayhap thy luck too,
 From that high head, as from a lofty hill,
 Has let thee see the marvellous Timbuctoo—
 Or drink of Niger at its infant rill ;
 What were the travels of our Major Denham,
 Or Clapperton, to thine
 In that same line,
 If thou couldst only squat thee down and pen 'em !

Strange sights, indeed, thou must have overlook'd,
 With eyes held ever in such vantage-stations !



AFRICAN WRECKERS.

Hast seen, perchance, unhappy white folks cook'd,
 And then made free of negro corporations ?
 Poor wretches saved from cast away three-deckers —
 By sooty wreckers—
 From hungry waves to have a loss still drearier,
 To far exceed the utmost aim of Park—
 And find themselves, alas ! beyond the mark,
 In the *insides* of Africa's Interior !
 Live on, Giraffe ! genteelest of raff kind !
 Admired by noble, and by royal tongues !

May no pernicious wind,
 Or English fog, blight thy exotic lungs !
 Live on in happy peace, altho' a rarity,
 Nor envy thy poor cousin's more outrageous
 Parisian popularity ;
 Whose very leopard-rash is grown contagious,



WHITE-BAIT.

And worn on gloves and ribbons all about,
 Alas ! they'll wear him out !
 So thou shalt take thy sweet diurnal feeds—
 When he is stuff'd with undigested straw,
 Sad food that never visited his jaw !
 And staring round him with a brace of beads !



IN-AND-OUT PENSIONERS.



ACTED RIDDLE.—“WHY CAN I NEVER BE A KING?”

A LEGEND OF NAVARRE.

'Twas in the reign of Lewis, call'd the Great,
 As one may read on his triumphal arches,
 The thing befel I'm going to relate,
 In course of one of those “pomposo” marches
 He lov'd to make, like any gorgeous Persian,
 Partly for war, and partly for diversion.

Some wag had it put in the royal brain
 To drop a visit at an old chateau,
 Quite unexpected, with his courtly train;
 The monarch lik'd it,—but it happened so,
 That Death had got before them by a post,
 And they were “reckoning without their *host*,”

Who died exactly as a child should die,
 Without a groan or a convulsive breath,
 Closing without one pang his quiet eye,
 Sliding composedly from sleep—to death;
 A corpse so placid ne'er adorn'd a bed,
 He seem'd not quite—but only rather dead.

All night the widow'd Baroness contriv'd
 To shed a widow's tears; but on the morrow

Some news of such unusual sort arriv'd,
 There came strange alteration in her sorrow ;
 From mouth to mouth it pass'd, one common humming
 Throughout the house—the King ! the King is coming !

The Baroness, with all her soul and heart,
 A loyal woman, (now called ultra royal,)
 Soon thrust all funeral concerns apart,
 And only thought about a banquet royal ;
 In short, by aid of earnest preparation,
 The visit quite dismiss'd the visitation,

And, spite of all her grief for the ex-mate,
 There was a secret hope she could not smother,
 That some one, early, might replace "the late"—
 It was too soon to think about another ;
 Yet let her minutes of despair be reckon'd
 Against her hope, which was but for *a second*.



"I DO PERCEIVE HERE A DIVIDED DUTY."

She almost thought that being thus bereft
 Just then, was one of time's propitious touches ;
 A thread in such a nick so nick'd, it left
 Free opportunity to be a duchess ;
 Thus all her care was only to look pleasant,
 But as for tears—she dropp'd them—for the present.

Her household, as good servants ought to try,
 Look'd like their lady—anything but sad,
 And giggled even that they might not cry,
 To damp fine company; in truth they had
 No time to mourn, thro' choking turkeys' throattles,
 Scouring old laces, and reviewing bottles.



FRIENDS DROPPING IN.

Oh what a hubbub for the house of woe !
 All, resolute to one irresolution,
 Kept tearing, swearing, plunging to and fro,
 Just like another French mob-revolution.
 There lay the corpse that could not stir a muscle,
 But all the rest seem'd Chaos in a bustle.

The Monarch came : oh ! who could ever guess
 The Baroness had been so late a weeper !
 The kingly grace and more than graciousness,
 Buried the poor defunct some fathoms deeper,—
 Could he have had a glance—alas, poor Being !
Seeing would certainly have led to *D*—ing.

For casting round about her eyes to find
 Some one to whom her chattels to endorse,
 The comfortable dame at last inclin'd
 To choose the cheerful Master of the Horse ;

He was so gay,—so tender,—the complete
Nice man,—the sweetest of the monarch's suite.

He saw at once and enter'd in the lists—
Glance unto glance made amorous replies ;
They talk'd together like two egotists,
In conversation all made up of *eyes* :
No couple ever got so right consort-ish
Within two hours—a courtship rather shortish.

At last, some sleepy, some by wine opprest,
The courtly company began “nid noddin ;”
The King first sought his chamber, and the rest
Instantan followed by the course he trod in.
I shall not please the scandalous by showing
The order, or disorder of their going.



“GOOD NIGHT ! ALL’S WELL !”

The old Chateau, before that night, had never
Held half so many underneath its roof ;
It task'd the Baroness's best endeavour,
And put her best contrivance to the proof,
To give them chambers up and down the stairs,
In twos and threes, by singles, and by pairs.

She had just lodging for the whole—yet barely ;
 And some, that were both broad of back and tall,
 Lay on spare beds that served them very sparely ;
 However, there were beds enough for all ;
 But living bodies occupied so many,
 She could not let the dead one take up any !



MERRY AND WISE.

The act was, certainly, not over decent :
 Some small respect, e'en after death, she ow'd him,
 Considering his death had been so recent ;
 However, by command, her servants stow'd him,



A BIRD FOR THE TABLE.

(I am asham'd to think how he was slubber'd,)
 Stuck bolt upright within a corner cupboard !

And there he slept as soundly as a post,
 With no more pillow than an oaken shelf;
 Just like a kind accommodating host,
 Taking all inconvenience on himself;
 None else slept in that room, except a stranger,
 A decent man, a sort of Forest Ranger.

Who, whether he had gone too soon to bed,
 Or dreamt himself into an appetite,
 Howbeit he took a longing to be fed,
 About the hungry middle of the night;
 So getting forth, he sought some scrap to eat,
 Hopeful of some stray pasty, or cold meat.



MUTTON AND CAPERS.

The casual glances of the midnight moon,
 Bright'ning some antique ornaments of brass,
 Guided his gropings to that corner soon,
 Just where it stood, the coffin-safe, alas !
 He tried the door—then shook it—and in course
 Of time it open'd to a little force.

He put one hand in, and began to grope ;
 The place was very deep and quite as dark as
 The middle night ;—when lo ! beyond his hope,
 He felt a something cold, in fact, the carcase ;

Right overjoy'd, he laugh'd, and blest his luck
At finding, as he thought, this haunch of buck !

Then striding back for his couteau de chasse,
Determined on a little midnight lunching,
He came again and prob'd about the mass,
As if to find the fattest bit for munching ;
Not meaning wastefully to cut it all up,
But only to abstract a little collop.



ASS-ASS-INATION.

But just as he had struck one greedy stroke,
His hand fell down quite powerless and weak ;
For when he cut the haunch it plainly spoke
As haunch of ven'son never ought to speak ;
No wonder that his hand could go no further—
Whose could?—to carve cold meat that bellow'd, “murther !”

Down came the Body with a bounce, and down
The Ranger sprang, a staircase at a spring,
And bawl'd enough to waken up a town ;
Some thought that *they* were murder'd, some, the King,
And, like Macduff, did nothing for a season,
But stand upon the spot and bellow, “Treason !”

A hundred nightcaps gather'd in a mob,
Torches drew torches, swords brought swords together,

It seem'd so dark and perilous a job ;

The Baroness came trembling like a feather
Just in the rear, as pallid as a corse,
Leaning against the Master of the Horse.

A dozen of the bravest up the stair,

Well lighted and well watch'd, began to clamber ;
They sought the door—they found it—they were there,

A dozen heads went poking in the chamber ;
And lo ! with one hand planted on his hurt,
There stood the body bleeding thro' his shirt,—



"I'LL HAVE YOUR PERSON."

No passive corse—but like a duellist

Just smarting from a scratch—in fierce position,
One hand advanc'd, and ready to resist ;

In fact, the Baron doff'd the apparition,
Swearing those oaths the French delight in most,
And for the second time "gave up the ghost !"

A living miracle !—for why ?—the knife

That cuts so many off from grave gray hairs,
Had only carv'd him kindly into life :

How soon it chang'd the posture of affairs !
The difference one person more or less
Will make in families, is past all guess.

There stood the Baroness—no widow yet :
 Here stood the Baron—"in the body" still :
 There stood the Horses' Master in a pet,
 Choking with disappointment's bitter pill,
 To see the hope of his reversion fail,
 Like that of riding on a donkey's tail,



VERY DEAF, INDEED.

'The Baron liv'd—'twas nothing but a trance :
 The lady died—'twas nothing but a death :
 The cupboard-cut serv'd only to enhance
 This postscript to the old Baronial breath :
 He soon forgave, for the revival's sake,
 A little *chop* intended for a *steak* !



OO, THE KING OF BASON.



IDOLATRY.

AN ABSENTEE.

IF ever a man wanted a flapper—no Butcher's mimosa, or catch-fly, but one of those officers in use at the court of Laputa—my friend W—— should have such a remembrancer at his elbow. I question whether even the appliance of a bladder full of peas, or pebbles, would arouse him from some of his abstractions—fits of mental insensibility, parallel with those bodily trances in which persons have sometimes been confined. Not that he is entangled in abstruse problems, like the nobility of the Flying Island! He does not dive, like Sir Isaac Newton, into a reverie, and turn up again with a Theory of Gravitation. His thoughts are not deeply engaged elsewhere—they are nowhere. His head revolves itself, top-like, into a profound slumber:—a blank doze without a dream. He is not carried away by incoherent rambling fancies, out of himself,—he is not drunk, merely, with the Waters of Oblivion, but drowned in them, body and soul!

There is a story, somewhere, of one of these absent persons, who stooped down, when tickled about the calf by a blue-bottle, and scratched his neighbour's leg: an act of tolerable forgetfulness, but denoting a state far short of W——'s absorptions. He would never have felt the fly.

To make W——'s condition more whimsical, he lives in a small bachelor's house, with no other attendant than an old housekeeper—one Mistress Bundy, of faculty as infirm and intermitting as his own. It will be readily believed that her absent fits do not originate, any

more than her master's, in abstruse mathematical speculations—a proof, with me, that such moods result, not from abstraction of mind, but stagnation. How so ill-sorted a couple contrive to get through the common-place affairs of life, I am not prepared to say: but it is comical indeed to see him ring up Mistress Bundy to receive orders, which he generally forgets to deliver—or if delivered, this old Bewildered Maid lets slip out of her remembrance with the same facility. Numberless occurrences of this kind—in many instances more extravagant—are recorded by his friends; but an evening that I spent with him recently, will furnish an abundance of examples.

In spite of going by his own invitation, I found W—— within. He was too apt, on such occasions, to be denied to his visitors; but what in others would be an unpardonable affront, was overlooked in a man who was not always at home to himself. The door was opened by the housekeeper, whose absence, as usual, would not allow her to decide upon that of her master.

Her shrill quavering voice went echoing up stairs with its old query, — “Mr. W——! are you within?” then a pause, literally for him to collect himself. Anon came his answer, and I was ushered up-stairs, Mrs. Bundy contriving, as usual, to forget my name at the first landing-place. I had therefore to introduce myself formally to W——, whose old friends came to him always as if with new faces. As for what followed, it was one of the old fitful colloquies—a game at conversation, sometimes with a partner, sometimes with a dummy; the old woman's memory in the meantime growing torpid on a kitchen-chair.



HOUND DRAWING COVER.

Hour after hour passed away: no tea-spoon jingled, or tea-cup rattled; no murmuring kettle or hissing urn found its way upward from one Haunt of Forgetfulness to the other. In short, as might have been expected with an Absentee, the Tea was absent.

It happens that the meal in question is not one of my essentials; I therefore never hinted at the In Tea Speravi of my visit; but at the turn of eleven o'clock, my host rang for the apparatus. The Chinese ware

was brought up, but the herb was deficient. Mrs. Bundy went forth, by command, for a supply; but it was past grocer-time, and we arranged to make amends by an early supper, which came, however, as proportionably late as the tea. By dint of those freedoms which you must use with an entertainer who is absent at his own table, I contrived to sup sparsely; and W——'s memory, blossoming like certain flowers, in the night, reminded him that I was accustomed to go to bed on a tumbler of Geneva and water. He kept but one bottle of each of the



"LAWK! I'VE FORGOT THE BRANDY!"

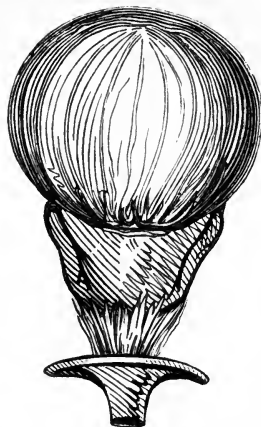
three kinds, Rum, Brandy, and Hollands, in the house; and when exhausted they were replenished at the tavern a few doors off. Luckily, for it was far beyond the midnight hour when, according to our vapid magistracy, all spirits are evil, the three vessels were full, and merely wanted bringing up stairs. The kettle was singing on the hob: the tumblers, with spoons in them, stood miraculously ready on the board; and Mrs. Bundy was really on her way from below with the one thing needful. Never were fair hopes so unfairly blighted! I could hear her step labouring on the stairs to the very

last step, when her memory serving her just as treacherously as her forgetfulness, or rather both betraying her together, there befel the accident which I have endeavoured to record by the accompanying sketch.

I never ate or drank with the Barmecide again!



TURKEY HUNTING.



THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

THE DEMON-SHIP.

STORIES of storm-ships and haunted vessels, of spectre-shallops, and supernatural Dutch doggers, are common to many countries, and are well attested both in poetry and prose. The adventures of Solway sailors, with Mahound, in his bottomless barges, and the careerings of the phantom-ship up and down the Hudson, have hundreds of asserters besides Messrs. Cunningham and Crayon; and to doubt their authenticity may seem like an imitation of the desperate sailing of the haunted vessels themselves against wind and tide. I cannot help fancying, however, that Richard Faulder was but one of those tavern-dreamers recorded by old Heywood, who conceived

“The room wherein they quaff’d to be a pinnace.”

And as for the Flying Dutchman, my notion is very different from the popular conception of that apparition, as I have ventured to show by the above design. The spectre-ship, bound to Dead-Man’s Isle, is almost as awful a craft as the skeleton-bark of the Ancient Mariner; but they are both fictions, and have not the advantage of being realities, like the dreary vessel with its dreary crew in the following story, which records an adventure that befel even unto myself.

’Twas off the Wash—the sun went down—the sea look’d black and grim,

For stormy clouds, with murky fleece, were mustering at the brim;
Titanic shades! enormous gloom!—as if the solid night
Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the light!

It was a time for mariners to bear a wary eye,
With such a dark conspiracy between the sea and sky !

Down went my helm—close reef'd—the tack held freely in my
hand—

With ballast snug—I put about, and scudded for the land.
Loud hiss'd the sea beneath her lee—my little boat flew fast,
But faster still the rushing storm came borne upon the blast.



GHEE UP !

Lord ! what a roaring hurricane beset the straining sail !
What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce assaults of hail !
What darksome caverns yawn'd before ! what jagged steepes behind !
Like battle-steeds, with foamy manes, wild tossing in the wind.
Each after each sank down astern, exhausted in the chase,
But where it sank another rose and gallop'd in its place ;
As black as night—they turned to white, and cast against the cloud
A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturn'd a sailor's shroud :—
Still flew my boat ; alas ! alas ! her course was nearly run !
Behold yon fatal billow rise—ten billows heap'd in one !
With fearful speed the dreary mass came rolling, rolling, fast,
As if the scooping sea contain'd one only wave at last !
Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift pursuing grave ;
It seem'd as though some cloud had turn'd its hugeness to a wave !
Its briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my face—
I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its swelling base !

I saw its alpine hoary head impending over mine !
 Another pulse—and down it rush'd—an avalanche of brine !
 Brief pause had I, on God to cry, or think of wife and home ;
 The waters clos'd—and when I shriek'd, I shriek'd below the foam !



“HOW HARD IT RAINS!”

Beyond that rush I have no hint of any after deed—
 For I was tossing on the waste, as senseless as a weed.

* * * * *

“Where am I? in the breathing world, or in the world of death?”
 With sharp and sudden pang I drew another birth of breath ;
 My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears a doubtful sound—
 And was that ship a *real* ship whose tackle seem'd around ?
 A moon, as if the earthly moon, was shining up aloft ;
 But were those beams the very beams that I have seen so oft ?
 A face that mock'd the human face, before me watch'd alone ;
 But were those eyes the eyes of man that look'd against my own ?

Oh ! never may the moon again disclose me such a sight
 As met my gaze, when first I look'd, on that accursed night !
 I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of fierce extremes
 Of fever ; and most frightful things have haunted in my dreams—
 Hyenas—cats—blood-loving bats—and apes with hateful stare—
 Pernicious snakes, and shaggy bulls—the lion, and she-bear—

Strong enemies, with Judas looks, of treachery and spite—
 Detested features, hardly dimm'd and banish'd by the light!
 Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, upstarting from their tombs—
 All phantasies and images that flit in midnight glooms—
 Hags, goblins, demons, lemures, have made me all aghast,—
 But nothing like that GRIMLY ONE who stood beside the mast!

His cheek was black—his brow was black—his eyes and hair as dark:
 His hand was black, and where it touch'd, it left a sable mark;
 His throat was black, his vest the same, and when I look'd beneath,
 His breast was black—all, all was black, except his grinning teeth.
 His sooty crew were like in hue, as black as Afric slaves!
 Oh, horror! e'en the ship was black that plough'd the inky waves!



POLYPHEMUS.—“THERE HE GOES WITH HIS EYE OUT!”

“Alas!” I cried, “for love of truth and blessed mercy’s sake,
 Where am I? in what dreadful ship? upon what dreadful lake?
 What shape is that, so very grim, and black as any coal?
 It is Mahound, the Evil One, and he has gain’d my soul!
 Oh, mother dear! my tender nurse! dear meadows that beguil’d
 My happy days, when I was yet a little sinless child,—
 My mother dear—my native fields, I never more shall see:
 I’m sailing in the Devil’s Ship, upon the Devil’s Sea!”

Loud laugh’d that SABLE MARINER, and loudly in return
 His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang from stem to stern—

A dozen pair of grimly cheeks were crumpled on the nonce—
 As many sets of grinning teeth came shining out at once :
 A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoy'd the merry fit,
 With shriek and yell, and oaths as well, like Demons of the Pit.
 They crow'd their fill, and then the Chief made answer for the
 whole;—

“ Our skins,” said he, “ are black ye see, because we carry coal ;
 You'll find your mother sure enough, and see your native fields—
 For this here ship has pick'd you up—the Mary Ann of Shields ! ”



“ VICH IS MY VAY TO NEWGIT ? ”

AN EXPLANATION.

BY ONE OF THE LIVERY.

SAYS Blue-and-Buff, to Drab-and-Pink,
 “ I’ve heard the hardest word I think,
 That ever posed me since my teens,
 I wonder what As-best-os means ! ”

SAYS Drab-and-Pink, to Blue-and-Buff,
 “ The word is clear, and plain enough,
 It means a Nag wot goes the pace,
 And so *as best os* wins the race.”



"SAW YE JONNIE COMING?"

SALLY HOLT, AND THE DEATH OF JOHN HAYLOFT.

FOUR times in the year—twice at the season of the half-yearly dividends, and twice at the intermediate quarters, to make her slender investments—there calls at my Aunt Shakerly's, a very plain, very demure maiden, about forty, and makes her way downward to the kitchen, or upward to my cousin's chamber, as may happen. Her coming is not to do chair-work, or needle-work—to tell fortunes—to beg, steal, or borrow. She does not come for old clothes, or for new. Her simple errand is love—pure, strong, disinterested, enduring love, passing the love of women—at least for women.

It is not often servitude begets much kindness between the two relations; hers, however, grew from that ungenial soil. For the whole family of the Shakerlies she has a strong feudal attachment, but her particular regard dwells with Charlotte, the latest born of the clan. *Her* she doats upon—*her* she fondles—and takes upon her longing, loving lap.

O let not the oblivious attentions of the worthy Dominie Sampson, to the tall boy Bertram, be called an unnatural working! I have seen my cousin, a good feeder, and well grown into womanhood, sitting—two good heads taller than her dry-nurse—on the knees of the simple-hearted Sally Holt! I have seen the huge presentation orange,

unlapp'd from the homely speckled kerchief, and thrust with importunate tenderness into the bashful *marriageable* hand.

My cousin's heart is not so artificially composed as to let her scorn this humble affection, though she is puzzled sometimes with what kind of look to receive these honest but awkward endearments. I have seen her face quivering with half a laugh.

It is one of Sally's staple hopes that, some day or other, when Miss Charlotte keeps house, she will live with her as a servant; and this expectation makes her particular and earnest to a fault in her inquiries about sweethearts, and offers, and the matrimonial chances: questions which I have seen my cousin listen to with half a cry.



MOUNT PLEASANT.

Perhaps Sally looks upon this confidence as her right, in return for those secrets which, by joint force of ignorance and affection, she could not help reposing in the bosom of her foster-mistress. Nature, unkind to her, as to Dogberry, denied to her that knowledge of reading and writing which comes to some by instinct. A strong principle of religion made it a darling point with her to learn to read, that she might study in her Bible; but in spite of all the help of my cousin, and as ardent a desire for learning as ever dwelt in scholar, poor Sally never mastered beyond A-Bab. Her mind, simple as her heart, was unequal to any more difficult combinations. Writing was worse to her than conjuring. My cousin was her amanuensis: and from the vague, unaccountable mistrust of ignorance, the inditer took the pains always to compare the verbal message with the transcript, by counting the number of the words.

I would give up all the tender epistles of Mrs. Arthur Brooke, to have read one of Sally's epistles; but they



—“THE UNWIELDY ELEPHANT,
TO MAKE THEM MIRTH USED ALL
HIS MIGHT.”

were amatory, and therefore kept sacred: for plain as she was, Sally Holt had a lover.

There is an unpretending plainness in some faces that has its charm—an unaffected ugliness, a thousand times more bewitching than those would-be pretty looks that neither satisfy the critical sense, nor leave

the matter of beauty at once to the imagination. We like better to make a new face than to mend an old one. Sally had not one good feature, except those which John Hayloft made for her in his dreams; and to judge from one token, her partial fancy was equally answerable for his charms. One precious lock—no, not a lock, but rather a remnant of very short, very coarse, very yellow hair, the clippings of a military crop, for John was a corporal—stood the foremost item amongst her treasures. To her



NATURE AND ART.

they were curls, golden, Hyperion, and cherished long after the parent-head was laid low, with many more, on the bloody plain of Salamanca.

I remember vividly at this moment, the ecstasy of her grief at the receipt of the fatal news. She was standing near the dresser with a dish, just cleaned, in her dexter hand. Ninety-nine women in a hundred would have dropped the dish. Many would have flung themselves after it on the floor; but Sally put it up, orderly, on the shelf. The fall of John Hayloft could not induce the fall of the crockery. She felt the blow notwithstanding; and as soon as she had emptied her hands, began to give way to her emotions in her own manner. Affliction vents itself in various modes, with different temperaments; some rage, others compose themselves like monuments. Some weep, some sleep, some prose about death, and others poetise on it. Many take to a bottle, or to a rope. Some go to Margate, or Bath.

Sally did nothing of these kinds. She neither snivelled, travelled, sickened, maddened, nor ranted, nor canted, nor hung, nor fuddled herself—*she only rocked herself upon the kitchen chair!!*

The action was not adequate to her relief. She got up—took a fresh chair—then another—and another—and another,—till she had rocked on all the chairs in the kitchen.

The thing was tickling to both sympathies. It was pathetic to behold her grief, but ludicrous that she knew no better how to grieve.

An American might have thought that she was in the act of enjoyment, but for an intermitting "O dear! O dear!" Passion could not wring more from her in the way of exclamation than the tooth-ache. Her lamentations were always the same, even in tone. By and bye she pulled out the hair—the cropped, yellow, stunted, scrubby hair; then she fell to rocking—then "O dear! O dear!"—and then *Da Capo*.



"JOY, JOY, FOR EVER—MY TASK IS DONE,
THE GATE IS PAST"—

It was an odd sort of elegy, and yet, simple as it was, I thought it worth a thousand of Lord Littleton's!

"Heyday, Sally! what is the matter?" was a very natural inquiry from my Aunt, when she came down into the kitchen; and if she did not make it with her tongue, at least it was asked very intelligibly by her eyes. Now Sally had but one way of addressing her mistress, and she used it here. It was the same with which she would have asked for a holiday, except that the waters stood in her eyes.

"If you please, Ma'am," said she, rising up from her chair, and dropping her old curtsy, "if you please, Ma'am, it's John Hayloft is dead:" and then she began rocking again, as if grief was a baby that wanted jogging to sleep.



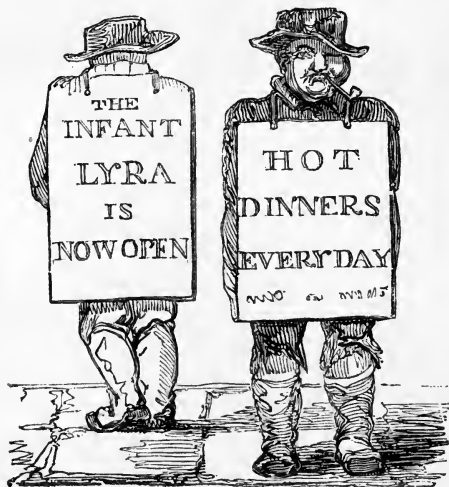
A DISSENTER'S MARRIAGE.

My Aunt was posed. She would fain have comforted the mourner, but her mode of grieving was so out of the common way, that she did not know how to begin. To the violent she might have brought soothing; to the desponding, texts of patience and resignation; to the hysterical, *sal volatile*; she might have asked the sentimental for the story of her woes. A good scolding is useful with some sluggish griefs—in some cases a cordial. In others—a job.

If Sally had only screamed, or bellowed, or fainted, or gone stupified, or raved, or said a collect, or moped about, it would have been easy to deal with her. But with a woman that only rocked on her chair——

What the devil could my Aunt do?—

Why, nothing:—and she did it as well as she could.



"STICK TO THY BUSINESS, AND THY BUSINESS WILL STICK TO THEE."

EPIGRAM

ON THE DEPRECIATED MONEY.

THEY may talk of the plugging and sweating
 Of our coinage that's minted of gold,
 But to me it produces no fretting
 Of its shortness of weight to be told:
 All the sov'reigns I'm able to levy
 As to lightness can never be wrong,
 But must surely be some of the heavy,
For I never can carry them long.



HIGH AND LOW BORN.



DRILL AND BROAD-CAST.

JOHN TROT.

A BALLAD.

JOHN TROT he was as tall a lad
 As York did ever rear—
 As his dear Granny used to say,
 He'd make a grenadier.

A serjeant soon came down to York,
 With ribbons and a frill :
 " My lads," said he, " let broadcast be,
 And come away to drill."

But when he wanted John to 'list,
 In war he saw no fun,
 Where what is called a raw recruit,
 Gets often over-done.

" Let others carry guns," said he,
 " And go to war's alarms,
 But I have got a shoulder-knot
 Impos'd upon my arms."

For John he had a footman's place
 To wait on Lady Wye—
 She was a dumpy woman, tho'
 Her family was high.

Now when two years had past away,
Her Lord took very ill,
And left her to her widowhood,
Of course more dumpy still.

Said John, "I am a proper man,
And very tall to see;
Who knows, but now her Lord is low,
She may look up to me?"

"A cunning woman told me once,
Such fortune would turn up;
She was a kind of sorceress,
But studied in a cup!"

So he walk'd up to Lady Wye,
And took her quite amazed,—
She thought, tho' John was tall enough,
He wanted to be raised.



PICKING HIS WAY.

But John—for why? she was a dame
Of such a dwarfish sort—
Had only come to bid her make
Her mourning very short.

Said he, "Your Lord is dead and cold,
You only cry in vain;
Not all the Cries of London now,
Could call him back again!"

“ You'll soon have many a noble beau,
 To dry your noble tears—
 But just consider this, that I
 Have follow'd you for years.

“ And tho' you are above me far,
 What matters high degree,
 When you are only four foot nine,
 And I am six foot three ?



“ THIS WAY, MA'AM.”

“ For tho' you are of lofty race,
 And I'm a low-born elf;
 Yet none among your friends could say,
 You matched beneath yourself.”

Said she, “ Such insolence as this
 Can be no common case ;
 Tho' you are in my service, sir,
 Your love is out of place.”

“ O Lady Wye ! O Lady Wye !
 Consider what you do ;
 How can you be so short with me,
 I am not so with you ! ”

Then ringing for her serving men,
 They show'd him to the door ;
 Said they, “ You turn out better now,
 Why didn't you before ? ”

They stripp'd his coat, and gave him kicks
 For all his wages due ;
 And off, instead of green and gold,
 He went in black and blue.

No family would take him in,
 Because of this discharge ;
 So he made up his mind to serve
 The country all at large.

Huzza ! the Serjeant cried, and put
 The money in his hand,
 And with a shilling cut him off
 From his paternal land.

For when his regiment went to fight
 At Saragossa town,
 A Frenchman thought he look'd too tall,
 And so he cut him down !

EPIGRAM,

ON THE CHINESE TREATY.

Our wars are ended—foreign battles cease,—
 Great Britain owns an universal peace :
 And Queen Victoria triumphs over all,
 Still "*Mistress of herself though China fall !*"



FONY-ATOWSKI.



A MAY-DUKP.

THE MONKEY-MARTYR.

“God help thee, said I, but I’ll let thee out, cost what it will : so I turned about the cage to get to the door.”—STERNE.

’Tis strange, what awkward figures and odd capers
Folks cut, who seek their doctrine from the papers ;
But there are many shallow politicians,
Who take their bias from bewilder’d journals—

Turn state physicians,
And make themselves fools’-caps of the diurnals.
One of this kind, not human, but a monkey,
Had read himself at last to this sour creed—
That he was nothing but Oppression’s flunkey,
And man a tyrant over all his breed.

He could not read
Of niggers whipt, or over-trampled weavers,
But he applied their wrongs to his own seed,
And nourish’d thoughts that threw him into fevers.
His very dreams were full of martial beavers,
And drilling Pugs, for liberty pugnacious,

To sever chains vexatious :
In fact, he thought that all his injur’d line
Should take up pikes in hand, and never drop ’em
Till they had clear’d a road to Freedom’s shrine,—
Unless perchance the turn-pike men should stop ’em.

Full of this rancour,
Pacing one day beside St. Clement Danes,
It came into his brains
To give a look in at the Crown and Anchor ;



THE COURT OF CHANCE—.

Where certain solemn sages of the nation
Were at that moment in deliberation
How to relieve the wide world of its chains,
 Pluck despots down,
 And thereby crown
Whitee- as well as blackee-man-cipation.
Pug heard the speeches with great approbation,
And gaz'd with pride upon the Liberators ;
 To see mere coal-heavers
 Such perfect Bolivars—
Waiters of inns sublim'd to innovators,
And slaters dignified as legislators—
Small publicans demanding (such their high sense
Of liberty) an universal license—
And patten-makers easing Freedom's clogs—
 The whole thing seem'd
 So fine, he deem'd
The smallest demagogues as great as Gogs !

Pug, with some curious notions in his noddle,
 Walk'd out at last, and turn'd into the Strand,
 To the left hand,
 Conning some portions of the previous twaddle,



POLITICAL ECONOMY.

And striding with a step that seem'd design'd
 To represent the mighty March of Mind,
 Instead of that slow waddle
 Of thought, to which our ancestors inclin'd—



A SPECIAL PLEADER.

No wonder, then, that he should quickly find
 He stood in front of that intrusive pile,

Where Cross keeps many a kind
 Of bird confin'd,
 And free-born animal, in durance vile—
 A thought that stirr'd up all the monkey-bile !



“GO IT, NED !”

The window stood ajar—
 It was not far,
 Nor, like Parnassus, very hard to climb—
 The hour was verging on the supper-time,
 And many a growl was sent through many a bar.
 Meanwhile Pug scrambled upward like a tar,
 And soon crept in,
 Unnotic'd in the din
 Of tuneless throats, that made the attics ring
 With all the harshest notes that they could bring ;
 For like the Jews,
 Wild beasts refuse,
 In midst of their captivity—to sing.

Lord ! how it made him chafe,
 Full of his new emancipating zeal,
 To look around upon this brute-bastille,
 And see the king of creatures in—a safe !
 The desert's denizen in one small den,
 Swallowing slavery's most bitter pills—

A bear in bars unbearable. And then
 The fretful porcupine, with all its quills
 Imprison'd in a pen !
 A tiger limited to four feet ten ;
 And, still worse lot,
 A leopard to one spot !
 An elephant enlarg'd,
 But not discharg'd ;
 (It was before the elephant was shot ;)
 A doleful wanderer, that wandered not ;
 An ounce much disproportion'd to his pound.
 Pug's wrath wax'd hot
 To gaze upon these captive creatures round ;
 Whose claws—all scratching—gave him full assurance
 They found their durance vile of vile endurance.



WHAT IS WORTH DOING AT ALL, IS WORTH DOING WELL.

He went above—a solitary mounter
 Up gloomy stairs—and saw a pensive group
 Of hapless fowls—
 Cranes, vultures, owls,
 In fact, it was a sort of Poultry-Compter,
 Where feather'd prisoners were doom'd to droop :
 Here sat an eagle, forc'd to make a stoop,
 Not from the skies, but his impending roof ;

And there aloof,
 A pining ostrich, moping in a coop ;
 With other samples of the bird creation,
 All caged against their powers and their wills,
 And cramp'd in such a space, the longest bills
 Were plainly bills of least accommodation.
 In truth, it was a very ugly scene
 To fall to any liberator's share,
 To see those winged fowls, that once had been
 Free as the wind, no freer than fix'd air.



SHROVETIDE. SHYING AT A COCK.

His temper little mended,
 Pug from this Bird-cage Walk at last descended
 Unto the lion and the elephant,
 His bosom in a pant
 To see all nature's Free List thus suspended,
 And beasts depriv'd of what she had intended.
 They could not even prey
 In their own way ;
 A hardship always reckon'd quite prodigious.
 Thus he resolv'd—
 And soon resolv'd
 To give them freedom, civil and religious.

That night there were no country cousins, raw
 From Wales, to view the lion and his kin :

The keeper's eyes were fix'd upon a saw ;
 The saw was fix'd upon a bullock's shin :
 Meanwhile with stealthy paw,
 Pug hastened to withdraw
 The bolt that kept the king of brutes within.
 Now, monarch of the forest ! thou shalt win
 Precious enfranchisement—thy bolts are undone ;
 Thou art no longer a degraded creature,
 But loose to roam with liberty and nature ;
 And free of all the jungles about London—
 All Hampstead's heathy desert lies before thee !
 Methinks I see thee bound from Cross's ark,
 Full of the native instinct that comes o'er thee,
 And turn a ranger
 Of Hounslow Forest, and the Regent's Park—
 Thin Rhodes's cows—the mail-coach steeds endanger,
 And gobble parish watchmen after dark :—
 Methinks I see thee, with the early lark,
 Stealing to Merlin's cave—(*thy* cave).—Alas !
 That such bright visions should not come to pass !
 Alas ! for freedom, and for freedom's hero !
 Alas ! for liberty of life and limb !
 For Pug had only half unbolted Nero,
 When Nero *bolted him* !



"THEY'VE THROWN OUT THE BILL."

ON THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

TAKEN BY THE DAGUERREOTYPE.

Yes, there are her features! her brow, and her hair,
 And her eyes, with a look so seraphic,
 Her nose, and her mouth, with the smile that is there,
 Truly caught by the Art Photographic!

Yet why should she borrow such aid of the skies,
 When by many a bosom's confession,
 Her own lovely face, and the light of her eyes,
 Are sufficient to *make an impression?*



THE LADY IN COMUS.

EPIGRAM

ON THE NEW HALF-FARTHINGS.

"Too small for any marketable shift,
 What purpose can there be for coins like these?"
 Hush, hush, good Sir!—Thus charitable Thrift
 May give a *Mite* to him who wants a cheese!



"THE ARMY, WITH THREE TIMES THREE!"

THE VOLUNTEER.

"The clashing of my armour in my ears
 Sounds like a passing bell ; my buckler puts me
 In mind of a bier ; this, my broadsword, a pickaxe
 To dig my grave."—THE LOVER'S PROGRESS.

"TWAS in that memorable year
 France threaten'd to put off in
 Flat-bottom'd boats, intending each
 To be a British coffin,
 To make sad widows of our wives,
 And every babe an orphan—

When coats were made of scarlet cloaks,
 And heads were dredg'd with flour,
 I 'listed in the Lawyers' Corps,
 Against the battle hour ;
 A perfect Volunteer—for why ?
 I brought my "will and pow'r."

One dreary day—a day of dread,
 Like Cato's, over-cast—
 About the hour of six, (the morn
 And I were breaking fast,)
 There came a loud and sudden sound,
 That struck me all aghast !

A dismal sort of morning roll,
That was not to be eaten :
Although it was no skin of mine,
But parchment, that was beaten,
I felt tatoo'd through all my flesh,
Like any Otaheitan.



WHAT WILL THE WHIGS DO NEXT?

My jaws with utter dread enclosed
The morsel I was munching,
And terror lock'd them up so tight,
My very teeth went crunching



THE ELECTRICAL EEL.

All through my bread and tongue at once,
Like sandwich made at lunching.

My hand that held the tea-pot fast,
 Stiffen'd, but yet unsteady,
 Kept pouring, pouring, pouring o'er
 The cup in one long eddy,
 Till both my hose were mark'd with *tea*,
 As they were mark'd already.



COURT DAY.

I felt my visage turn from red
 To white—from cold to hot ;
 But it was nothing wonderful
 My colour changed, I wot,
 For, like some variable silks,
 I felt that I was shot.

And looking forth with anxious eye,
 From my snug upper story
 I saw our melancholy corps,
 Going to beds all gory ;
 The pioneers seem'd very loth
 To axe their way to glory.

The captain march'd as mourners march,
 The ensign too seem'd lagging,
 And many more, although they were
 No ensigns, took to flagging—

Like corpses in the Serpentine,
Methought they wanted dragging,

But while I watch'd, the thought of death
Came like a chilly gust,
And lo! I shut the window down,
With very little lust
To join so many marching men,
That soon might be March dust.



HALF PAY.

Quoth I, " Since Fate ordains it so,
Our foe the coast must land on ;"—
I felt so warm beside the fire
I cared not to abandon ;
Our hearths and homes are always things
That patriots make a stand on.

" The fools that fight abroad for home,"
Thought I, " may get a wrong one ;
Let those that have no homes at all,
Go battle for a long one."
The mirror here confirmed me this
Reflection, by a strong one.

For there, where I was won't to shave,
 And deck me like Adonis,
 There stood the leader of our foes,
 With vultures for his cronies—
 No Corsican, but Death himself,
 The Bony of all Bonies.



I'LL SHOW YOU THE MANUAL EXERCISE.

A horrid sight it was, and sad
 To see the grisly chap
 Put on my crimson livery,
 And then begin to clap
 My helmet on—ah me! it felt
 Like any felon's cap.

My plume seem'd borrow'd from a hearse,
 An undertaker's crest;
 My epaulettes like coffin-plates;
 My belt so heavy press'd,
 Four pipeclay cross-roads seem'd to lie
 At once upon my breast.

My brazen breast-plate only lack'd
 A little heap of salt,

To make me like a corpse full dress'd,
 Preparing for the vault—
 To set up what the Poet calls
 My everlasting halt.



A SPLIT VOTE AND A PLUMPER.

This funeral show inclined me quite
 To peace ;—and here I am !
 Whilst better lions go to war,
 Enjoying with the lamb
 A lengthen'd life, that might have been
 A Martial Epigram.



THE LAST CUT.

PR 4796
H 64
1861

